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TOPICS OF THE DAY

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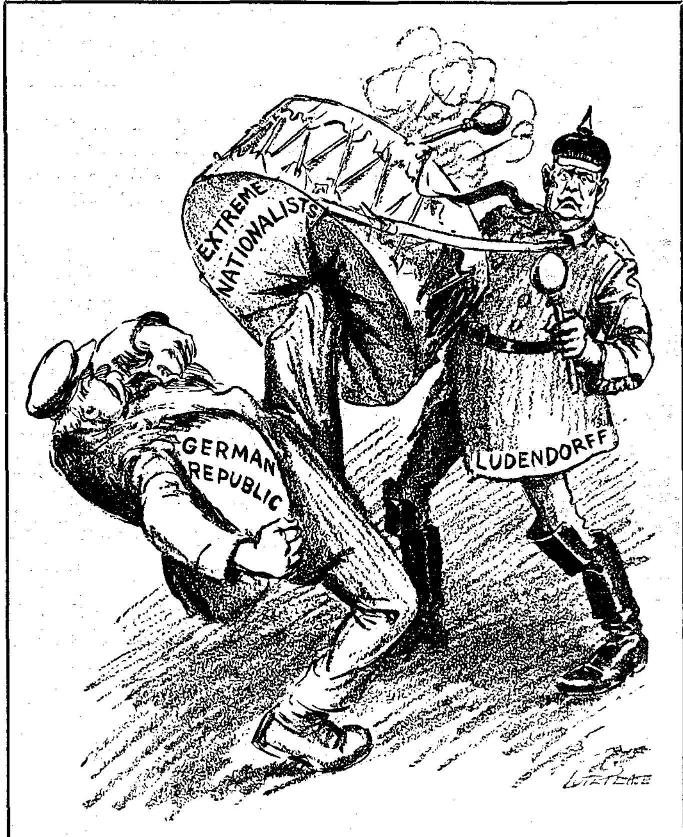
GERMANY REPUDIATES MONARCHISM AND MOSCOWISM

ON SUNDAY, MARCH 29, the three sons of the ex-Kaiser went to the polls and cast their ballots for a German President on the same terms as some thirty million other German voters. Altho the Republic is six years old, this is the first time the people have been given an opportunity to choose their President at the polls. The result, while leaving the question of the presidency to be decided by another election on April 26, was decisive on two points, according to the Philadelphia *Tageblatt:* it proved to be "a popular plebiscite against monarchism and muscovitism."



WON'T MARCH TO THAT MUSIC, ANYWAY
—Pease in the Newark *News*.

As this daily sees it, "the Republic is in the saddle and continues her victorious march." "Whatever the final result may be, the German Republic is in no danger," agrees another German-American journal, the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, which declares confidently that "even a President chosen from the Right bloc would not be able to put a spoke in the wheel of history." "The voice of the electorate was unmistakable when it relegated General Ludendorff to the bottom of the list of candidates," remarks the Schenectady *Union Star*, which predicts that "whoever is to be elected at the next plebiscite, he is not going to be one of the imperialistic Potsdam crew that had the Empire goose-stepping for forty years." No matter who is the next German President, avers the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "the Weimar constitution is in no danger of being overthrown." The Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph* reminds us that "all the candidates, including Jarres, are committed to the Republican form of government for Germany," and the Jersey City *Journal* finds in the results of this preliminary election evidence that "Kaiserism has little chance of coming back."

At the other extreme from Kaiserism, however, is Communism, and the candidate of the German Communists polled more than 1,800,000 votes. But impressive as this figure is, it shows a marked falling off from the Communist strength revealed in the balloting for the Reichstag in December. "The severest losses," remarks the New York *Times*, "were suffered by the Communists, who have 9 per cent. of the Reichstag membership, but got only 7 per cent. of the popular vote." Says the Baltimore *Sun:*

> "The outstanding lesson of the preliminary vote is to confirm the previous evidence that the extremists of both camps—Hohenzollern monarchists and Bolsheviks alike—are for all practical purposes finished in Germany. The real fight now is between the forces of conservatism and liberalism, the latter being absolutely pledged to the Republic, the former either indifferent to the form of government or anxious to have the monarchy back again in a somewhat less autocratic form than was the case before the war.
>
> "With somewhat less constitutional power than has the Chief Executive with us, the President of Germany has nevertheless very real authority.
>
> "Cooperating with a conservative Chancellor like Dr. Luther, a Nationalist President could do much to restore the framework of the old régime. A Liberal, on the other hand, would insure that the gains of the revolution will be preserved. Thus it is that the majority vote divided between the three center party candidates on Sunday is a hopeful sign."

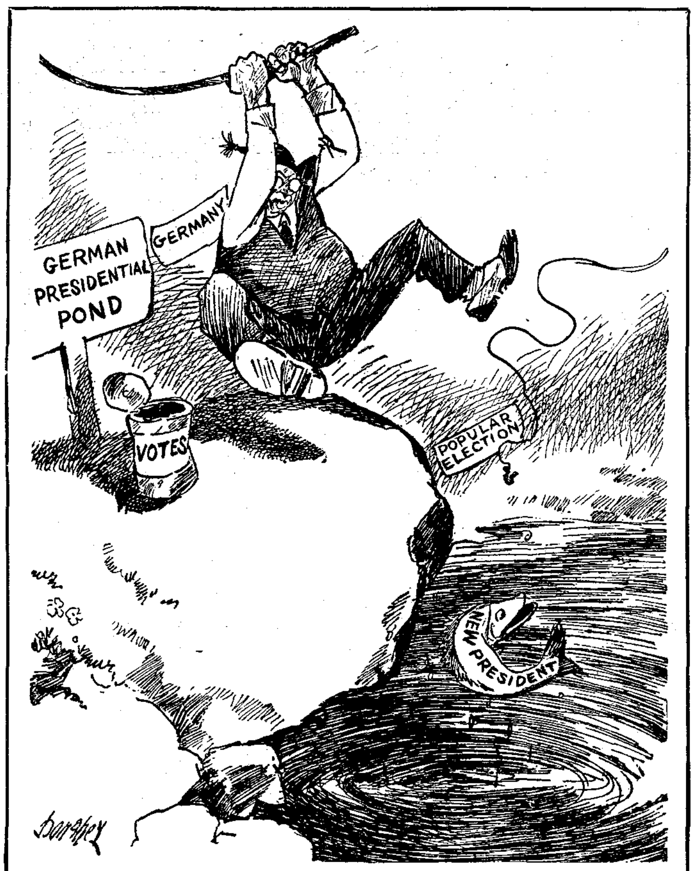
The official returns of the German voting, which proved to be merely a preliminary or trial election, are given by the Berlin correspondent of The Associated Press as follows:

Jarres, Right Bloc	10,388,000
Braun, Socialist	7,786,000
Marx, Centrist	3,884,000
Hellpach, Democrat	1,565,000
Thaelmann, Communist	1,870,000
Held, Bavarian People's Party	1,003,000
Ludendorff, Fascist	284,000
Total	26,780,000

Correspondents point out that the conservative candidates, Dr. Karl Jarres and Heinrich Held, together polled about 11,300,000 votes, while the Liberal candidates, Otto Braun, Dr. Wilhelm Marx and Dr. Willy Hellpach, polled about 13,200,000. This means, thinks the New York *World*, that "there is an easy plurality within reach of the constitutional parties if they can successfully bury party differences for the choice of a candidate."

Germany's peculiar method of electing a President by popular vote is briefly described by the Detroit *Free Press:*

> "The German political parties and groups, singly or in combination, select candidates in 'caucus.' These go before the electorate for a verdict, as do party candidates in this country. The candidate receiving a majority of the popular vote cast is elected. If no candidate receives such a majority of the popular vote, another election is held, when the candidate receiving the greatest number of popular votes, or a plurality, is elected.
>
> "Meanwhile no elimination of candidates takes place. But parties dissatisfied for some reason with their original candidates may substitute others; also, parties may, after the first trial of strength, combine for the support of a common candidate, who may or may not have run in the first election. In the latter case, naturally, one or more of the original candidates are voluntarily discarded."



SPRINGTIME IN GERMANY!
—Donahey in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

The reason Germany's first popular presidential election is held after the German Republic has reached its sixth year is thus explained in a Springfield *Union* editorial:

> "The late President Ebert was elected provisionally by the National Assembly following the revolution and this provisional status was changed to a regular one in 1921 by the Reichstag, which fixt his term to expire June 30, 1925. The vacancy caused by his sudden death was temporarily filled until an election should be held to choose a successor for the regular constitutional term of seven years."

Dr. Karl Jarres, who led the field by nearly three million votes in the election of March 29, was the candidate of the Nationalist party. If he is chosen as the coalition candidate of the Right bloc in the election of April 26, remarks the New York *World,* "he will be the candidate of a good many Germans who are conservatives without being monarchists, but he will also be the candidate of the German die-hards, of von Tirpitz, of the 'Steel-Helmet League' and the 'Front Fighters,' of the monarchist press, the Ludendorff Fascisti and the enemies of the Republic." In a Berlin dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News* Edgar Ansel Mowrer gives us this picture of the man:

> "Herr Jarres is a Rhinelander man of average size. In face and figure he is very much like the successful American business man. He had had a successful career in German municipal administration when he became prominent through his leadership of German resistance to the French at the time of the Ruhr occupation. Jarres, who was mayor of the industrial center, Duisberg, refused to recognize French authority and urged all Germans to resist. He was thrown out by the French, and when he was returned he was cast into prison, but finally was released and ejected again.
>
> "He entered the Stresemann Cabinet as Minister of the Interior and Vice-Chancellor and he urged cutting the Rhineland adrift rather than submit to the French. He remained with Chancellor Marx until January, 1925, when he returned to Duisberg, where he is mayor now. Replying to the writer's question about foreign policy, he said:
>
> "'Concerning the League of Nations I have stated that we Germans are honestly seeking a commonwealth of peoples for assuring world peace. But we must make our entrance into the League dependent on certain conditions. We do not want an exceptional place, but equality and due attention paid to our especially dangerous situation as a disarmed and dismembered land.'"

Otto Braun, the Prussian Socialist candidate, who polled nearly eight million votes, is described by Mr. Mowrer as "a typical product of the Baltic land which produces junkers and, on the other side, anti-junkers like Braun." To quote further:

> "Strong, unamiable, sarcastic, stern, nature-loving critics are these Prussians, as different from Rhinelanders as it is possible to be. Braun does not look like a Socialist deputy but rather like a Koenigsberg preacher or professor. He has been Minister of Agriculture and Minister President of Prussia, and as such during the Ruhr occupation, he upheld the ideals of socialism against the emotionalism of the Cuno Cabinet."

Dr. Wilhelm Marx, the former German Chancellor behind whom all the Liberal parties favorable to the Republic may unite, is described by this experienced foreign correspondent as "a simple man, symbolic of honor and uprightness in German politics." Asked about Germany's foreign policy, he stated that his country is friendly in principle to the League idea, and went on to say:

> "I have enthusiastically welcomed the fact that the idea of a League of Nations is becoming ever more deeply rooted in the German people.
>
> "I am happy that on the other side a serious attempt is being made to remove obstacles which so long have stayed in the way of Germany's entrance, and I am convinced that Germany's entrance is only a question of time, provided the other side shows the same good-will as that which possesses the German people.
>
> "If this good will is present, there can not be insuperable obstacles to the acceptance of the security pact, for the firm will of peoples to live in peace is stronger and more effective than any treaty, and the experience of centuries has made it clear to the French and the Germans that both countries can find happiness and prosperity only in honest and, perhaps, mutually sacrificial, understanding.
>
> "You ask whether the Dawes plan can be carried out. I will always have reason for satisfaction that I worked in its carrying out, for its fulfillment, as agreed upon in London by the nations represented, is necessary not only for Germany but for all Europe. But such fulfillment will be possible and sure only if the spirit which presided at its conception superintends its execution. This was the spirit of economic reason and understanding that the world economic system can not function if an important part of it is throttled.
>
> "The Dawes plan must not become a stiff shape nor an empty diagram, but must remain a living organism, striving toward definite ends. If it is certain that the Dawes plan will be carried out in spirit by its makers—viz., no economic impossibilities being asked of, nor direct harm done to Germany—then the great dangers to Germany's recovery would seem to be past.
>
> "Moreover, Germany's economic betterment will be heavily influenced by world economy and business, and we have all learned sufficiently that through intimate connection of all economic relations one country's misfortune can not mean another country's happiness. Whether we will it or not, we are all

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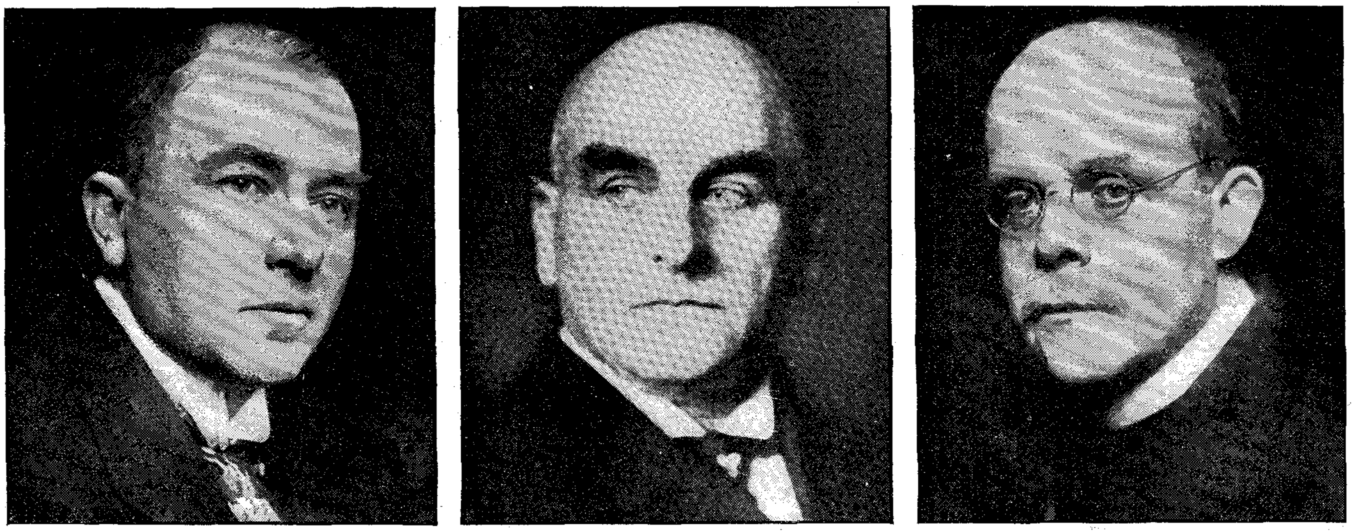

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10.388.000 7,786,000 3,884,000

RELATIVE POPULARITY OF THE THREE LEADING CANDIDATES

They are from the reader's left: Dr. Karl Jarres, Nationalist; Otto Braun, Socialist; and Dr. Wilhelm Marx, Centrist, who is being talked of as a candidate of the combined liberal forces which polled a majority in the election of March 29.

one family of peoples, and Germany asks only in this family to be treated and considered as an equal."

Turning to the comment of American editors on Germany's first presidential election, we find the Philadelphia *Tageblatt* welcoming the result as evidence of the "political maturity" of the German people, while regretting that "part of the liberal vote is still split by the Muscovites, and that still so many millions of German voters are duped by the junkers and plutocrats who are doing business with a pretended patriotism and abuse of the Republic, which they hold responsible for the afterwar misery of the German people." This Philadelphia paper also sees evidence that the German Communist party "is being deserted by the laboring masses in a way that now assumes all the aspects of a panic." Says the Pittsburgh *Volksblatt:*

> "The small vote for Ludendorff is most significant, showing the slight influence of the militarist clique and the firebrands. The decreasing vote of the Communists is also significant, showing better conditions, as communism is always a product of famine and want. Indications are that the withdrawal of French soldiery and parasitic commissions would definitely establish the moderate parties and tend to eliminate both right and left."

It is altogether probable, thinks the Omaha *Tribune*, another German-American paper, that the coming election on April 26 will not change Germany's policy, because "the prospects are that the coalition of the Socialists with the outspoken democratic parties will win and continue their present policy." The Chicago *Abendpost* thinks that "Marx of the Center party would have good prospects but for the opposition of the Protestants, who do not want the Government to be in the hands of Catholics." The New York *Volkszeitung* explains the decrease in the Communist vote as due in part to temporarily improved economic conditions, and in part to "the flirting of the Berlin Central with the Communist party of Russia."

As the New York *Evening World* sees it, "the chief significance of the German election is the failure of Jarres, the candidate of the monarchists, ultra-conservatives, industrialists, and many of the rank and file of the Fascists, to poll more than a third of the votes cast." To quote further:

> "Special efforts had been put forth in his behalf. His campaign was financed to the limit, and had all the enemies of the Republic and friends of autocracy and monarchy voted for him instead of scattering their votes as some did, he would have fallen far short of 50 per cent. of the vote cast.
>
> "He was, in a measure, the favorite of the friends of the old régime, and the election has shown that the German people have no wish to return to monarchy, no use for the Fascists or for the Communists, but are satisfied with the democratic Republic they have. The farmers, who were presumed to be enamored of the old crowd, failed to manifest any such interest at the polls. The election, while not resulting in a choice, has shown that there is no possibility of electing Dr. Jarres or any other candidate on whom the industrialists and monarchists may unite.
>
> "All in all, the German people have given evidence of their satisfaction with a republican form of government and with a democratic spirit in its operation."

"It is plain that the Republic must live and carry out its program of treaty fulfilment," declares the New York *Herald Tribune*, which goes on to say:

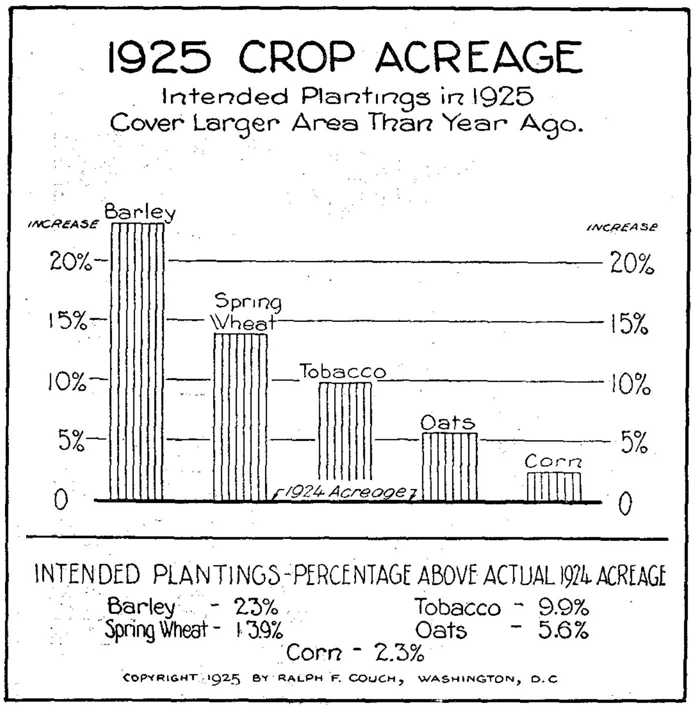
> "The followers of Jarres know this as well as the followers of Braun, Marx and Hellpach. Yet such are the obstinacy of Junkerism, and the driving power of rancor and prejudice, that more than 10,000,000 German voters were willing to back a party whose only rational policy is one of monarchical restoration and either partial or total annulment of the peace treaties.
>
> "Germany has returned to the gold standard and is recovering industrially and economically only because she agreed to settle her war obligations under the Dawes plan. . . . If the monarchical party were voted in, and the treaty defied, Germany would sink quickly back into the slough in which she was floundering when the passive resistance campaign in the Ruhr collapsed."

The situation illuminated by the German election is discust as follows by Frederic William Wile in the Washington *Star:*

> "American authorities with personal knowledge of conditions in Germany find in the Reich's presidential elections a significant reflection of sentiment on the burning question of Republic versus monarchy. They show that the Republic is supported by only a little more than half of the total electorate. They indicate that almost as large a portion of the population looks with favor upon the possible restoration of a monarchy. The German Republic is not in present danger. But its enemies are revealed to be astonishingly large in number.
>
> "The monarchical group which rolled up the big Jarres vote for President is by no means a purely royalist-militarist element. It consists to an enormous extent of German 'big business.'
>
> "The election of a monarchically inclined President of Germany would not mean the reestablishment of a royal government at Berlin. It would clearly demonstrate, however, as the Jarres vote does, that the monarchical idea is on the march—that after less than seven years of experiment the Reich is tiring of republicanism and veering toward the system on which the German empire and its constituent states grew great and powerful.
>
> "To put it in terms that will be at once intelligible to the average American, the Republic is having as hard a time popularizing itself in Germany as a monarchy suddenly would have in popularizing itself in the United States."

WILL THE FARMER BRING US PROSPERITY?

DOES THE DROP IN WHEAT, the slump in Wall Street, the failure of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, and the fight in the building industry—to name a few incidents in the barometer of business—indicate hard times? "A good deal of lamentation is heard" by the Washington *Star* "because the price of wheat has fallen from $2 a bushel to something like $1.40," and there are reports that this difference will come out of the farmer's pocket. If that were true, the wheat-grower, since it is said to cost him $1.15 to produce a bushel of wheat, would have little profit to spend for automobiles and radio sets. But *The Star* reminds us that practically all of last year's wheat, except that reserved for seed, had left the farmers' hands before the slump came, and that the middleman, the speculator, and the miller must shoulder the loss. In fact, this Washington paper quotes the Secretary of Agriculture as viewing the slump as a blessing in disguise; "had wheat remained around $2 a bushel it would have presented an almost irresistible temptation to increase the acreage this spring."



Judging from Department of Agriculture reports, from the statement of Secretary Hoover that no one "should be pessimistic about the agricultural situation," from independent crop surveys, and from the reports made to financial dailies in Wall Street and elsewhere, things are looking up on the farm. "When the Department of Agriculture states that the farm outlook is the best in five years, it officially supports the views of private authorities on crop conditions," explains *The Wall Street News*. To this financial daily "it looks like an excellent farming year, with the chances of overproduction less than at any time since 1920."

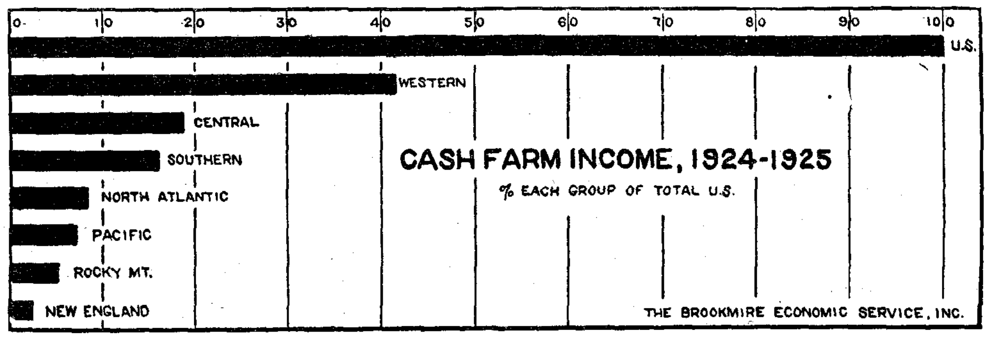
Now, the wiseacres of business say that when the farmer is prosperous, the whole country shares his affluence. It may be, then, that he will dispel the murky pall that hovered over the country a week or two ago because of the simultaneous collapse of the grain and securities markets. For the total value of the crop and livestock produced during the current year is estimated at $12,404,000,000, compared with $12,348,000,000 in 1923. This is $56,000,000 more than last year, and the difference "is of keen concern to business men throughout the country," points out the Atlanta *Journal*, "inasmuch as the farmers' buying strength goes far to determine whether times will be prosperous or the reverse." Furthermore, the Brookmire Economic Service of New York, in its farm income bulletin, predicts that the next crop year will return as much, and probably more than the current year.

These are tremendous figures, observes the Washington *Post*; equal to more than one-half the entire national debt. "The values for 1924 amounted to more than $1,000 for every person, male or female, above ten years of age, employed in agriculture or its allied occupations." It is true, adds *The Post*, that these figures showed a tremendous decline from 1920, when crop values were more than $21,000,000,000. "But in 1920 all values were enormously inflated." The most painful period of readjustment is over, Secretary of Agriculture Jardine announced on March 27, in his first conference with newspapermen, and prospects look much brighter for the farmer. As the Department explains in a statement:

> "The great feature about the general situation is that the country has finally worked out from under its paralyzing surpluses. Those vast crop yields of four and five years ago are disappearing. The decks are fairly well cleaned for a new deal.
>
> "Corn supplies are so short that it has put a sharp brake upon live-stock production. Wheat surpluses that burdened the West through three long years of near-bankruptcy have likewise disappeared. Moreover, when the whole world uses up its reserves of a great staple like wheat, when the normal exporting countries have to turn buyers, the stage is set to absorb a pretty sizable world crop for a year or two to come. So with cotton and wool—world reserves still needing to be replenished and supplies increasing but slowly.
>
> "In the case of products like potatoes, leading truck crops, tobacco, sugar beets and so on, the outlook is not the rosiest in every case, but it is as good or better than any spring in five years."

In a country-wide survey of the wheat, corn, cattle, cotton, hog, dairy, tobacco, poultry and egg, and other outlooks—a study of the crop and live-stock situation in general—the Brookmire Service, in another bulletin, arrives at the following conclusion:

> "The outlook is encouraging for another fairly prosperous year in agriculture. Farm production on the whole is in better balance than at any time since the war; domestic demand for farm products is good and promises to remain at least fairly active for another year or so; and foreign demand, after showing



Western Group: Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas. Central Group: West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin. Southern Group: Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky. North Atlantic Group: New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland. Pacific Group: Washington, Oregon, California. Rocky Mountain Group: Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona. New England Group: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut.

distinct improvement this year, bids fair to continue strong, with reviving industrial activity in Europe.

"The gross cash income of farmers during the present crop year, July, 1924, to June, 1925, will aggregate approximately ten billion dollars. In our judgment, the year 1925-6 will return at least as much, probably a little more than that figure. This will mean, assuming no great change in the general price level, the maintenance of farmers' purchasing power and a continuance of agricultural support for general prosperity.

"Given anything like normal yields, we may look for a considerably larger corn crop and a sharp reduction in price. Chances are that the cash movement of the 1925 crop will bring something near the same as the 1924 sales; namely, about 400 million dollars.

"Income from sales of hogs for the present year, 1924-5, will be about 900 million dollars. In 1925-6 we believe that the income will be appreciably greater than in the current year.

"The outlook for cattle is improving somewhat, tho it is by no means comparable to that for hogs. Income from sales of cattle for the current year will probably total about 975 million dollars, or slightly less than in 1924. In 1925-6 we expect sales income to be around one billion dollars or slightly more.

"This year's crop of 13½ million bales of cotton is now largely marketed at a price averaging 22½ cents to the grower. Indications at this time are for a smaller crop and higher prices in 1925-6 with sustained returns to the growers.

"The sales value of the 1925 wheat crop can not be very confidently predicted because so much depends upon the relation between the domestic crop and world production. Our conclusion is that the most probable outcome in 1925 is a crop worth about the same as, or slightly less than, that of 1924."

With the exception of dairy interests and live-stock producers the farmers of the country generally realized better profits in 1924 than in 1923, altho their profits that year were estimated to be a billion dollars more than during the year previous, according to figures of the Department of Agriculture. These are set forth in the following dispatch to the New York *Commercial:*

"The combined value of crop and live stock production in the United States last year was $12,404,000,000, which was $56,000,000 more than in 1923.

"The Department points out that the gross value of either crops or animal products last year was exceeded only in the years 1917 to 1920, inclusive, when prices reached the maximum of the war and post-war movement."

To the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "this means prosperity, not only to the farmer, but to all of us. It indicates that the farmer is not in need of artificial aid from Washington." As this Cleveland paper explains:

"General prosperity can not be built on a decaying or discouraged agriculture. Unless the farmer can keep his debts paid, his premises in order and his family contented, unless he can educate his children and be assured of a fair return both on his capital invested and on the time he spends at his business, the whole country suffers. We are all in the same boat with the wheat grower and the stock raiser; if the boat tips over or founders in rough weather we all get doused."

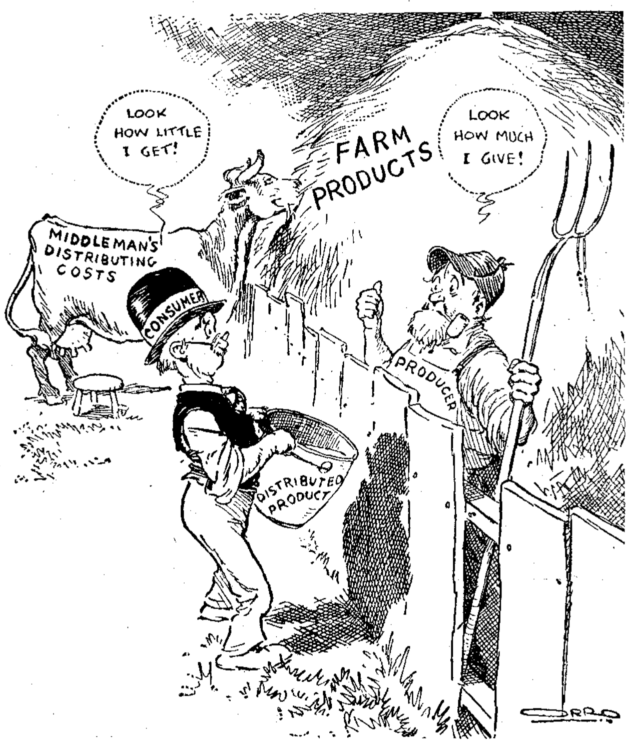
To the New York *Journal of Commerce*, however, all this is just so much "soothing-syrup for the discontented farmer." Continues this business daily:

"There are a number of underlying truths in this matter which ought to be evident to any reasonably intelligent student who gives the current state of affairs careful thought but which have not received more than the most casual and confused attention at Washington. Here are some of them:

"1. One very prolific cause of difficulty arises out of the era of land speculation which swept most parts of the country during the war and shortly after the close of active hostilities. Due in part to mistaken policies of price 'control' and of inflationary war financing, which disturbed values generally, a very large acreage of farm lands then changed hands at exorbitant prices. Purchasers usually gave mortgages in amounts which the real value of the land by no means warranted. A great many farmers are now accordingly struggling to pay interest on loans which are exceedingly heavy for them to bear. This is a situation which will inevitably cause the farmer trouble for a good many years to come, and one out of which he must, for the most part, find his own way just as other industries must work themselves out of similar difficulties.

"2. On the side of current profits the farmer is suffering not nearly so much from low prices for his output as he is from abnormally high prices he must pay for the sundry sorts of manufactured goods he buys. When all is said and done, there is but one way by which agricultural prices, or most of them at all events, can permanently be raised to match those of the rank and file of highly manufactured goods at anywhere near the level upon which most of the latter now stand. That is by drastically curtailing production of many if not most of the commodities our ranges and farms place upon the market.

"3. A very substantial measure of relief can be afforded the farmer and at the same time the overburdened consumer by the adoption of policies which tend to work costs and prices in industry to more reasonable levels. This line of action would involve among other things a revision of the tariff and of our immigration laws. Such steps always bring temporary confusion and uncertainty. But these inconveniences ought to be more than offset in the long run by the advantages to follow."



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KEEPING UP THE COW IS EXPENSIVE, BUT NOBODY HAS BEEN ABLE TO FIND A SUITABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR HER

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

The Omaha *World-Herald*, from its position in the center of the wheat belt, discusses another angle—the fundamental disparity between farming, as a business, and manufacturing. According to this paper:

"The manufacturer has the edge on the farmer as respects both credits and cooperative organization. He can borrow money at a lower rate. And he can cooperate with competitors with glittering success to control prices. The farmer can never hope altogether to catch up with him in these respects. The farmer does business on a much smaller scale, attended by a greater hazard, and there are many millions of him. It is comparatively simple—given a somnolent Department of Justice that permits the cobwebs to be spun fine and deep over the anti-trust laws—to organize a steel trust or establish an aluminum monopoly.

"When it comes to the development of water power, to water transportation, to action by the Interstate Commerce Commission, by the Federal Reserve Board, by other governmental agencies, the manufacturer, and the East, which is his habitat, is snuggled up close to the seats of power—and the farmer isn't.

"Just so long as this condition obtains, the farmer, Secretary Jardine to the contrary notwithstanding, is not likely to be content with an opportunity to go deeper into debt and to form combinations—if he can make them work. And if he is content it will mean simply that he is not looking after his own interests as closely as is the other fellow."

ARE THERE TOO MANY OF US?

FEWER CHILDREN AND BETTER is the ideal that was advocated at the Sixth International Neo-Malthusian and Birth Control Conference, held a few days ago in New York, and widely reported and discust by the newspapers, many of which note with interest the change in public sentiment toward the organization and its campaign. As one paper remarks, "birth control is moving out of the range of angry thinking, raids and jails," and the New York *World* fearlessly terms this "a mark of progress"—indeed, uses that very phrase in the headline of an editorial beginning,

> "Turn back to 1917. All through that year the press carried reports having to do with birth control, and all that news was news of violent argument, of law courts and of jails: Mrs. Sanger choosing to go to prison, the hunger-strike of Mrs. Byrne, stories of forcible feeding denied and reaffirmed, Canon Chase maintaining that birth control was an affront to God, Mrs. Sanger fighting to keep the police from taking her finger-prints, Billy Sunday mauling the subject in his tabernacle on Washington Heights; the whole question fought over, quarreled over, torn over, against a background of sensationalism."

Four years later, opposition to the movement was still dramatic, and *The World* goes on to remind us that, "in 1921 came the raid of a police force into a meeting in the Town Hall: more arrests, more violence, some clubbings, more charges and denials and fierce accusations, followed by lawsuits for false arrest." The editorial continues:

> "Four years more, and in 1925 an international birth control conference opens quietly at the Hotel McAlpin. It is attended by social workers and medical men from this country, from England, from Austria, India, China and a dozen other countries. On the register of its delegates, not all advocates of birth control but all ready to discuss the question on its merits, are such distinguished scientists and scholars as Alice Hamilton, Raymond Pearl, Alonzo Taylor, Edward Alsworth Ross, Dr. E. V. McCollum of Johns Hopkins, Owen R. Lovejoy, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Ellsworth Huntington of Yale University, Irving Fisher, Dr. A. A. Brill, John Haynes Holmes and Dr. Cary M. Thomas, President Emeritus of Bryn Mawr."

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MRS. MARGARET SANGER

President of the American Birth Control League.

In her speech of welcome to the delegates, Mrs. Sanger is reported to have said:

> "While the United States shuts her gates to foreigners, no attempt whatever is made to discourage the rapid multiplication of undesirable aliens—and natives—within our own borders. On the contrary, the Government of the United States deliberately encourages and even makes necessary by its laws the breeding, with a breakneck rapidity, of idiots, defectives, diseased, feeble-minded and criminal classes.
>
> "Billions of dollars are expended by our State and Federal Governments and by private charities and philanthropies for the care, the maintenance, and the perpetuation of these classes. Year by year their numbers are mounting. Year by year more money is expended. The American public is heavily taxed to maintain an increasing race of morons which threatens the very foundations of our civilization. More than one-quarter of the total incomes of our States is spent upon the maintenance of asylums, prisons and other institutions for the care of the defective, the diseased and the delinquent.
>
> "Do not conclude, however, that all of our feeble-minded and mentally defective are segregated in institutions. This is a free country, a democratic country, a country of universal suffrage. We can all vote, even the mentally arrested. And so it is no surprize to find the morons' vote as good as that of the geniuses. The outlook is not a cheerful one."

An English delegate, J. O. P. Bland, argued that "the future of civilization depends entirely on whether the population problem is going to be solved by birth control or by mustard gas," and in a newspaper account of his address we read:

> "If an intelligent Martian were to visit this world to study our twentieth-century civilization, he would be amazed by the paradox of a social system which encourages an ever-increasing congestion of human beings, while devoting its trained intelligence to methods of wholesale slaughter of men.
>
> "While the food resources which this earth produces are barely sufficient to provide a decent standard of nourishment for the 1,750 millions of human beings who now struggle for it, its population is steadily increasing at a rate which will double it in sixty years. Each year adds about fifteen millions to the number of strugglers, to provide food for whom forty million acres of new lands must be brought under cultivation. Observing that the great majority of our statesmen, rulers and leaders wilfully shut their eyes to the obvious relation between overpopulation, physical distress and political unrest, and realizing the imminent gravity of the crisis which the congested centers of our civilization will have to face during the lifetime of the present generation, our Martian might reasonably take a pessimistic view of the prospects of the heirs of all the ages."

Newspaper reports of an address by Mr. Harold Cox, editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, give prominence to his remarks upon overpopulation as a cause of war:

> "The Japanese are an energetic and warlike people, rapidly increasing. If their numbers continue to expand they will certainly have to seek additional territory. And if they should decide to seek it by means of war, they will merely be following the historic practises of other races, both white and colored.
>
> "By no device and by no postponement of ugly questions can we escape the two facts that the surface of the earth is limited, and that man's powers of reproduction are practically unlimited. Consequently if the different races of the world continue to expand without regard to the growing shortage of space, a time must come when they will be compelled to fight with one another for room to live."

However, not all who attended the conference indorse its assertions entirely, and Dr. Louis L. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is reported as having criticized the campaign for making "an emotional rather than a scientific appeal," and for "ignoring the interests of the State. Moreover, your magazine, sold promiscuously on street corners, is especially offensive to public decency and alienates the good-will of thoughtful people." He said to the delegates:

"You have not read correctly the current tendencies in our population growth. Your impression that our numbers are increasing too rapidly might perhaps follow from a cursory examination of the population figures of the country, but not from a more extensive study of the facts. It is true that past decades have shown large increases; but this growth, certainly in recent years, has been mainly the result of immigration and the large families of the new-comers.

"Now that immigration has been almost completely cut off as a source of population increase, we must look to the growth of the groups within the country and learn what the conditions of natural increase are among them. We are, in fact, rapidly approaching a condition of a stationary population.

"Even at its present level and with our current death rate, it will take over 120 years to double our numbers if we continue to depend upon natural increase alone. In fact, if we are to have merely a stationary population it is necessary that families having children shall average more than three. All grades of urban American families recently investigated have shown fewer children than this minimum. Those most able to assume the responsibilities of parenthood are not doing so.

"This state of affairs is almost altogether a new thing. Until recently it was the American fashion to have good-sized families. Professors Baber and Ross, investigating this subject among middle-class families of the present generation in the Middle West, found a shrinkage in family size from 5.4 to 3.3. This is equivalent to a drop of 38 per cent. I can not consider the underlying causes for the decline except to point to the very obvious influences of widespread knowledge."

One evening while the Convention was in session, Col. Theodore Roosevelt spoke at the Madison Avenue Methodist Church, where, as *The Times* relates, he "sharply assailed birth control advocates," and—

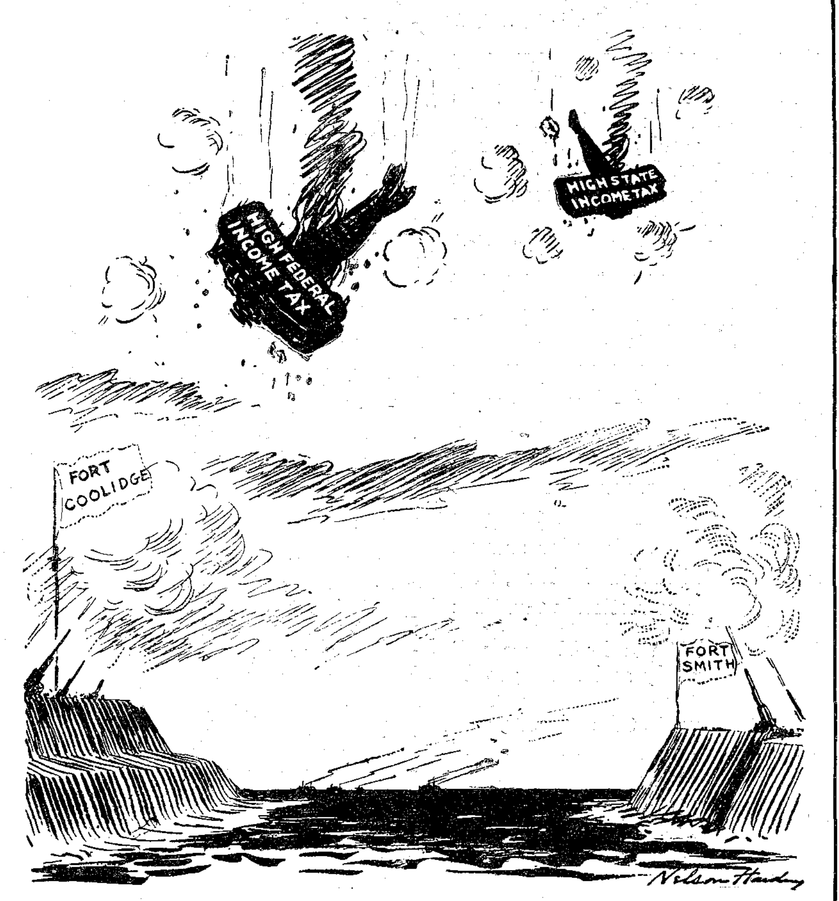
> "denounced them as 'hog selfish and bad citizens,' referring especially to young married people who, after their first baby, agree that they can not afford, for various reasons, to have any more.
>
> "'What they really mean, if they are honest,' said Colonel Roosevelt, 'is that they don't want another child because they want an automobile and luxurious living.'"

As seen by the Buffalo *Express*, Mrs. Sanger and her adherents are merely "weak-minded," but *America*, a Catholic weekly published in New York, finds them at once weak-minded and immoral, and declares:

> "Birth control is wrong, not because the Church declares it to be sinful, but because it is a violation of the natural law. To non-Catholics who ask whether the Catholic Church may not change her uncompromising attitude in this matter at some future time, the answer must be that the Catholic Church can not dispense with or change the natural law. Some acts are 'wrong' merely because they are forbidden; others are forbidden because they are wrong in themselves and to this second class birth control belongs. It is 'wrong' just as lying is wrong and murder is wrong."

GOVERNOR SMITH'S TAX VICTORY

THE RADIO DID IT. Thus the independent New York *Evening Post* explains the sweeping victory of Governor Smith, a Democrat, over the Republican New York legislature, particularly in the fight for income-tax reduction. "The Governor has proved that when a strong man goes to the people direct, as he did over the radio, and presents a clear case, the opposition is bound to hear sharply from the folks back home," remarks *The Wall Street News*, and as a result of Governor Smith's success in appealing to the voters of the State, *The Wall Street Journal* predicts that "the collection of unnecessary taxes in future will be stopt if the people plainly tell their representatives they will not stand for 'legalized larceny,' in State or nation." This phrase is President Coolidge's, we are reminded. In his first message to Congress, Mr. Coolidge declared that "the largest part of the tax burden arises not from the exactions of the Federal Government, but from the government cost of the States and municipalities"; and he exprest the hope that the example of economy set by the Government would not be lost on the State legislatures. Governor Smith has replied with a 25 per cent. slash in the income tax of New York citizens. In the opinion of the independent Baltimore *Sun*, "Governor Smith thus sets an example to State executives that may be expected to have its effect elsewhere."



WHO SAYS WE HAVE NO ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENSE?

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

At Washington, we find *The Star* predicting that, as a result of his recent victory, "Alfred E. Smith will continue to be a national figure in the Democratic party in the next four years." But to a business daily, the New York *Journal of Commerce:*

> "The outcome of the recent legislative session at Albany is more than a political triumph for Governor Smith. It is a victory for State economy in public expenditure which ought to set an example to many other commonwealths that have been following the political path of least resistance and adding steadily to the tax burdens of their citizens.
>
> "During a five-year period from 1917 to 1923, State tax collections for the United States as a whole increased from $4.24 per capita to $7.98, not far from double the earlier figure, while actual outlays increased almost 150 per cent. What is true of State expenditures is even more emphatically applicable to the municipal field.
>
> "If New York can prove that tax-reduction is not impossible, advocates of economy everywhere may take heart."

When the legislative session began, writes Frank L. Hopkins, Albany correspondent of the New York *World*, Governor Smith found himself on the opposite side of the fence from a Senate and Assembly in which the rural influence more than usually predominated. The Republicans "came to Albany firmly convinced that with a complete working majority in both Houses, the time had come to put New York's Democratic Governor out of the running politically. When they left, they found that not only was he more firmly established in the saddle than ever, but that some of them were out of the political running themselves." At first, however, writes Howard A. Shiebler, Albany correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

> "No one seemed to reckon with Governor Smith. He was only Governor, alone on the second floor with a lot of Republican State officials—helpless as a new-born babe.
>
> "The Legislature would rule the State.
>
> "There would be no income-tax reduction.
>
> "The Governor's grade-crossing program would be defeated.
>
> "These were the predictions made by the Republican leaders, and at first accepted.
>
> "Governor Smith appealed to the people. He went on the stump and talked on the radio. A deluge of mail, letters, postcards, telegrams poured into the Assembly and Senate post-offices.
>
> "Then Governor Smith took the G. O. P. elephant by the tusks. He went over the heads of the would-be leaders in the Senate, and called State Chairman Morris to the Executive Mansion for a conference. Apparently that conference settled everything. The Republicans surrendered to Smith and Smith accepted the sword from Morris.
>
> "The rest of the session was like the Battle of New Orleans—fought after the surrender had been made. The Republicans not only passed the income-tax cut, but also the grade-crossing program and the $100,000,000 bond issue for public improvements."

What were the magic words, broadcast from Schenectady, that, according to the New York *Evening Post*, accomplished these miracles? There are said to be some 900,000 people who pay an income tax in New York State. Were their head-sets strapt to their ears that Saturday evening late in March? If so, they heard their Governor say, in his appeal for a reduction in taxation:

> "'Tax-reduction can be accomplished if the legislature will cooperate with the Executive. I stand ready and willing to do my full share.
>
> "'If you believe that I am right, I ask you to take advantage of the holiday to-morrow and drop a line to your Senator and Assemblyman.'"

The deluge of mail and telegrams showed where the voters stood. As a result of the Governor's victory, Mark Sullivan, an independent political observer at Washington, writes to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> "The summing up of the record, and the adulation that has been pouring out on Governor Smith, constitute a political event of national importance, certain to have deep-reaching results within the Democratic party.
>
> "The common judgment of Smith's record seems to justify the assertion that he has been the most successful Governor of any of upward of forty States in which there have been sessions of the legislature this year.
>
> "The national political importance of all this will be seen within a short time. It would be seen instantly if this were a presidential year. Here is a man who apparently has shown himself the best Governor in the Union under circumstances that make his triumph spectacular. For the Democrats to deny the nomination in 1928 to Governor Smith would be an act so calling for explanation as to weaken them in the country."

What do newspaper editors of varying political complexions think of the "Battle of Albany," and its future possibilities? Grouping the independent, independent Republican, and Republican papers together we find the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* saying:

> "It is probable that all of us are still too close to the 1925 battle of Capitol Hill to sense its full import or its possible political reactions, but as the dust settles, Governor Smith emerges, after a conflict of three months, in a most enviable position."

The Republican members of the New York legislature are hauled over the coals, in some cases unmercifully, by several of their own party papers, chiefly, in the words of the Troy *Times*, for their lack of "gimp." "Never in its history has the Republican party in this State been more impoverished with respect to leadership," maintains the Brooklyn *Times*. As the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, Republican despite its name, points out:

> "Republican newspapers can not consistently applaud President Coolidge for his efforts in behalf of Federal tax-reduction and condemn Governor Smith when he adopts the same line, or support the Republican leaders of the legislature when they block his efforts."

Of the Democratic newspapers, the New York *Times* agrees with Mark Sullivan that "the great impression which Governor Smith has made can hardly be confined to this State." In this paper's opinion:

> "The folly of the Republicans in going against feasible tax-reduction and in opposing a far-sighted plan for lessening deaths and danger at grade-crossings was almost inconceivable. The Republicans were in want of ideas and sound policies, more than they were of leaders and an effective organization. The one motive which actuated them, tacitly or avowedly, was to oppose and thwart the Governor. They would show the State how futile it was to elect a Democratic Governor along with a Republican legislature. That was a scheme both malicious and brainless. More than new men and new methods, they need a fresh stock of common-sense and political judgment."

The outcome at Albany, thinks the New York *World*, "is a striking victory for intelligent and aggressive leadership backed by an ability to lead public opinion through a tangle of legislative issues to a point where it can deal effectively with politics and politicians." "The chief reason Governor Smith won, agrees *The Evening World*, "is that he was able to arouse, mobilize, and march public opinion against the untenable position of the enemy." We read on:

> "He spoke over the heads of the politicians to the people. He summoned citizens to subordinate politics to the public interest. He showed the people that a reduction was possible, and won a victory for the taxpayers of New York."

While another Democratic paper, the Brooklyn *Eagle*, rejoices in the Smith victory, it warns us that "too much must not be taken for granted." The passage of the grade-crossing amendment empowering the State to issue $300,000,000 in bonds, to be applied to the elimination of railroad crossings throughout the State, "does not of itself assure the solution of this problem. For this amendment must be ratified by the people next Fall before it can be made effective." The cost of eliminating the crossings is borne, half by the railroads, and a quarter each by the State and the various subdivisions upon which the expense would fall.

Two Buffalo papers, *The Post* (Ind.) and *The Express* (Ind. Rep.), differ with those which criticize the Republican legislature and laud Governor Smith. According to *The Post:*

> "The affairs of the Republican party and the legislature were conducted with moderation and good judgment. There was, of course, the usual controversy with the Governor over certain matters upon which the Governor had set his heart. In one or two instances, Governor Smith had his way, but he was beaten as usual in his efforts to have a budget system by constitutional amendment, and in foisting upon the State his plan for a four-year term for the Governor."

In the opinion of *The Express:*

> "Much of the controversy over tax-reduction, grade-crossings, budget and other subjects before the legislature could have been adjusted had it been possible for the majority members of the legislature to feel that Governor Smith was actually sincere.
>
> "Ever since Governor Smith waged his campaign two years ago, as some said, on the wet side of the wet and dry issue, and then after election announced that the wet and dry problem was a Federal matter and not a State responsibility, much of what he has said since has had to be taken with a grain of salt.
>
> "It is reasonable to admit that some of the recommendations of the Governor are worth debating, even if they are far from perfect, but the truth is, the Republicans can not reach a conclusion that the Governor's advice is free from political trickery."

TO DRIVE US OUT OF HAITI

"ILL-JUDGED AND MISCHIEVOUS," "incredibly clumsy," "meddlesome," "crazy"—such are the epithets freely used by a large section of the press in its effort to characterize the proposal, volunteered by a French organization, that the question of the American occupation of Haiti be submitted to Geneva. The "League for the Rights of Man," this organization calls itself, and its roster includes three-quarters of the members of the French Parliament, also the French Premier and the French President, we are told. Accordingly, altho M. Herriot has declined to act in the Haiti matter, replying that Haiti, in virtue of her membership in the League of Nations, could act on her own behalf, the report that 110,000 Frenchmen belong to the "League for the Rights of Man" impresses many editors. With rare exceptions, they denounce its proposal in vigorous terms, and one paper, the Chicago *Tribune*, looks upon the Frenchmen's "desire to chase us out of Haiti" as convincing proof that we were wise in refusing to join the League of Nations. We should then "have been subjected to just such interference as is now proposed in the French resolution," thinks *The Tribune*, and observes:

"It is said that even if the French Government raised the question of Haiti, the British would stop it before a similar question was raised regarding Egypt. Possibly so, but we do not rely on that.

"President Coolidge has favored the World Court. This French incident might well cause him to reconsider. Our conviction grows that the United States can not wisely or safely make any agreement with Europe which could give any color of right to a demand that any American policy or interest be dragged before a European council or tribunal.

"A policy of non-interference in Europe and of non-interference by Europe in America has all the validity of experience, and any departure from it will be to our cost and sorrow."

After reminding us that "the relations between America and Haiti are governed by a treaty ratified in 1916, by which the United States assumed responsibility for the maintenance of Haiti's financial integrity and civil order," the Detroit *News* asks:

"Has Haiti claimed that the treaty has been violated? She has not. Then what business has the League of Nations with this matter?

"Indeed, what article or clause of the Covenant of the League gives it the least shadow of jurisdiction in the matter? Is it the eleventh article, which declares the 'friendly right' of each member to bring to the League's notice anything which 'threatens to disturb international peace'? Whose peace is being disturbed by our relations with Haiti?"

In the opinion of the Adrian (Mich.) *Telegram*, "we may as well think straight and talk plainly on this matter at the very start," for—

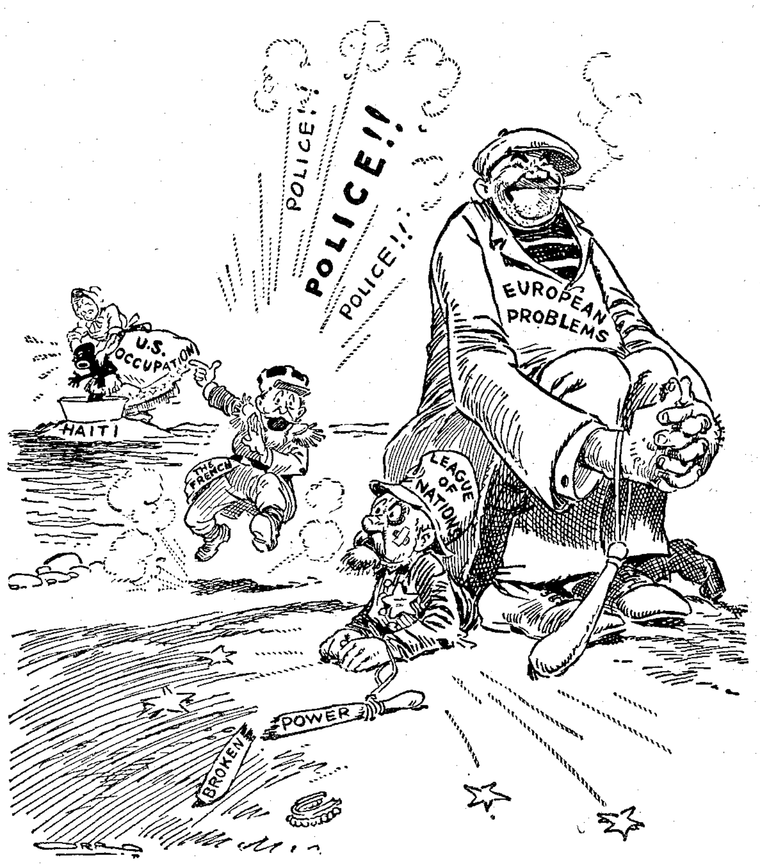
"The salient fact is that the United States is not going to tolerate any European meddling with this subject.

"We entered Haiti for three purposes—to protect our own safety, to protect the lives and property of foreigners generally, and to benefit the natives. All three ends have been fully accomplished—the last most strikingly of all. For the first time in a century the Haitian natives have peace and security. For the first time they are living under an orderly, efficient and honest government. For the first time they are enjoying the benefit of public works, of civilized health measures, of systematic aid to agriculture and business, and they are beginning to get the first taste of education."

Recalling that "France would have intervened in Haiti if the United States had not done so," the Detroit *Free Press* declares, "Indeed, French marines were already in the country when the American forces appeared and took charge of things in pursuance of the international obligation this country assumed under the Monroe Doctrine." Moreover, "France has profited by the American occupation, which has resulted in the payment of the Haitian debt to that country," and meanwhile—

"American intervention saved Haiti from an exploitation by France, similar to the exploitation a considerable part of northern Africa has been 'enjoying' at the hands of the government in Paris.

"The least thing France would accomplish by persuading the League of Nations to 'investigate' would be an exposure of its own designs and lack of appreciation for what the United States has done in its behalf in Haiti. And beside this, it would fairly expose itself to the charge that it was trying to execute a 'diversion' in a studied campaign for getting out of the payment of its own just debts to this country."



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Copyrighted, 1925, by the Chicago *Tribune*

TELLIN' THE COPS ON US

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

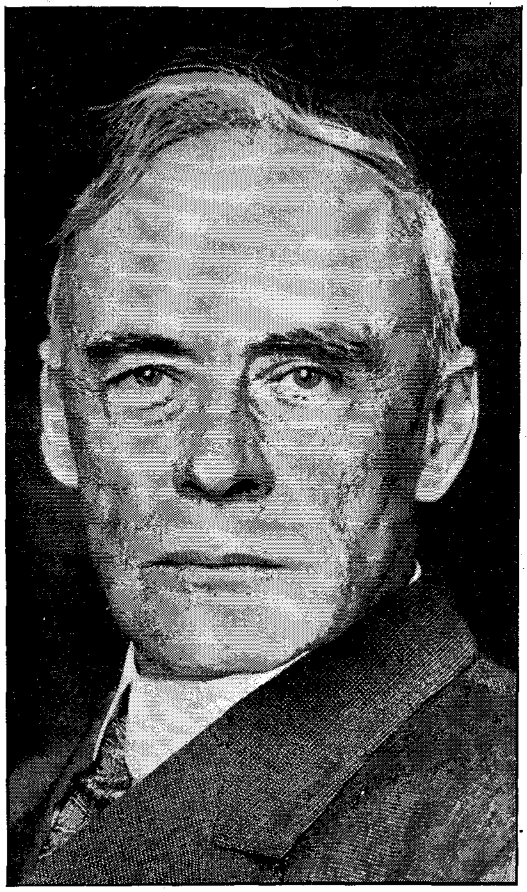
Many papers point out that we have no intention of continuing our occupation of Haiti indefinitely, and the Washington *Post* remarks, "it may be that the occupation could be terminated more promptly than is now contemplated by the American authorities." At all events, the situation should be looked into, thinks this Washington editor, and the Milwaukee *Journal* argues that investigation would be of "advantage to this and every other nation," for—

"If any one has a right to submit the question of America's acts toward small nations, then the world has a right to an accounting of the dealing of every great Power with small and weak peoples. Does that mean nothing to us? Did it mean nothing to us that no one was able in 1914 to call Austria to account for her dealing with Serbia? We paid in blood and treasure because the civilized world had no organization for taking up those questions and expressing its judgment.

"The time has gone by when any one in his senses can contend that the treatment of one nation by another is not of importance to every civilized nation. If at the price of freely submitting our own conduct toward Haiti to the eyes of all the world we can secure the principle that all nations must do likewise, we should welcome the invitation."

UNLOCKING THE WOODLOCK DEADLOCK

"ANOTHER SLAP IN THE FACE" has been administered to the South, thinks a Southern paper, by the President's action in making Thomas F. Woodlock a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. After the Senate's adjournment without dealing with the case, Mr. Woodlock has received his position by recess appointment. The South is offended not so much because it questions Mr. Woodlock's abilities, as because it had demanded the appointment of a Southerner, and because "for several years now the South has hardly risen to the dignity of a stepchild of the nation." Remarking that "the South has its interests just the same as all of the other sections of the country," the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* (Dem.) cites the protest made by Senator Harris of Georgia:



A DEMOCRAT WHO VOTED FOR COOLIDGE

As he also voted for Hughes, Thomas F. Woodlock's opponents question his fitness to serve as a Democratic member of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"If you draw a straight line from Baltimore to San Francisco, you will not find a man living south of that line on the Federal Trade Commission, the Tariff Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and only one on the Supreme Court. I had hoped President Coolidge would recognize the South in the Interstate Commerce Commission appointment."

Instead, the President has appointed a New Yorker, who, according to an Associated Press dispatch, was born in Ireland fifty-nine years ago, and educated in England at Beaumont College, later becoming a member of the London Stock Exchange and a writer on financial subjects for various English newspapers. He came to America in 1892, and edited *The Wall Street Journal* (Fin.) from 1902 to 1905. Then he resigned and became a member of the New York Stock Exchange. As we are told:

"Mr. Woodlock later sold his seat to become secretary of the American International Corporation, a position which he resigned a year ago to devote himself to writing special financial articles for the New York *Sun*. He is the author of a monograph, 'Ton-Mile Cost,' recommendations in which were adopted by the railroads as a scientific method of calculating railroad costs, and of 'The Anatomy of a Railroad Report,' now considered a textbook on the subject of railroad management. Mr. Woodlock is a director of the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway, and of the Pere Marquette Railway Company."

Nothing in all this commends him to those who insist that the new member of the Interstate Commerce Commission should be somehow affiliated with the South, and preferably a Southerner by birth, nor is the South altogether appeased on learning that the President tried to pick a Southerner, but was unable to find one eminently qualified for the position. Moreover, Mr. Woodlock replaces Mr. Potter, a Democrat, and the South feels that the new appointee should be a Democrat of unquestionable orthodoxy, we are told, and Mr. Woodlock, tho describing himself as "not a Republican," is reported to have voted for Hughes, and again for Coolidge. Then, too, there are Southern papers, the Raleigh (N. C.) *News and Observer* (Dem.) for one, that object to Mr. Woodlock because he "is acquainted with the view-point of Wall Street interests," and a Northern Democratic paper, the New York *Evening World*, observes:

"If it be charged that Mr. Woodlock represents the view-point of Big Business, the answer is that the voters deliberately decided to turn the Government over to those holding that view-point. Mr. Mellon is the very symbol of government by Big Business, and no one in the Administration typifies its purpose so perfectly. The people knew it—and elected Mr. Coolidge.

"It is manifestly the right of the President to carry out the mandate he received through the appointment of any man against whom personal charges have not been brought."

Tho frankly conceding that "there should be some measure of geographical distribution in the membership of great government commissions dealing with questions affecting various sections of the country or the country as a whole," the New Haven *Evening Register* (Ind.) tells the South that the principle can be overworked, and declares: "When it is carried to such extremes as to deprive the Interstate Commerce Commission of an expert of the standing of Thomas F. Woodlock of New York, it is time to call a halt." The Chicago *Journal of Commerce* (Fin.) says, meanwhile: "We think Mr. Woodlock's ability will be demonstrated to the country during the coming months, and that all thoughtful Southerners will perceive that he holds no bias for or against any section." After praising the President's "commendable courage" in standing by him, the New York *Commercial* (Fin.) remarks:

"President Coolidge has, it is apparent, tried to strengthen the commission by the appointment he has made. If later the Senate, moved by a combination of pique and partizanship, seeks to defeat him in that purpose by rejecting Mr. Woodlock, it will be only putting another nail in the coffin it has been busy constructing for itself for some time."

As seen by the Boston *News Bureau* (Fin.), Mr. Woodlock's appointment is amply justified by his special knowledge of railroad finance, for—

"The Interstate Commerce Commission is being and will be charged with a new sort of functioning distinct from the earlier range of its manifold, hard-working duties. It is daily required under the present legal arrangements to pass, through sanction or denial, upon comprehensive matters of new railroad financing, from little to very large sums.

"Beyond that is the wide vista of the railroad consolidation question, as pending under the general intent of the Transportation Act, and as apparently verging upon a much more definite stage of decision and even of compulsion. For instance, Senator Cummins advances this as one of the sure subjects for early action by the new Congress. Here again will stand forth the great asset value of expert, authoritative knowledge and judgment on such subject-matter.

"Possession of such qualities and capacities by Mr. Woodlock—as evidenced long since in black and white in his pioneer publications on 'Anatomy of a Railroad Report,' on 'Ton-Mile Cost,' etc., and in his Studies in Value in *The Wall Street Journal*—is beyond any dispute, partizan or otherwise. His appointment is thus both completely consistent and highly creditable to both appointing power and appointee."

IS "PA" OR "MA" GOVERNOR OF TEXAS?

THE AMAZEMENT OF SOME PEOPLE upon hearing that Governor "Ma" Ferguson of Texas sometimes talks things over with her husband, former Governor "Pa" Ferguson, is itself amazing to the Indianapolis *Star*, whose editor seems to know something about family consultations. Suppose they do talk about State matters, he observes shrewdly—"this does not mean that she will necessarily follow his suggestions." "On the contrary, quite the reverse," as Artemus Ward used to say. Then the Indianapolis sage turns the critics back to the days when "Pa" was Governor. At that time, "did any one ever so much as hint to him that he must not talk over official matters with his wife?" In fact, "wouldn't both of them rightfully have felt insulted if this had happened?" Then another incisive thought: "Who knows that the present Governor was not the power behind the throne when her husband held the office? Things have come to a pretty pass," he exclaims, "when a husband has no right to give advice to his wife in office or out."

Wide World photograph

EX-GOVERNOR "PA" AND GOVERNOR "MA" FERGUSON

If we are in for an era of women Governors, this question may not concern Texas alone, and the press of the country are taking it seriously. The prediction made during the Texas gubernatorial campaign that if "Ma" Ferguson were elected, she would be Governor in name only, and that her husband would be the real "power behind the throne," is in a fair way to be realized, thinks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*. "This is not a very good beginning for the first woman Governor of the South," observes the Boston *Globe*. Every one knows, we are reminded, that Governor "Pa" Ferguson was impeached, and barred by law from occupying that position again. Besides, adds *The Globe*, "Texas had sufficient confidence in 'Ma' Ferguson's fairness to elect her Governor, but it hardly meant that she should use her skirts as a cloak for her husband."

Last month the Texas Legislature passed an "amnesty" bill, restoring the civil and political rights of "Pa" Ferguson. Whether or not the act is constitutional must now be decided by the State courts. The Attorney-General is said to have ruled that it is not. At any rate, says the Dallas *News*, Governor "Ma" signed the bill, while ex-Governor "Pa" stood at her left. Says an Associated Press dispatch from Austin, the State capital:

> "Ferguson's fight to free his name of the impeachment stigma and to regain his civil rights has extended over seven years. Immediately after his removal from office he carried his case to the people and asked them to repudiate the judgment of the impeachment by reelecting him Governor. But he was overwhelmingly defeated.
>
> "In 1922 he sought to represent Texas in the United States Senate. The Ku Klux Klan was in the heyday of its power in Texas then, and Ferguson, who bitterly denounced the Klan, was badly beaten by Earle Mayfield, the Klan candidate.
>
> "Undaunted, Ferguson came back again and announced for Governor last year. But the judgment of the impeachment court, barring him from holding State office, still held, and the court ruled his name could not go on the ballots. His wife made the race for him. She was elected, opposition to the Klan and vindication of the Fergusons being the principal planks of her platform. She took office last January."

Thus, remarks the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

> "Texas presents the anomaly of a former Governor, impeached and disbarred from State office, installed in another Governor's office in a peculiarly intimate relation with his successor. Former Governor Ferguson, politically and legally excommunicated from all official authority, is now the adviser and confidential associate of present Governor Ferguson, who happens to be his wife. He inhabits his wife's office. More than that, he is more than suspected of dominating his wife's official decisions and policies."

"Apparently," says a dispatch to the Brooklyn *Eagle* from the capital of Texas, "no thought is given by the political and business interests of the State as to what Gov. Miriam Ferguson may think about this or that piece of legislation. The question always is: What does 'Jim' think about it?" "It is plainly apparent" to another Austin correspondent what position Mr. Ferguson occupies in his wife's Administration. "It is that of confidential secretary," says this writer in the New York *World*. "She greets the newspapermen cordially, but her husband does most of the talking" To the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot:*

> "This apparent surrender of power to her husband dims the luster of Mrs. Ferguson's accomplishment as one of the women pioneers in State politics. Mrs. Ferguson is not, however, open to criticism for the course she seems to be taking. Her campaign plea to the people of Texas was for her own election as a vindication of her husband. Mrs. Ferguson's prestige as a woman Governor may suffer a partial eclipse, but she is not to be charged with inconsistency."

"'Ma' Ferguson," explains the Charleston *News and Courier*, "is merely doing what it was generally expected she would do." And the Schenectady *Union-Star* is "quite sure" that "if Texas is satisfied to have 'Jim' the power behind the throne, the rest of the country ought not to worry about it." Governor Ferguson is entitled, in the opinion of the Springfield *Republican*, "to be judged on the record that she makes as the titulary Governor, wherever she may obtain the data on which her acts are based, and however influential her husband may be."

As for the report that "Ma" Ferguson is the Governor of Texas in name only, "Pa" Ferguson says, in an Austin dispatch to the Kansas City *Star*: "That is unfair, and there is absolutely not a word of truth in it. I shall help my wife, of course, but she will be Governor in every sense of the word."

"It is difficult at this distance" for the Philadelphia *Inquirer* "to understand the merits of the impeachment of James E. Ferguson." In Texas, however, according to the Houston *Chronicle*, the passage of the bill restoring Mr. Ferguson's civil and political rights, and its signing by his wife, has settled the question of the former Governor's status. According to this Texas paper, "the entire matter, reduced to its last analysis, can be stated as follows":

> "1. Pardon is an inherent attribute of sovereignty.
>
> "2. All sovereignty under our system of government is vested in the people.
>
> "3. Where the people have not divested themselves of the power of pardon, or delegated it to some agent, it still remains in them.
>
> "4. They have not delegated it by any provision of the Constitution in cases of impeachment, therefore logically and necessarily it is still vested in them.
>
> "5. Being still vested in them, they have the right to exercise it.
>
> "6. Having the right to exercise it, they have the right to exercise it through their agents and representatives."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

Tennessee forbids teaching evolution. How about practising it?—*Dallas News.*

If only the brakes would get tight when the driver does.—*St. Thomas Times-Journal.*

In some families thrift consists in worrying about what became of last month's money.—*Anderson Herald.*

Alton B. Parker and John W. Davis lost the Presidency, but they have the Gould litigation.—*Philadelphia Record.*

They might at least have slipt through an amendment to keep the gold-diggers from working before eighteen.—*Peoria Star.*

When Lenin died a year ago, 12,381 comments on his passing were captioned "After Lenin—What?" The situation is still What.—*Detroit News.*

Still, if you slow down to enjoy the scenery, passing cars will make you eat it.—*Quincy Whig-Journal.*

They say Dawes is getting stouter, but it may be just the effect of language held in. —*Rockford Star.*

Even in the cheap magazines there is good literature, but it is provided by the ad. writers. —*La Porte (Ind.) Argus.*

The only real obstacle to everlasting peace is the fact that there are more dogs than bones. —*Sherbrooke (Que.) Record.*

Some one has said that music is the language of love, but we can't believe it of the saxophone.—*Des Moines Register.*

The price of wheat has dropt, but it will rise again when it comes in contact with the yeast in the bread.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

One good thing about the anti-aircraft gunnery of the Navy is that no lack of room for improvement is reported.—*South Bend Tribune.*

Renewed Anti-Saloon League activity is reported out West. Doubtless inspired by the feeling that wheat has taken a drop too much.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

"To loosen a fruit-jar cap, soak it." That is the orthodox method of making the taxpayer loosen, also.—*Springfield State-Register.*

If Mr. Buckner would extend his padlocking activities to the jewelry and cigar stores, their proprietors might feel a little safer. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

If all the mortgages in the country were placed end to end, it would seem scarcely possible there was enough gasoline in the world to run them.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A football match between teams of men and women has led to the marriage of a couple at Barrow. This once again revives the controversy on the risks run by football players.—*Punch.*

A defaulting Spanish public official has been sentenced to 308 years in prison, but we presume there will be the usual reduction of time allowed for good behavior.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

The Trappist order of monks, driven away from their monastery at Banz, Bavaria, by tourists, are looking for a place to establish one of their abodes of silence. They might try Democratic Headquarters.—*Life.*

A SPRING BOUQUET

The following kind editorial in the Vancouver *Sun* makes such pleasant reading that we can not help passing it along to the members of The Digest's big family of readers:

AMERICA'S NEWS CLEARING-HOUSE

One pious and tiresome gentleman of the Middle West attacks The Literary Digest because it recently gave considerable space to the sudden taking-off of Dion O'Banion, Chicago's late premier gunman.

The truth is that The Literary Digest has become an indispensable international institution. It is the clearest, brightest and most condensed mirror of North American public opinion that has ever been devised. It reflects the people of this continent as they are. If the Dion O'Banions are in the picture that is not the fault of The Digest. A mirror can not pick and choose.

To-day, with the political press, the paid press and the press monopolies that turn out newspapers all over the country like sausages, real constructive, unbiased editorial comment is hard to obtain.

The Literary Digest, serving a continent instead of a city or a class or a clique, amends that deficiency. It lives in the world as it is, not in a world as it should be.

Where business men and executives have to confine their reading to few publications, The Literary Digest is invaluable. No secretary nor clipping-bureau could select and comb out the essential news at ten times the cost. Whether art, science, politics or religion, the latest is all there.

The Literary Digest is America's greatest clearing-house of ideas and news. It is the week's news, analyzed and packed in a nutshell.

France seems to heed not the rumble of a distant dun.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The Mad Hatter seems to write the price tags on spring bonnets.—*Columbia Record.*

Henry Ford has added a new runabout to his line; it's a grandson.—*Falls City (Nebr.) Journal.*

There's small choice. Refuse him ten and you lose a friend; lend it and you lose the ten.—*Huntington Herald.*

Probably there are women who can keep a secret, but what most of them do is keep it in circulation.—*Nashville Banner.*

The ice-cream soda is reported to have established itself in the Argentine Republic. That makes us quits with those Argentines for sending us the tango.—*Life.*

If Nurmi ever goes into vaudeville, he ought to be good for a long run.—*Des Moines Register.*

One trouble with the so-called progressive movement is its failure to progress.—*Rochester Herald.*

Influenza has wonderful vitality. It survived an attack on Mussolini.—*Associated Editors (Chicago).*

It is reported that Mr. Dawes has been deluged with advertisements from alarm-clock makers.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

To make it perfectly fair, how'd it do to let Mellon and Couzens make out each other's tax returns?—*Dallas News.*

Another of the very desirable features of honesty is that practically no confederates are needed to carry it out.—*Detroit News.*

Perhaps President Coolidge named Woodlock this far ahead of December to make sure that Dawes would be ready then. —*Wichita Eagle.*

General Allen says Germany will remain Republican, but what the attenuated saints of an imperishable democracy want to know is, when will this country go Democratic?—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

Probably the idea for Mr. Coolidge's mechanical horse was suggested by the stationary donkey so long ridden by Mr. Bryan. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mr. Rockefeller has given a million dollars to promote education in art. Probably he wants to stimulate the demand for standard oil painting.—*Punch.*

An organization of London business and professional women is called the "Soroptimists" which, at first, sounds like a confusion of terms.—*Nashville Banner.*

Perhaps there is, as former Vice-President Marshall says, "more good than bad in the world," but it doesn't get on the first page so often.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

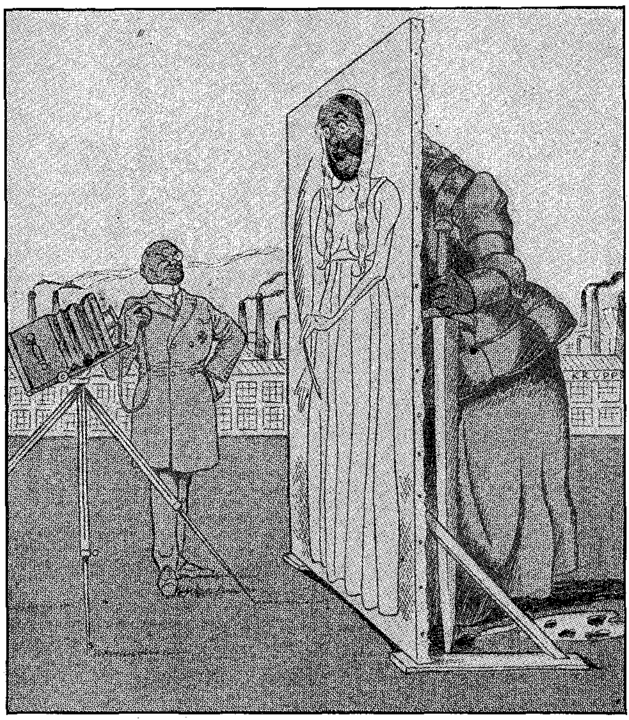
A motorist who bumped into the Hylan automobile was fined $30. Serves him right. He might have forced the Mayor to travel by subway.—*New York Evening World.*

Perhaps, when they return home, and look back over their accomplishments for the State of Montana, our two Senators and our pair of Congressmen will send their $2,500 salary raise to the Federal conscience fund.—*Helena Independent.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE MASTER-KEY OF SECURITY IN EUROPE

“SECURITY IS THE MASTER-KEY,” in the words of Lord Grey, but, as various European editors remark, it is not at all easy to acquire. The ways of security have been hard, says the London *Times*, and attempts to discover a solution have failed again and again. But the German suggestions of a security compact give a ray of hope, according to this newspaper, which considers the proposals a remarkable advance on any attempt hitherto made by a German Government to contribute to the peace of Europe. Meanwhile Paris dispatches indicate that the election activities in Germany of the coming weeks will be of a nature to delay negotiations on the proposed Allied-German security compact, and it is related that the French are “perfectly willing that there should be a delay,” because—



FRENCH SKEPTICISM OF GERMAN SECURITY-OFFERS

“Now, Germany, look your gentlest and sweetest.”

—*Aux Écoutes* (Paris).

> “They see a great difference in Germany's official attitude according to whether the Right or Left wins the Presidency or there is a compromise President. Not only would the position of Stresemann as Foreign Minister be affected by Left success in the Presidential election, but, the French say, a treaty with a Germany which had just chosen a President adhering to the Republican constitution and advocating a policy of treaty execution would be one thing, while dealing with a Germany headed by Jarres, for example, who is a foe of treaty execution, would be something else.
>
> “Therefore, they are inclined to believe it best to allow the negotiations to drag along until a definite Presidential choice is made. The Right French press to-day is predicting that the reactionaries will win the German Presidency, arguing that Jarres had a big lead, whereas the government press predicts a combination of the Left parties, which showed yesterday that together they have more votes than Jarres got.
>
> “To-day when a delegation of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber called on Premier Herriot for information regarding the negotiations with Germany on the security compact, Mr. Herriot repeated his promise that no treaty would be signed with Germany until the Reich had joined the League of Nations. He said he had yielded to the request of the British to start negotiations before Germany joined, but it was understood all around that Germany must join the League before a compact was actually signed.
>
> “The Premier informed the Deputies, who were headed by Louis Loucheur, that he was preparing a reply to Germany's note agreeing to incorporate in the proposed treaty provisions for neutralization of the Rhine.
>
> “Also he said he would make no agreement which in any way invalidated any part of the Treaty of Versailles or which infringed the rights of France's allies.
>
> “Mr. Herriot also revealed that each of the Allies will reply separately to Berlin, altho the replies will follow common lines. For example, Mr. Chamberlain has promised Mr. Herriot the British reply to Berlin will state that Great Britain insists there shall be no invalidation, directly or indirectly, of the frontiers laid down by the Treaty of Versailles. The Premier said the French reply would insist on a settlement of the disarmament issue before making a new treaty.”

“The one big issue,” said Mr. Herriot, as quoted by the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, “is whether Germany is sincere,” and he added:

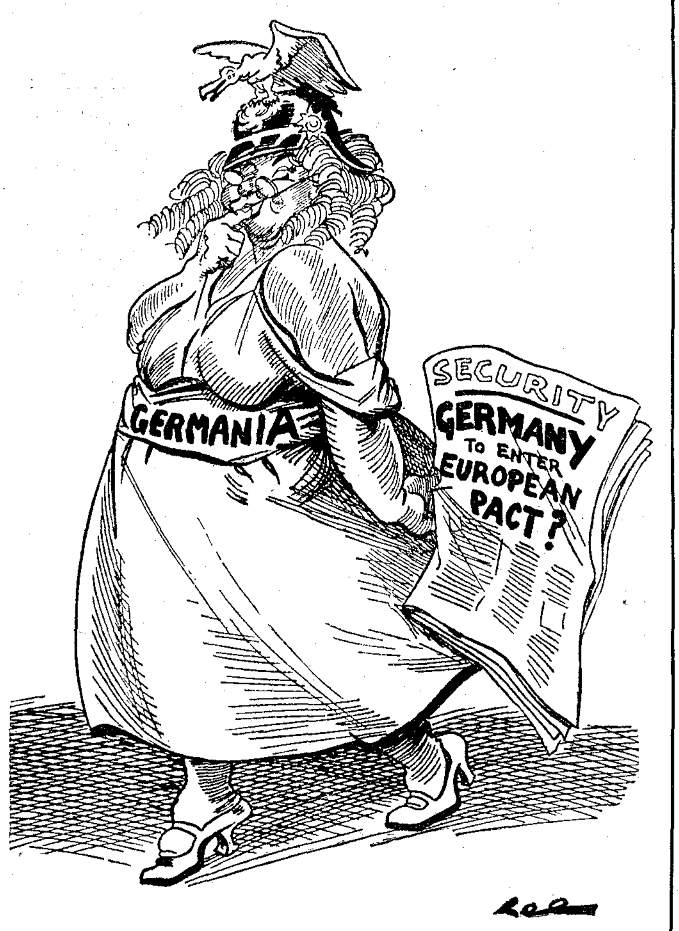
> “It is certain that for the present Berlin leaders will try no attack on the Treaty of Versailles. Germany is in convalescence and seeking to restore her national health. But France is thinking about the future and that is why entrance of Germany into the League of Nations is essential. She must be watched by the world conscience, ready to encourage her good elements and condemn her bad elements.”

Germany's Foreign Minister, Mr. Stresemann, made a statement to a German newspaper on the security proposal offered by his country to the Allied Governments which is summarized by the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, who says that Mr. Stresemann named as the basis of the suggestion the underlying fact that France still considers herself threatened by Germany, and that there had been attempts to form a tri-Power pact, the spearhead of which was to be directed against Germany. In these circumstances, according to Mr. Stresemann, Germany had taken the initiative, founding her actions upon the former pact proposed by the Cuno Government, but without the limitations of a generation, and without the provision of a plebiscite, two considerations which had then prevented its further discussion. The German Foreign Minister is further reported as recalling that the Ruhr struggle supervened and then Mr. Poincaré had declared that reparations was the primary problem and security only a secondary question. We read further:

> “Meanwhile the reparations problem has been settled by the Dawes scheme, and the question of security has become immediate.
>
> “Therefore, the question of a pact had been renewed with guaranties for the integrity of the Western frontier of Germany, together with proposals for arbitration treaties in the East similar to those between Germany on the one side and Sweden and Switzerland on the other. This might involve a painful renunciation of Germany in favor of her historical position in the West—Mr. Stresemann was here clearly referring to Alsace-Lorraine—but it also involved renunciation for the French military leaders who envisaged a French frontier on the Rhine.
>
> “Mr. Stresemann declared that the accusations of secret armaments on the part of Germany were a wilful deception. Germany's economic life was bleeding away, and its one desire was to live in peace. On this point all parties were united. The German proposal had been received with understanding both

by Mr. Herriot and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Especially in Great Britain the German view had been accorded favorable consideration as a great step in the direction of peace. British help was required, and he was confident that it would not be withheld.

"Italy, tho not directly interested, would, he thought, be actuated by the same motives, and the same might be said of the Belgian Government. Mr. Stresemann laid stress on the importance of the proposed arbitration treaties for the friendly settlement of outstanding questions in the East. It was absurd of the Poles to talk of a fourth Partition of Poland in connection with the frontier that neither Great Britain nor France was prepared to support. There was no single party in Germany that accepted the present Eastern frontiers, which were wholly remote from the principle and spirit of self-determination which had guided the framers of the Peace Treaty. Mr. Stresemann, in conclusion, referred to the problem of Germany's inclusion in the League, especially in connection with Articles 16 and 19 of the Covenant. He declared, however, that Germany was still willing in principle to enter the League on a basis of equality of rights. Germany had taken the present initiative in the spirit of a desire to dispose of the causes that might make for conflict, and was prepared to advance along the path he had opened up. He hoped that the other nations would be guided by the same spirit and that success would attend their joint efforts to secure a solution."


GERMANIA
SECURITY
GERMANY TO ENTER EUROPEAN PACT?

THE WORLD'S SWEETHEART

—*The Daily Courier* (Liverpool).

No trust is placed in Germany's security proposal by former Premier Poincaré of France, who is reported in the press as saying in a speech at Bar-le-Duc that Germany's exprest readiness to renew the engagement she took in signing the Versailles Treaty not to attack France is good for naught and "only a signature which will add nothing to her former one." Mr. Poincaré also declared:

"In the common effort which the nations should make to preserve peace, France will certainly participate with her traditional generosity. But let no one ask her, in face of a Germany which has not disarmed, to abandon or diminish her means of protection. Let no one ask her to exchange them against the appearances of a guaranty or mirages of security."

THE REAL VICTORS IN GERMANY

TALK ABOUT GERMANY having won the peace even if she lost the war, leads some to inquire just who may be counted among the real victors in Germany, and an investigation by the Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* convinces him that the palm is not awarded but has been taken by Germany's great industrialists. Through the war and the financial disaster which followed it, he declares, they became the most powerful men in the country. What they want they get, he asserts, and no man has arisen in Germany who can curb their ambition or power, for they "form an oligarchy in whose hands the fate of the German people rests." He asks how it is that rich men like August Thyssen have multiplied their riches in a few years, while men who were poor, like Jacob Michael, have suddenly become wealthy. Also he questions how these men use the power which their money has given them at home and abroad, and how this concentration of wealth in the hands of a few affects Germany and affects Great Britain. Then this informant tells us:

"The industrialists have not made their millions in a time of general prosperity, but in a time of general impoverishment. During the last ten years the money of the German people has flown into their hands and they have waxed rich while the greater number of their fellow countrymen have become poorer.

"Before the war the sum in round figures of one million pounds was deposited at interest or held on account in the savings-banks of Germany.

"By 1923 this immense sum had disappeared.

"It was only last year that the stabilization of the currency made it possible for the ordinary German to put by a part of his earnings. And it was in this period of dwindling wealth that the industrialists made millions.

"An immediate consequence of the outbreak of war was the transference of great sums of money from the general public to the merchant, the manufacturer, and the mine-owner. The nation invested milliards of marks in war loans and the money quickly flowed into the coffers of those who could provide arms and supplies.

"Thus the net profits of the great firm of Krupp rose from £1,690,000 in 1913 to £4,320,000 in 1914.

"A Cologne powder factory made £220,000 in 1913, £330,000 in 1914, and £725,000 in 1915. In two years one motor factory multiplied its net profits by six and in 1915 many firms had made profits which were equal to their entire capital.

"A fantastic case of rapid and enormous profits is that of the gas apparatus company at Mainz which, with a capital of £65,000, made a net profit in 1915 of £180,000 and paid a dividend of 125 per cent.

"This case is unique, but big profits were made all round. The average net profits of 114 chemical works rose from 19 per cent. in 1914 to 31 per cent. in 1915."

This Berlin correspondent then quotes the following statement: "The captains of the coal and iron industries are more absolute masters of Germany than was William II." These words, he tells us, are not to be traced to a foreigner or to a Socialist, but appeared in a newspaper article written by a man who himself is a great industrialist, namely Arnold Rechberg, the oil magnate. The great industrialists "bled the German nation and waxed fat after the war," declares the *Daily Mail's* informant, and adds that "death gave them wealth and ruin increased it." Then in making a contrast between the rich in Germany before the war and those that came after, he says:

"The Rothschild fortune was over five million pounds, and that of the Krupp family over nine. Whether August Thyssen, the Westphalian iron and coal magnate, was richer or poorer than Krupp is a debatable question. He himself states that the value of his mines and iron-works at the lowest estimate is now nearly three times that of the Krupp family before the war.

"Hugo Stinnes, the dominating figure in Germany during the years of ruin, may have had as much as two millions before the war; but the fortune which he left his wife is so enormous that nobody has been able to make even an approximate estimate of its value.

"The secret of this rapid accumulation of wealth lies in the ability of sharp-witted men to turn the depreciation of the currency, which brought ruin to the many, to their own advantage. How bewildering the situation was may be seen from the following table which shows the value of one pound sterling in marks at the beginning of each year of this period:

1918	24
1919	38
1920	188
1921	262
1922	790
1923	33,500
1924	18,300,000,000,000

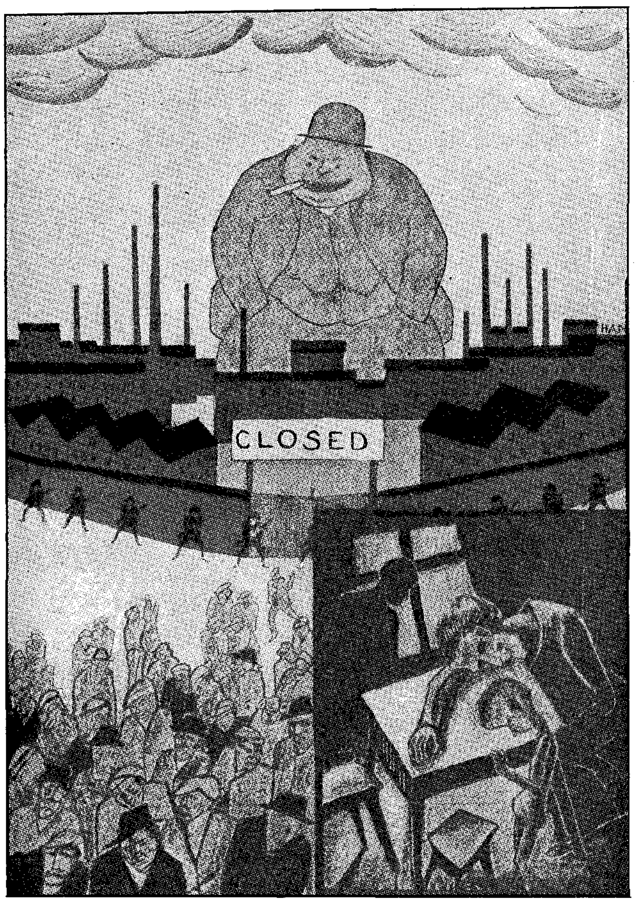
"The Government stuck to the doctrine that a mark is always a mark. A pre-war mortgage for £1,000 could be paid off for under £27 in 1922, and for about 14s. in 1923.

"Naturally people took advantage of the position, and what many did on a small scale the great industrialists did on a gigantic scale. That is the secret of their wealth and present power.

"From the foreign buyers of their products the industrialists got pounds and dollars which, turned into marks, gave them the power to buy shares in all sorts of undertakings from owners who were only too anxious to rid themselves of securities before they fell further in value or enable them to acquire valuable property for a fraction of its real value from men who were driven by necessity to sell."

This was the great factor in the fabulous success of Hugo Stinnes, we are told, who acquired a dominant interest in 1,535 independent businesses, including eighty-one coal-mines, forty-nine brown coal works, fifty-seven banking and insurance firms, eighty-three railway and shipping concerns, chemical factories, paper factories, sugar refineries, iron works, steel works, one hundred factories of metal goods, hotels, estates, newspapers. Stinnes and the others borrowed enormous sums, it is averred by this Berlin correspondent, who remarks:

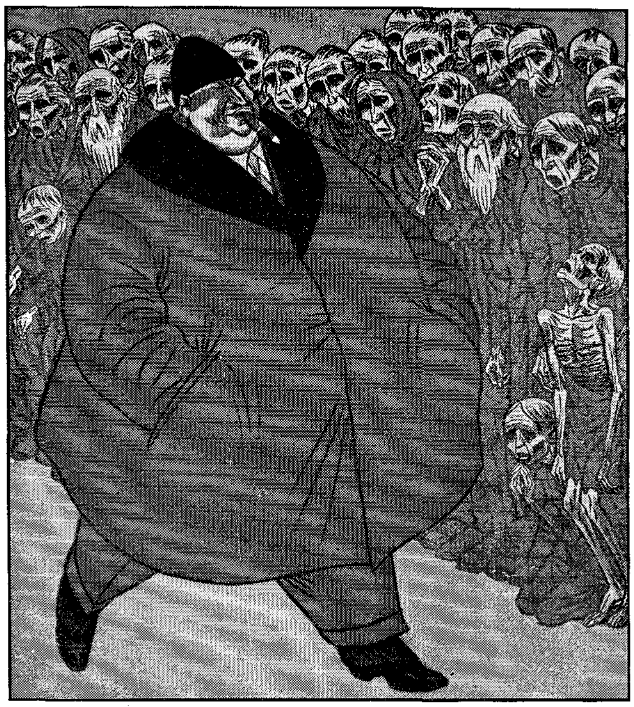
"Think of borrowing thousands of pounds from the Bank of England and discharging the debt in full by paying a penny in the pound; think of getting a receipt for thousands from a tax collector after paying him a few coppers; think of paying armies of workmen half you paid them the week before; and if you can entertain thoughts which seem so fantastic you can understand that it was impossible for these German industrialists not to make millions when they were once on the crest of the wave.



NO GERMAN LOVES THE PROFITEER

THE GERMAN PROFITEER: "No business now as there used to be. All I can do is enjoy the profits I made during the inflation period."

—*Lachen Links* (Berlin).



HOW THE GERMANS VIEW THEIR WAR MILLIONAIRES

"The great profiteer passes by the victims of the war."

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

"The Reichsbank was generous in giving credit and did not grumble when the purchasing value of the marks repaid was only a fraction of those borrowed. The tax-gatherer was patient and only looked to see that he had the right number of marks. The workmen were not sharp enough to demand more pay before they had been swindled."

Everything the industrialists touched turned to gold, according to this writer, who relates that, as the law required, they subtracted from each workman's wages the amount for income tax, which was small but meant much to him and "by a little delay in paying the amount collected from thousands of men they made a handsome profit." When the French occupied the Ruhr, he then points out, the industrialists received permission to postpone payment to the Government of the coal tax included in the price of coal which every German had to pay, and when they handed the marks over, their value had decreased to such an extent that a profit of hundreds of thousands of pounds was made. We read then:

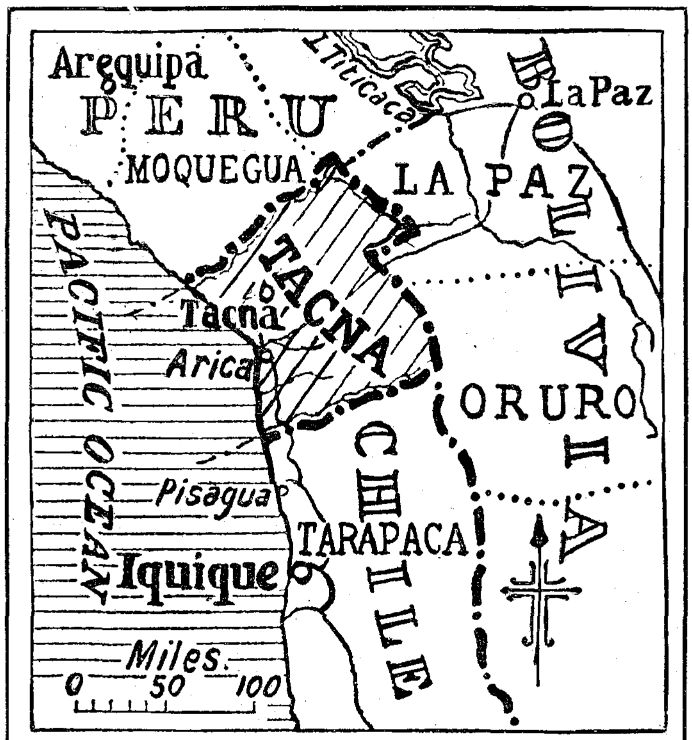
"The occupation of the Ruhr was, indeed, a blessed time for the industrialists. Rivers of money came from the Reichsbank and from the special help office to finance passive resistance, and the tremendous drop in the value of the mark enabled the industrialists to discharge the debt by paying a tiny fraction of the money borrowed.

"That was not the only advantage derived from the French occupation. On the plea that workmen must be given something to do, the industrialists set them to work to improve their property by repairing old works and buildings and by erecting new ones.

"The period of passive resistance was a lull in which works and mines were put into order and made the perfect armory from which the attacks on the markets of the world will be made."

If the German people as a whole were to realize what the industrialists have done, this Berlin observer adds, they might force the wealthy to bear the chief burden of taxation as they bear it in England and in Poland.

LATIN-AMERICAN VIEWS OF THE TACNA-ARICA AWARD



SCENE OF A FORTY YEARS OLD CONTROVERSY

The Tacna-Arica dispute, which was referred to President Coolidge as arbitrator, arose out of the war of 1879 between Chile on the one hand, and Peru and Bolivia on the other. Chile then seized the province of Antofagasta from Bolivia and Tarapaca and Tacna-Arica from Peru. The Treaty of Ancon, 1884, recognized these territorial changes while providing for a plebiscite in the Tacna-Arica district.

THE LONG-STANDING CONTROVERSY between Peru and Chile over the Tacna-Arica territory comes to an end by the award of President Coolidge as arbitrator on the Treaty of Ancon of 1884. But altho his decision was received "with great rejoicing in Chile," we learn from Latin-American journals, there was "little or no enthusiasm in Peru." According to Washington dispatches the Peruvian Government will urge that certain additional precautions be taken by the arbitrator to insure full and free expression of the popular will in the plebiscite. We are further told that the major point to be made will be the suggestion that the Chilean military garrisons and other armed forces in the provinces of Tacna and Arica be replaced by a native constabulary to maintain order before and during the plebiscite. It is also indicated in these dispatches that there will be no suggestion of a rejection by Peru of the terms of the award, nor would the proposals for additional safeguards be in the nature of demands. The Chileans were glad over the decision of President Coolidge, it seems, because their contention for a plebiscite was accepted by the arbitrator, and the press report that shortly after the news of the decision became public the Archbishop requested authority from the Government to have the church bells rung. Thanks were exprest by the Chilean Government to President Coolidge and the United States Government, and its Ambassador, we are told, was cheered by the crowds when the Ambassador delivered a copy of the award to the Chilean Minister of Foreign Affairs. A strict censorship in Peru, it is said, limits comment on the award, but the Lima *Prensa*, a government organ, observes editorially: "What Peru sought in Washington and what has been announced to-day is the final step in the first move that will lead us to the complete reacquisition of our stolen territories." Keen interest in the problem is apparent in the Mexican press, where we find *El Universal* saying:

> "Chile, as well as Peru, should abide by the award, as long as it has been pronounced, but will they really obey it? The Governments may observe it. The people will not. Patriotism is still too closely bound up with the thought of land ownership."

Another Mexican newspaper, *Excelsior*, notes that President Coolidge's award "created great feeling in Peru," and it remarks: "If we take into account the fact that Tacna and Arica often show scenes comparable to those enacted between the Turks and the Armenians, the plebiscite results may be easily forecast." In Cuba the Havana *Prensa* is frankly critical of the decision, which it describes as merely temporary, and goes on thus:

> "The award has postponed, not solved, the menace of a war of revenge between Peru, Bolivia and Chile. Even if the decision were accepted and acted upon, justice would be sadly distorted. Condemned in theory, the principle that might is right has, nevertheless, won in the face of accomplished facts. This is nothing but flagrant injustice."

In Panama *La Estrella de Panama* expresses its belief that the entire question is not settled, altho the way is paved for a settlement, and it adds: "The plebiscite must be held and certain boundaries defined and agreed upon before Chile and Peru can wipe the slate clean of their differences. Let the past take care of itself and let them start anew with a neighborliness that should help the people of both countries."

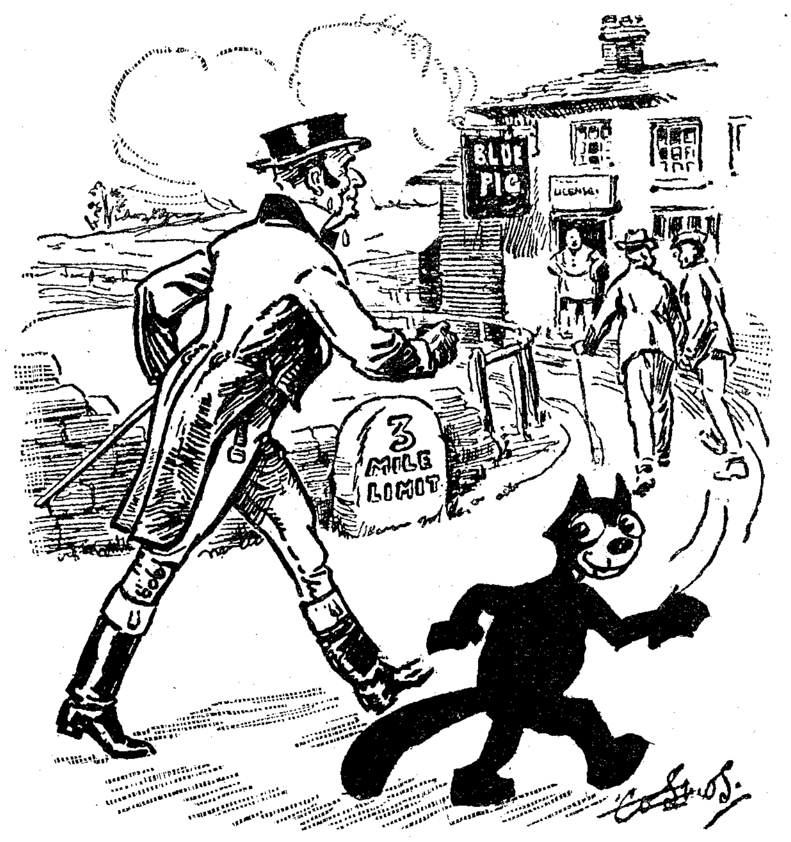
Meanwhile press dispatches advise us of popular demonstrations in various cities of Peru against the award and against the proposed plebiscite. A correspondent of the Buenos Aires *Nacion* at Lima speaks of the streets being patrolled by the police to maintain order, and of an attack on the American Embassy during which the seal of the United States Government was torn down. We are told also that the military was called upon to assure the safety of the representatives of the United States who remained in the American Embassy practically in a state of siege. President Leguia of Peru and the Peruvian Congress are said to have solicited a reopening of the whole case, but altho comment is hardly available from the Peruvian press because of the censorship, we find *El Correo* of Colombia giving in explanation of Peru's disappointment the following:

> "Peru feels it has been betrayed by the award. The Peruvians were so firm in their belief of a decision which should hand them back their two provinces that they accepted the idea of American arbitration because they thought America was still the stanch friend Peru had of several decades back. This feeling was intensified by the preponderance acquired in Peru by American interests during recent years. Oil grants, mine concessions, public works, banking arrangements, all were designed to obtain the support of the United States Department of State.
>
> "Some of these arrangements are a terrible burden to the Peruvian people. Millions are practically given away yearly. Thus it can be realized why the Peruvians and their leaders shout indignation over the award. It is undeniable that the American Government made a fundamental mistake in agreeing to be the sole arbiter in the insolvable problem of the Tacna-Arica dispute."

For all this we learn from the press that Gen. John J. Pershing has been selected as President of the Plebiscite Commission, to which Chile has appointed Agustin Edwards, former Chilean Ambassador to Great Britain and President of the Assembly of the League of Nations. This commission is to meet in the City of Arica not later than six months after the promulgation of the award in order to formulate rules for the plebiscite, and to fix the date and the time and place for registration and voting. The Santiago *Mercurio* hails the appointment of General Pershing with the remark that "it would not have been possible to give Chile and Peru a better guaranty of the spirit in which the United States is proceeding in this matter."

A "DRY" DRIVE IN BRITAIN

A SECRET CONFERENCE of 117 delegates, representing 37 prohibition and temperance organizations was held at Hoddesdon, England, according to the London *Daily Express*, for the purpose of starting a new crusade to make Great Britain "dry." The immediate result of the meeting, we are told, was the decision to bury all differences of opinion about how to go at the work and to "present a solid front to the enemy." Local option, not straight prohibition, is said to be the first objective of the new drive, and committees are reported as having begun to draft a parliamentary bill toward this end. But this London journal remarks that this seems to be merely a preliminary step, inasmuch as the conferees excluded from their councils some temperance societies which openly oppose prohibition. It appears also that newspaper men were barred from the meeting, and none of its proceedings were announced. Nevertheless, we are informed that the presiding officer was Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the MacDonald Cabinet, and that the delegates included the Earl of Dunmore, Lord Astor, Sidney Webb, former president of the Board of Trade, and many clergymen.



A CHANCE FOR FELIX

In days of yore, each Sabbath morn—
  Should we find nothing in the bottle
We sallied forth with hope new born,
  And walked three miles to wet our throttle.

Then came the war, and things were altered,
  And though we tramped o'er hill and dale,
Till feet were sore and bipeds faltered,
  We could not get a glass of ale.

Though years have passed since war was ended,
  D.O.R.A. still the door doth bar;
Peace would bring us joys more splendid
  If she'd make the door-a-jar.

There's a chance that legislation
  In a private member's Bill
Will give us some lubrication
  If we keep on walking still.—COSMOS.

A private bill to restore pre-war rights of bona-fide travelers to obtain drink during prohibited hours has been presented in the House of Commons.

—London *News of the World*.

An interesting contribution on the subject of drink conditions in England is given in a letter to the London *Morning Post* from Commander Carlyon Bellairs (Retired), who has been a Unionist member of Parliament since 1915. The "proud reputation for sobriety," achieved by his old profession, the Royal Navy, he says, has induced him to make further inquiries as to whether there is continued progress for the population generally, in the matter of drink, and he adds that the information can be obtained by any one through the Brewster Sessions for England and Wales, which by police reports give a fairly complete review of the past licensing year. Commander Bellairs continues:

"Thus Plymouth, with a population of 209,000, had only 87 prosecutions for drunkenness, representing .41 per 10,000 of the population. It is beyond my comprehension why any one should wish to interfere with the settled and lawful habits of the citizens of Plymouth because seven individuals a month were so indiscreet as to get themselves prosecuted for drunkenness. For my own constituency, Bearsted (Kent) Petty Sessional division, with a population of 21,000, there has been but one conviction for drunkenness in the past five years. In the Romney Marsh district of Kent there has not been a single case of public drunkenness for eight years, and so through large districts of rural England drunkenness is almost unknown. The Chairman of the Tavistock Bench said he had traveled all through the country during the year without encountering one drunken person, and another magistrate, who had been a member of the Jarrow Bench for 40 years, described the progress of sobriety as 'marvelous.'

"Turning to other classes of population we find places like Sheffield and Bristol, Stoke-on-Trent, and Leicester with less than one per 10,000 of the population, and Nottingham, Bradford, Coventry, Cardiff, Portsmouth, Southampton, Swansea, and Sunderland with less than two per 10,000. The great railway center at Crewe, with a population of 130,000, had but two convictions; Margate, with its trippers in addition to a population of 52,000, had but six prosecutions; and Dover had only 21 to a population of 65,000 augmented by visitors bent on enjoyment."

These statistics, Commander Bellairs maintains, all tend to show steady progress "due to the voluntary habits of the people." It is true that here and there one can point to a less favorable showing, he admits, which in some cases is caused by the pernicious habit of drinking methylated spirit, an evil that "may be associated with the high prices of alcoholic beverages." But, he adds:

"These cases must not be allowed to obscure the general trend to increased sobriety, which is a triumphant vindication of voluntaryism as compared with the various forms of prohibition in force in some countries which have led to such immense evils in the way of law-breaking among all classes of the population."

A striking contrast to the opinion of Commander Bellairs appears in a letter to the London *Times* from Lady Astor on the subject of "liquor consumption and crime" in England. The figures she cites were given her by the Home Secretary, and show that more than twice as much beer and about 60 per cent. more spirits were drunk in 1920 than in 1918, and we read:

"In 1918, when the consumption of alcohol was low, 666 persons were proceeded against for attempted suicide. In 1920, when the consumption doubled, 1,449, or more than twice as many persons, attempted suicide.

"Or, take the Home Secretary's figures for assaults, in 1918 253 persons were proceeded against for aggravated assaults, while in 1920 such cases increased to 607. In 1918, 1,920 persons were accused of assaults on constables. In 1920, this offense had trebled to 6,625.

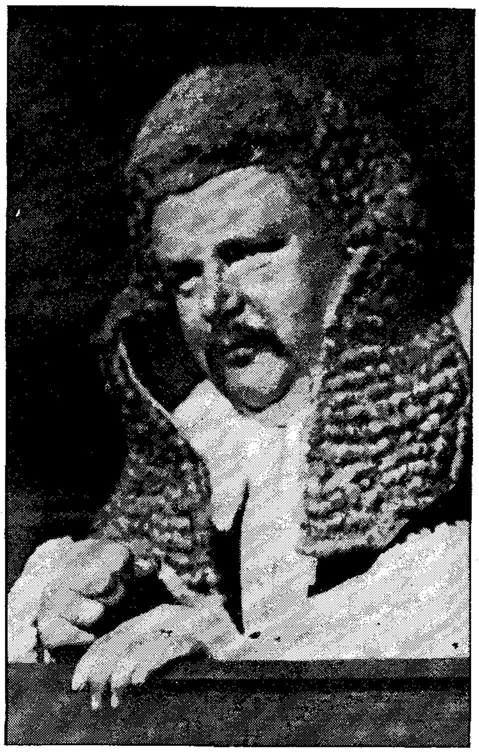
"Translate these sign-posts of demoralization into terms of industrial inefficiency or wrecked homes. For in the same period the convictions for drunkenness among women also just about doubled.

"And yet all this time the drink trade has been asking for a reduction in taxation with the avowed object of still further increasing the consumption of spirits and beer."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

THE MEANING OF BODILY SHAPE AND SIZE

RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN the physical elements of the body and personal peculiarities has always been assumed, and it forms part of various "systems," yet it has never been systematically established to the satisfaction of scientific men. That this is about to be done—and indeed has already been accomplished in part—is the belief of Dr. George Draper, of the "constitution clinic," at the New York Presbyterian Hospital. After nine years of research work in the clinic Dr. Draper has proved to his satisfaction that a definite relationship exists between the measurements of the face and the temperament, and between the physical conformation of a man and the diseases to which he is subject. Dr. Draper has just published the results of his study in a book, we are told in a review of his findings in the New York *Times*. By means of a special system of measuring the human body a record of 400 patients has been made. This is only a part of the study, which will include the other elements besides anatomy—such as physiology, psychology, immunology—which go to make up the constitution of man. We read:



"FAT MEN, WITH BIG, SOFT HANDS"—

Are usually waggish and witty, we are told, and here is Gilbert Keith Chesterton to prove the assertion.

"Already many astonishing results have been obtained. They are astonishing because they force scientific consideration of matters often ignored by medicine and because they may simplify the whole system of diagnosis and treatment.

"Among some of the older common beliefs now being substantiated are these:

"A short face with eyes wide apart indicates musical and histrionic ability. Among persons with this type of face are Ethel Barrymore, Estelle Winwood, Katherine Cornell and Eva Le Gallienne.

"Fat men, with big soft hands, are usually waggish and witty. G. K. Chesterton is an example.

"People with reversive sex instincts are often very clever. The soft, pudgy, effeminate man is likely to be musical and literary, while the masculine woman is very often excellent at business.

"Big, rangy men are likely to be whimsical, with sense of humor well developed. Abraham Lincoln, Joseph H. Choate, De Wolf Hopper and Will Rogers are examples.

"So far Dr. Draper has been occupied mostly in establishing the relation between disease and the constitutional characteristics of the individual. Among the beliefs supported by investigation is the one that light-haired people are decidedly in the minority in the disease groups studied, except in the tuberculosis group. In Great Britain tuberculosis mostly occurs among dark-haired people.

"The relative position of eye and brow has significance. The rheumatic person, for instance, has an eye that is high up in relation to the brow. There is a distinct shape which indicates susceptibility to rheumatic fever, and another which indicates tendency to gastric ulcer.

"Brown-eyed people predominate in all disease groups studied except pernicious anemia and tuberculosis.

"Those susceptible to gall-bladder ailments are fat, with round faces and eyes close together.

"The gastric-ulcer individual has a thin, wedge-shaped face, and is poorly nourished.

"The pernicious-anemia person has a broad, short face, with eyes far apart. Only half the number of these subjects possess much subcutaneous fat.

"Eighty-six per cent. of males subject to nephritis (kidney trouble) and 70 per cent. of sufferers from pernicious anemia are entirely free from freckles.

"Among males, the tubercular have the largest stature, the nephritis hypertension people the lowest. The standing height of the nephritis hypertension female, on the other hand, is much larger than that of her sex in any other group. The female of the ulcer group is the shortest for her sex.

"Head breadth of the gall-bladder group tends to be greater than that of other disease groups. Among males those likely to have nephritis possess the narrowest heads. The circumference of the male head is slightly greater than that of the female.

"In a general way, the group with the longer ears is composed of pernicious anemia and gall-bladder people, and the other with shorter ears are candidates for ulcer, tuberculosis and nephritis."

These classifications, we are warned, do not mean that an individual who has the characteristics of a particular disease group must fall heir to that disease. It may mean that he is susceptible to the ailment and must guard against it. Protection is much simpler when the individual knows the dangers to which he is subject. To Dr. Draper these findings in themselves are not new or startling. Many people have accepted them without knowing why. He believes that the scientific study of these matters indicates a shift in the medical point of view. The pendulum is swinging back from emphasis on disease and external agents to the art of knowing the patient. To quote further:

"'The full value of science must be accepted,' Dr. Draper says, 'but science must not be permitted to block what is known to be beneficial in the treatment of disease. Science, after all, is only a method of controlling observation, and worthless unless used to subserve imagination and originality.'

"Commenting on Dr. Draper's work, Sir Arthur Keith, Hunterian Professor in the Royal College of Surgeons of England, says: 'Those of us who were educated in the 'eighties can now realize that our studenthood fell in a period of extreme, almost unjustifiable skepticism. Cupping, bleeding, blistering, and poulticing, practices which our forefathers applied with unbounded faith, were abandoned not because we had tried them and found them wanting, but solely for the reason that we could find no foundation for them in our scheme of medical philosophy.'

"Interest in Dr. Draper's work has spread widely. Two departments of Johns Hopkins Medical School have sent men to observe his methods in preparation for the establishment of similar clinics. Men from other universities have come unofficially to observe the methods of anthropometry which are being used in Dr. Draper's researches.

"So far his work has been confined largely to one phase, the anatomical 'panel' of the constitution. The four elements that constitute the human being are likened to the panels of a Japanese screen. The four panels of personality are anatomy, physiology, psychology and immunology.

"It is possible by the system of anthropometric methods

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EVA LE GALLIENNE KATHERINE CORNELL ESTELLE WINWOOD ETHEL BARRYMORE

"A SHORT FACE WITH EYES WIDE APART INDICATES MUSICAL AND HISTRIONIC ABILITY"

applied to anatomy to determine with remarkable accuracy to what race an individual of pure blood belongs, Dr. Draper holds. 'But beyond the mere similarity of racial physical attributes, there exist well-established racial characters of bodily and mental functions, and definite interracial differences in susceptibility to infectious disease.

"'The last consideration should arrest the attention of clinicians, for it may hold the possibility of a successful approach to the ancient and baffling problem of individual constitution. One might conceive as well of a gastric-ulcer race, a gall-bladder race, a manic-depressive race, or a meningo-coccus susceptible race as of the present customarily accepted black, yellow, or white divisions of mankind.'

"Few diseases are sharply limited to some particular subspecies, Dr. Draper points out, while most diseases are common to many different races. So a study of the pattern of a man's mind and of the conformation of his body reveals as much about his capacity to develop disease and ability to go through it as does the study of the external agents which produce disease.

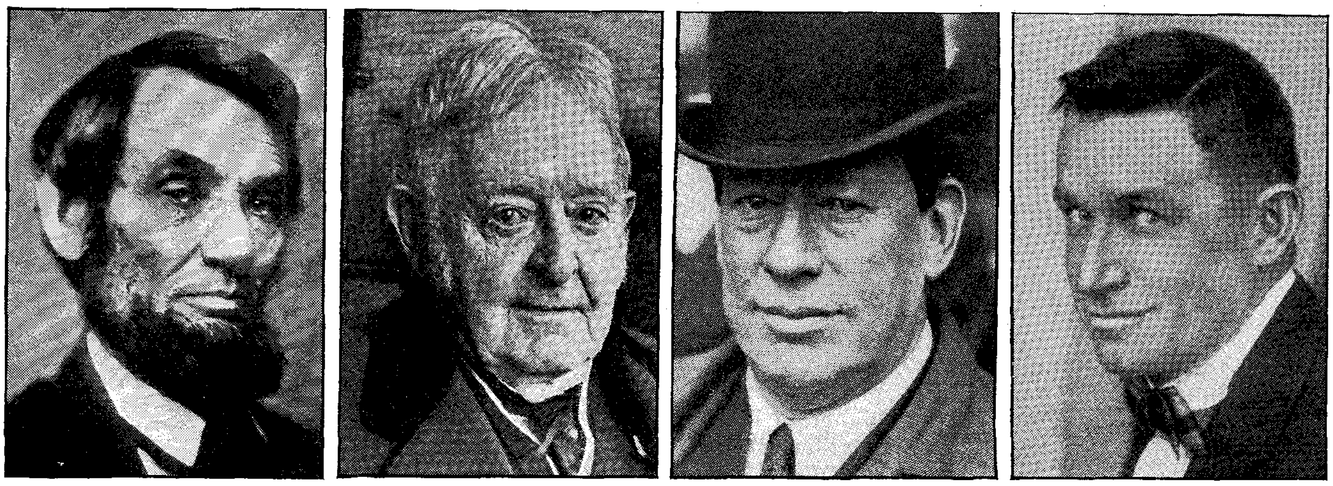
"He believes that the findings of the constitution clinic will bring about a shift in the view-point of the medical profession which will simplify treatment of patients and often render it more effective because of better understanding of all the elements that go to determine the production of disease and its prevention.

"Dr. Draper's work has been carried on for nine years under the handicap of an old and crowded building not particularly well adapted for research work. With the completion of the Medical Center now being started at Washington Heights, of which Presbyterian Hospital and the Columbia University School of Medicine will be the nucleus, Dr. Draper says the facilities and material for carrying on his studies will be largely increased."

MEDICAL NEEDS OF OUR INDIANS

LET US HEAR NO MORE of the legend that "the Indian is dying out," says one of our foremost authorities on mortality and health statistics. He hears from a committee appointed last year by the Secretary of the Interior that the death-rate for the Indians for 1920 was, indeed, 22.3 per thousand as against a rate of only 13.8 for the whole population. But in earlier years, even as recently as 1913, the Indian death-rate was as high as 32 per thousand. "Unquestionably the increased appropriations and better medical service have had some effect in the direction of life-saving and of advancing health-conservation, but much more remains to be done," continues this authority, Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, consulting statistician of the Prudential Insurance Company, in a paper recently read before the Eastern Association on Indian Affairs. Two points especially interest Mr. Hoffman: Just what diseases are creating the most havoc among our Indians, and in what respects we are failing to give proper attention to the health of these wards of our Government. It is not strictly true, as recently said, that "Indians are subject to the same diseases which afflict other people." Mr. Hoffman, who has been making a careful study of this subject, gives the following figures regarding the diseases now found most fatal to the Indians:

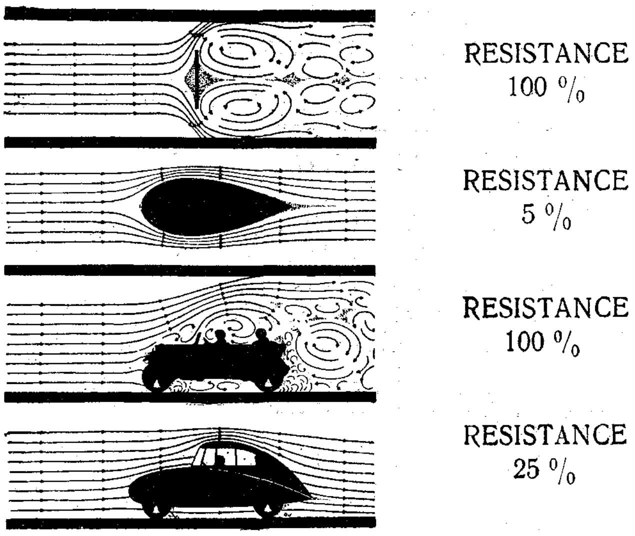
"The mortality from pulmonary tuberculosis in 1923 was 439, against 422 deaths from the same group of diseases in 1922. The slight increase would be less suggestive if there had not also been a decided increase in the mortality from non-tubercular



ABRAHAM LINCOLN JOSEPH H. CHOATE DE WOLF HOPPER WILL ROGERS

BIG, RANGY MEN ARE LIKELY TO BE WHIMSICAL, WITH SENSE OF HUMOR WELL DEVELOPED respiratory diseases, which in 1923 numbered 377 deaths, against 265 in 1922. The population for both years was approximately 100,000. Nervous diseases increased during the two years from 89 to 128. For circulatory diseases the mortality remained practically the same, having been 127 in 1922 and 130 in 1923. Digestive diseases, however, increased from 154 to 189. Cancer decreased from 57 deaths in 1922 to 36 deaths in 1923. On the basis of the population cancer is, therefore, only one-fourth as common among our Indian population at the present time as among the population at large. In this connection it may be said that there were only seven deaths from diabetes against six during the preceding year."

It appears that the leading cause of death among our Indian population is the group of what may be called "non-tubercular respiratory diseases," especially pneumonia, and here there is emphasized "the necessity of adequate nursing facilities." "The same, of course, applies to pulmonary tuberculosis, which is relatively more common among the Indian than among the white population of the country at large."



THE STORY OF STREAM-LINE—IN FOUR CHAPTERS

The top diagram shows the air currents around a flat disk. Just below it is a practically perfect stream-line body surrounded by symmetrical and regular air currents; resistance is at a minimum. Next below this is an ordinary motor car showing the tremendous air resistance encountered, with consequent loss of power. At the bottom is a new stream-line model car, which creates much less resistance than the ordinary type and thus saves power and, incidentally, gasoline.

One serious disease apparently less fatal to the Indian than to the white population is cancer. Mr. Hoffman's own investigations among Indians both in this country and in lands further south lead him to the conclusion that "cancer is of exceptionally rare occurrence among Indians not in close contact with the white population." And so—

> "Much might be learned from a study of Indian food and dietary habits. No such studies have thus far been made on a scale proportionate to the importance of the conclusion involved. Here again, old-time customs and natural ways of living were obviously more conducive to health and physical strength than efforts to adapt the Indian to our modern ways of living, largely on preserved, conserved and canned foodstuffs."

Perhaps the most serious health factor affecting the Indian's daily life is one that does not figure in the mortality statistics. This is the very prevalent, but preventable eye disease, trachoma. Says Mr. Hoffman:

> "There are any number of helpless and blind Indians whose affliction is directly traceable to obvious neglect on the part of the Government to take all the measures necessary for the eradication of this strictly preventable disease. There is nothing more deplorable than to observe hundreds of children suffering from eye affections as the result of indifference or incompetence or obvious neglect in the absence of an efficient medical staff to protect the health interests of our Indian population."

Turning to what the Government ought to do for the Indians' physical welfare, Mr. Hoffman first suggests a more effective Indian medical organization, with more and better paid doctors, and a larger staff of qualified nurses. There is need for housing reform. Mr. Hoffman is inclined to think that the tent was in many respects better for the Indian than the modern frame-house, as "the earlier excellent health and physique of the Indian was largely the result of an outdoor life," and this should be encouraged in every possible way. And then, "insufficient attention is being given to the physical development of Indian children." The interesting suggestion is made that "there is much in native medicine that is well worthy of serious consideration." It is thought that the Indian dances, altho in some cases leading to "gross perversions," are in general physically beneficial. Finally:

> "The liquor question is no longer one of serious concern. Efforts at the suppression of the liquor traffic have unquestionably been of great value and done much to eliminate the more deplorable forms of vice and crime. On the whole the Indian population is not given to violence or wrongful conduct."

A FLOATING FACTORY

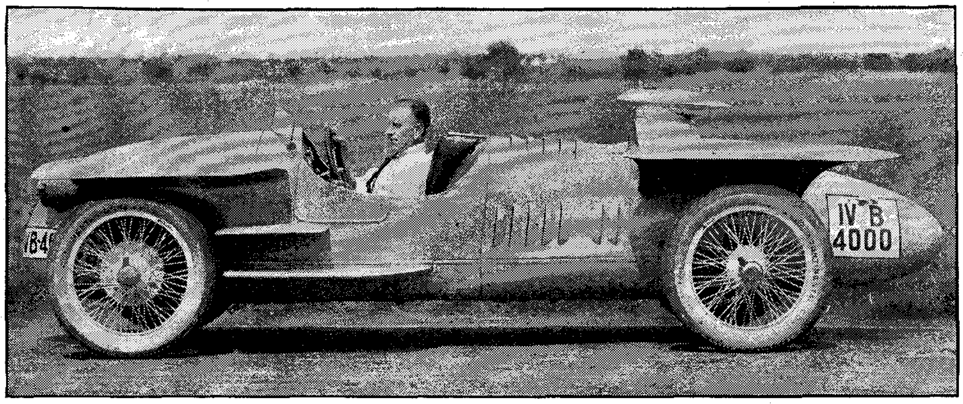
THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN, perhaps, but the executives of the E. I. Dupont de Nemours Company, of Wilmington, Delaware, have discovered something new under the water of the Atlantic Ocean—and every other ocean, for that matter. This is bromine, of which every 1,700 gallons of sea water is said to contain one pound. It is used in ethyl gasoline, motion-picture photography, medicine, and elsewhere. The Dupont Company will send a 4,000-ton floating chemical plant to extract this chemical from the ocean. Instead of bringing the raw materials to the plant, they will take the plant to the raw materials. According to a Consolidated Press dispatch:

> "The Dupont Company has just acquired from the U. S. Shipping Board the steamer *Lake Harminia*, and will use the vessel as a floating manufacturing plant for the extraction of chemicals from sea-water. The use of a vessel for such purposes has no precedent in business and industrial history, if exception be made to the trying out of blubber on board a whaler.
>
> "Every schoolboy knows that many chemicals are present in sea-water carried by fresh-water streams that have absorbed them from the earth and rocks over which they flow. They may be recovered in any laboratory, but the Dupont interests have been attempting to discover whether they may be recovered in sufficient quantities and cheaply enough to be commercially profitable.
>
> "The company has already performed many such experiments at a plant on the New Jersey coast, but they determined instead of piping the water to land laboratories, which was sure to be expensive, they would take the laboratories and factory to the deep sea. The equipment to be installed in the *Lake Harminia* will be virtually the same as if the plant were on land. The power for both manufacturing and delivering the products evolved will be provided in the ship's engine room. The undertaking is a commercial one pure and simple. It is not being conducted to add to scientific knowledge, altho it surely will do so, but to produce chemicals cheaply. Since that is the case, the details of the products to be made and the methods employed are being kept a close secret by the Dupont interests.
>
> "Industrial chemicals are moving into consumers' hands in great quantities, and manufacturers' order books are filled to capacity for the next three months. Factories are being speeded up, and the price trend is upward. In some important departments, manufacturers are sold up to capacity for a year in advance. In addition there is every indication that the heavy consuming interests such as leather, fertilizer and textile trades will have a big year. These conditions undoubtedly have had their influence in determining the Dupont Company to undertake its new venture."

The *Lake Harminia* has been placed under the orders of the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, of New York, and renamed the *Ethyl*. She will sail from Wilmington on April 15, "with the ocean as her only port of call," says the New York *Evening Post*, and in the New York *Times* we read:

"The *Ethyl* can perform its mission on any part of the ocean, but will stand some distance out from shore where dilution and impurity are lessened. The ship will draw aboard and discharge sea-water at the rate of 7,000 gallons a minute.

"A. M. Maxwell, vice-president of the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, said yesterday that if the venture was successful it would revolutionize bromine production. The commodity has previously been obtained by laborious processes from mineral springs and potash deposits in Germany. Success in this expedition, he said, probably would be followed by putting to sea a fleet of floating chemical plants, extracting not only bromine but other chemicals from the ocean."



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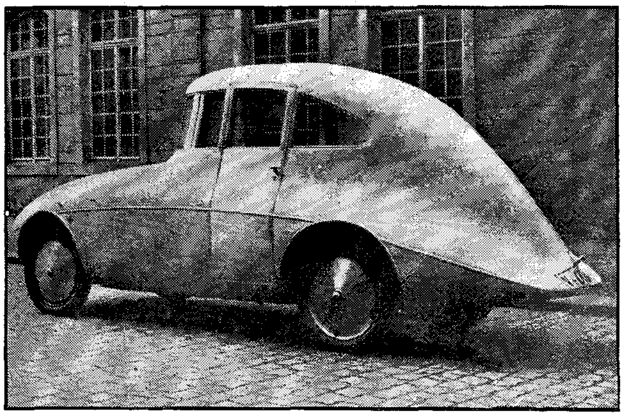
A STREAM-LINE CAR OF GERMAN DESIGN

TO SHAPE THE AUTO LIKE A FISH

IN ONE SENSE, says J. H. W. Kerston, writing in *The Scientific American* (New York), the automobile is a kind of submarine. It moves along the bottom of a deep ocean of fluid—the air. The designers of submarines, unlike those of motor-cars, are careful, he says, to give the under-water craft a shape especially designed for mooth progression through its fluid medium. The fishes and the birds long ago arrived, by some process of evolution, at much the same efficient shape. Why should we neglect to apply these principles to the motor-car? Why not imitate the shape of the fish, the dirigible airship, the fast-flying goose? He continues:

"Suppose that you could actually see the motion of the air around your car, just as you can stand at the bow of a ship and watch the eddies that whirl and hiss and tumble as the craft moves through its fluid medium. You would see very clearly just how your car wastes its power in setting up cross-current eddies of air.

"In the case of the fast racing-car the air resistance to forward motion is extreme, but it is quite large enough to be worth attention even in the case of the ordinary touring car. At twenty-five miles per hour the head resistance of an ordinary car, due to its motion through the air, may amount to more than half the resistance due to mechanical friction within the mechanism. At forty miles per hour the two resistances are almost equal; while at fifty miles per hour the resistance due to forcing this rough, irregular body through the air is even greater than that due to the mechanical friction caused by the motor, the transmission and the running-gear.



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WITH THE WHEELS SET INTO THE BODY

In ordinary cars the air resistance of the four wheels alone, we are told, may equal that of the entire streamline car.

"The car bodies illustrated on this page were made in Germany, following the designs of Paul Jaray, the eminent airship engineer. It is claimed that these bodies have reduced the power losses due to atmospheric resistance by about 60 per cent. at ordinary speeds. This would mean, other things being equal, that the driver of such a motor-car would have to pay for about a third less refillings of gas than the driver of a conventional model. Fourteen motor-car manufacturers in fourteen different countries are reported to be providing these Jaray streamline bodies as optional equipment with their cars."

THE SUN AND THE WEATHER

THERE SEEMS TO BE EVIDENCE to show that very moderate changes in the sun's heat, without much affecting the average temperature of the world as a whole, may yet make the difference between prosperity and failure in some localities here on earth. Dr. Charles Greely Abbot, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who contributes an article on this subject to Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington) is described as keeping the closest watch on the sun of any man on earth. He points out the immense practical possibilities in knowing the exact effect of variations in energy given out by the sun. Writes Dr. Abbot:

"The studies of H. H. Clayton, an American meteorologist, show plainly that major changes of the barometer and temperature in the United States come from solar variations. About ten years ago, Mr. Clayton, then chief forecaster for the Argentine Government, began a long, thorough investigation of just exactly what happens to barometers, thermometers, and rain gages all over the world when the sun's heat changes. By 1920, he was actually employing solar measurements of the Smithsonian Institution to make public official forecasts a week in advance for the temperature and rainfall of Buenos Aires. These weekly forecasts are still maintained.

"At first sight the matter is very simple. You would all probably say that if the sun sends more heat, the weather would grow warmer; if less heat, cooler. But the subject is more complex. A place tends to be warm or cold as its prevailing winds come from tropical or polar directions. In the atmosphere there are regions of low and of high barometer. In the United States the winds blow counter-clockwise all around the low centers, and clockwise all around the high centers. Meteorologists call these effects cyclones and anti-cyclones.

"If now the system of cyclones and anti-cyclones is shifted north, south, east, or west by any cause, there will be a change of wind and consequently a change of temperature. Rainfall also is modified. According to Mr. Clayton's researches this is exactly what happens when the sun's heat changes. The barometric highs and lows move a few hundred miles, and alter the wind directions, and with them the weather.

"Data for stations all over the world and for all seasons of many years must be compared with recorded solar changes before meteorologists will be in shape to begin predicting from the state of the sun's heat. This great work is only begun. That is why our Weather Bureau does not use these methods.

"The part of the Smithsonian Institution in this new movement is to secure regularly accurate measurements of changes in the sun's heat. We began to make these studies over twenty years ago in Washington, but soon found it necessary to move to clearer skies. We discovered that the sun's heat varies, and after years of research that took us to three continents we established in 1918 an observatory in the Nitrate Desert of Chile where it almost never rains, where there is neither animal, insect, reptile, nor vegetable life, and where all water and supplies must be hauled many miles. From this observatory, nearly 10,000 feet above sea-level, and at another station on a mountain in Arizona, over a mile high, daily solar observations are made and daily telegraphic reports are sent to the Smithsonian Institution."

There is great difficulty in making observations accurate enough, Dr. Abbot says. The sun's changes seldom exceed 3 per cent., tho sometimes reaching 5 per cent. or more. Mr. Clayton's results indicate that solar changes as small as 1 per cent. or less are yet great enough to produce noticeable effects on the weather. It is only lately that the investigators have succeeded in refining methods to this degree of accuracy. But for about two years past the two stations, over 4,000 miles apart, have agreed together to about one-half of 1 per cent. on the average of all good days, and have agreed in showing solar changes of from 1 to 5 per cent. For over two years they have indicated that the sun's heat has been generally from 1 to 2 per cent. below normal, but at present it is nearly up to normal again, and apparently seems marching toward higher values. Dr. Abbot proceeds:

"Between summer and winter, and between night and day, enormously greater changes than 3 or 5 per cent. occur, and we adjust ourselves to them. Why should we worry about such seemingly small changes in the sun's heat?

"The answer is that the food plants, the great cities, and others of the most important things in the world are found exactly where they are because they are all adjusted to exactly the climatic conditions which prevail. Why do palms grow in southern England, which lies as far north as our bleak Labrador coast, for instance, and why do people winter in the south of France, as far north as Ottawa, while in America people go to Florida or Southern California to get mild winters?

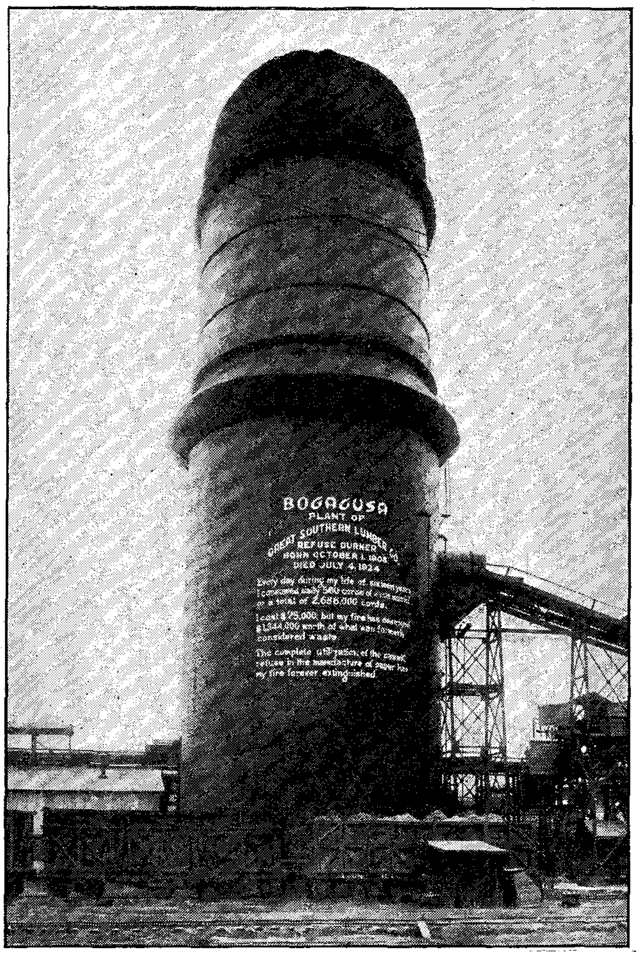
"What I am driving at is that a little change in the quantity of solar heating might alter the distribution of heat over the earth in such a way as to produce perfectly astounding changes. One per cent. change of the heat available to warm the air over the enormous area of the tropics may be of little effect there, but may easily produce very much larger effects toward the poles. For the areas of the zones grow less toward the poles. It is like the tides. On the open oceans they oscillate only a foot or two, but in the confined Bay of Fundy the tidal wave is over forty feet high.

"One looks forward to a time when daily telegrams shall come to a central station from at least four solar radiation observatories instead of from two as now, and the condition of the sun shall be broadcasted for the use of meteorologists the world over. For, after all, the temperature and all life on the earth hangs on the sun's rays. They ought to be thoroughly investigated so that we may be informed in advance what we are to expect as the consequences of changes in the sun."

A MONUMENT TO WASTE

THE GIGANTIC STRUCTURE at Bogalusa, Louisiana, shown in the accompanying illustration is a memorial to the wastefulness that once prevailed there in lumbering operations, and still prevails in certain sections of our country. The inscription painted on it reads as follows, according to *The Outlook* (New York):

"Bogalusa plant of Great Southern Lumber Company. Refuse burner. Born October 1, 1908, died July 4, 1924. Every day during my life of sixteen years I consumed daily 560 cords of waste wood, or a total of 2,688,000 cords. I cost $75,000, but my fire has destroyed $1,344,000 worth of what was formerly considered waste. The complete utilization of the sawmill refuse in the manufacture of paper has my fire forever extinguished."



By courtesy of *The Outlook*

AN OBSOLETE GIANT

It once burned the wood refuse, which is now utilized.

The Outlook goes on to comment as follows:

"It has been the policy of this lumber company from the time it started operations in the South to make the city that grew up around the lumbering operations a permanent one. This is being done by utilizing all the logging waste, which includes tree-tops and limbs, and also the sawmill waste, in the manufacture of various kinds of paper and pulp. As the mill has a capacity when running twenty-two hours of one million feet a day, there is a tremendous amount of sawdust, shavings, slabs, and edgings that can not be utilized for fuel at the sawmill. This is consumed by a paper-mill at Bogalusa. Now all the sawmill waste is being utilized, and this put the large burner out of business. In figuring the value of the material as represented by its use to-day, the burner destroyed during its lifetime nearly a million and a half dollars' worth of waste material which is now being used in the paper-mill.

"Forty-five hundred men are given employment at the plants. Mr. W. H. Sullivan, Mayor of Bogalusa and general manager of the Great Southern Lumber Company, insisted on planting a million young pines when foresters mentioned planting in terms of thousands. This number has now been increased to 10,000,000. They now have 78,000 acres in process of reforestation. They are planting their trees 800 to the acre, using 500 for pulpwood, and in less than twenty-five years they will have logs from these plantings for the mill. Their mills can run forever, and the people of Bogalusa will have permanent occupations and permanent homes."

IRON IN SPINACH—Spinach is popularly believed to contain considerable quantities of iron, says *Chemical Medicine* (Chicago). Some interesting experiments have recently been carried out by Aaron Lichtin, Ph.G., and reported in *The American Journal of Pharmacy*. We read:

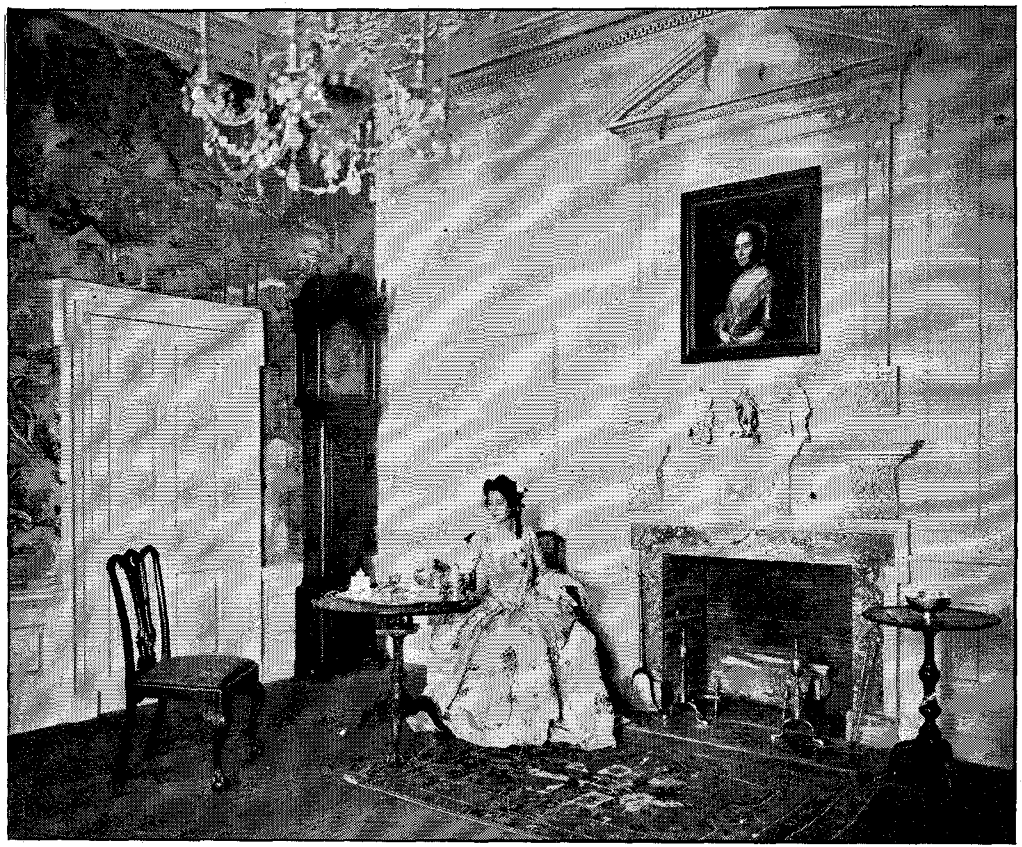
"The results of these experiments show (1) that an ordinary portion of cooked spinach contains about five milligrams of iron, or one-third of the daily amount required to maintain the body in health; and (2) that the greatest proportion of iron is found in the canned vegetable, next in the dehydrated form, and least in the fresh leaves as bought from the gardener's truck."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

THE DAY OF THE AMERICAN ANTIQUE

THE MODERN APARTMENT HOUSE in the metropolis is responsible for the craze for American "antique" furniture. Just how or why this should be so is not developed by the writer who makes the assertion. But somehow the wheel of fashion has come round to home product; and "all the historic furniture of your family" is now in demand by those who have to fill the rooms in the modern apartment house. Probably the newly opened American wing in the Metropolitan Museum of Art has had a great influence and awakened a feeling of regret in many bosoms as they recall the once-scorned colonial pieces that stood in grandfather's house, but have now gone beyond recall into the woodpile. "Furniture is usually the first object approximating art," says Edward H. Smith in *The World Magazine* (New York,) "that enters the demesne of the man fated to be stricken by beauty." Fortunate he is if he does not fall victim to the frauds in French and Italian furniture, in case his natural taste leads him in one or other of these directions. Mr. Smith believes that "the decline of the French and Italian styles may have been due in part to a general disillusion over the amount of fraud" practised by certain unscrupulous dealers. Here was a chance then for colonial styles. Mr. Smith becomes lyric:



Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE VERY "ESSENCE OF THE DECORATIVE TREATMENT" OF THE PERIOD 1765-1787

A room at the Metropolitan Museum from the Powel house in Philadelphia, showing the Chinese wall paper, the grandfather's clock, the two "pie-crust" stands, the Chippendale chair, the architectural mantel with the Chelsea-Derby figures. The present day rivals of fraudulent French and Italian furniture.

> "The fine adjustment of this furniture to apartments is apparent to all who have eyes to see and the least sense of taste. These simple, graceful little pieces, with their fair faces, their air of innocent simplicity, their Puritanical reserve and their wholly American spirit make thoroughly marvelous interior pictures for rooms done in tint and with little ornamentation. Moreover, the pieces are old. They seem the silent and irrefutable witnesses of lineage in the western borders of the ocean. To every pretender to American ancestry they are veritable household gods, and to genuinely old Americans they form the memorabilia of a past beauty and splendor which nothing that is new can ever achieve.
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> "It is not possible to make clear the magnitude of the craze without going back, say, fifteen years. The writer was then almost a neophyte in Greenwich Village, and saw with the eyes of the times, tho he was lucky enough to pick up some early American pieces here and there—a few chairs, a spinet, some highboys and an old couch frame. The chairs, in the shape of ruins, cost $5 each. I have seen inferior ones bring $450 to $600 in auctions within two years. In those days spinets were usually converted into writing desks, and if the piece happened to be a graceful old parlor organ of the period of about 1780 to 1815, that was its certain fate. To-day any man who would so convert one of these old musical instruments would be considered mad and sun-stricken. They brought $15 in that other day and $40 if converted into desks. I have seen them bring as high as $1,100 in recent auctions. The catalog prices which many keep will amply confirm me. A highboy which a friend bought in 1913 for $28 brought exactly $2,800 in 1923.
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> "Twelve to fifteen years ago, too, nothing but mahogany had a market. Lovely old Windsor chairs of pine or hickory went begging till some artist with much more taste than money came by and bought them in for $2 to $5 each. Let the devotee go to the auctions to-day and see what pine, hickory and maple furniture of the pre-Revolutionary days will cost him!
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> "All this vast and sudden expansion in the value of articles once so ignorantly despised brought about two results: First, the fine-combing of the whole East, from Florida to Eastport, for authentic relics of our national nonage; second, a faking of old pieces on a scale probably quite unprecedented on this shifty earth."

Mr. Smith spends much space to tell how "antiques" are manufactured to-day out of new material with just about as much as "Cuvier's single bone" of the genuine old stuff. The story is often repeated. Also he tells us that "worm holes" are not shot into the faked article by a fowling piece; but through the cultivation of a family of wood worms that are set to their natural task and kept there till they have sufficiently "antiqued" the new wood, then their services are rewarded by creosoting the wood and killing them at their tasks. Also he tells of the "planted" antiques in remote hamlets of New England where the traveler thinks he is making discoveries only to find he is the overcharged dupe of the city dealer. Windsor chairs, highboys, old China are to be found in this way if you allow yourself to be fooled:

> "Much of this planting is also being done in such other early American prizes as hooked rugs. An expert of my acquaintance combed over the farthest reaches of Nova Scotia a year ago and found two small and badly worn originals. Yet hooked rugs of the most delicate and fragile patterns, looking as tho they had just come from the hands of the poor farmer women who made them, are constantly being offered for sale by the fake antiquarians. From time to time careful collectors or old estates dispose of their treasures in the great auction rooms, and the fabulous price these bona fide specimens fetch is a stimulus to the trickster. Educated buyers know how scarce real hook rugs of the oldest vintage have become, and take no chances. Remember such rugs are still being made. It is a foolish notion that some people still cherish that auction rooms are all alike, traps for the fool. Literally, that is true of the innumerable fake auction establishments, but does not apply to the reputable institutions that take the greatest possible care to prevent misrepresentation of the goods they offer. It is in these auctions that the expert or the amateur with a flair has a chance at picking up real bargains. And then the victim is the collector whose fine things go for little. I have seen a bitter, rainy day keep the audiences down to a dozen, with the result that everything was literally slaughtered, while the owner sat behind the draperies in despair and ruin.
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> "Opposed to the bargain-hunter are the dealers, scores of them, who recruit their stocks at the great sales. These men know the worth of every piece, who wants it and what it can be resold for. There are even cliques of these dealer bidders, who buy up everything they can get and afterward hold a secret sub-auction among themselves. The man who wants a certain article most bids high for it and gets it. The sum he bids over the price in the real auction goes into the kitty or common purse. So on with everything that has been bought in.
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> "Whoever frequents auction rooms learns to recognize these gentry and to spot their tricks. At least it may be said of them that with all their faults they furnish the basic market for the immense collections of furniture, household goods and art treasures that are sold for millions in New York annually. And no bargain-hunter who knows their game need fear them. When I think of the number of fine things that I and friends of mine have picked up at low prices, it is obvious that the greatest opportunities for finding treasures are in this field. Only know what you are doing and how far you are willing to go before beginning to bid.
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> "And don't listen to gossip or whispers that may be intended to trick you out of your bargain."

Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

HOME OF THE VIRGINIA FITZHUGHS

The wood paneling, with Ionic pilasters, is the feature here. The chairs and the mantel mirror are Chippendale. The iron candle-stand at the right is a noticeable piece.

OUT OF CULTURAL LEADING-STRINGS

ARE WE STILL "COLONIAL" in British eyes? Colonial, as it is defined by Mr. Francis Hackett, is "a sense of home-inferiority," a "sense of second-rateness" and of dependence on the Mother Country. Of course, he can only mean in a cultural sense, for the British are far from the thought to-day that any one here desires the status of a dominion. Mr. Hackett used to live among us, tho born in Ireland. He is well known as an American journalist; but has returned to his native land, perhaps permanently, perhaps not. His present lucubrations are in *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin), and his words are apparently inspired by the inquiry of "a pretty young woman" of Kilkenny who asks him: "The Americans? Don't you find them rawther colonial?" Tho he didn't get a satisfactory reply when he asked the young lady what she meant, he appears to have given the question considerable thought, chiefly for the benefit of Ireland which he here tries to rid of her "parochialism" as well as "colonialism." Going deeper into the meaning of the word, he writes:

> "It may be meek or it may be bragging and violent. It is colonialism if its scale of values is not the outcome of its own nature, its own history, its own resources, its own habit and awareness of life.
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> "To study colonialism, it is not essential to live in Killiney or Rathmines, or even in Belfast. One could study it in New York, among educated Americans, up till ten years ago. Had it not been for the war, America might still be colonial, and even after the war the Anglo-Americans were putting up a fight. Their last stronghold, as every one knows, is the George Washington Sulgrave Institute.
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> "'I believe that George Washington made a profound mistake,' a pompous little American editor said to me, after I had questioned him.
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> "'How?' I asked, not daring to hope for the precious answer. But it came.
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> "'He ought to have worked for the status of a dominion.'
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> "Why not? The fact that a dominion was as inconceivable in Washington's time as a Soviet Republic could not discourage a true colonial. He still yearned for the umbilical cord."

Mr. Hackett goes on to declare that "American colonialism has lasted a long time"—which leads one to think that his belief is that it is not yet extinct:

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

"In the latter half of the nineteenth century, American culture whimpered after European culture from the very ends of the piers. So strongly did the separation prey on Henry James that he went into voluntary exile and consummated the love of a lifetime by becoming an English subject in the last year. His brother William, on the other hand, was a decided American nationalist, besides being a man of genius. The Irish never claim him, tho he was markedly Irish in characteristics and had apparently all the family Cavan blood. It was men like William James, men like Whitman and Poe, men, of course, like Lincoln, who integrated American consciousness and made it less difficult for nationalism to come into existence—a nationalism, be it noted, that employs the English language and yet has a distinct self-consciousness, growing more and more distinct.

"Mencken's big book, 'The American Language,' is a document in anti-colonialism.

"But it is a recent development. When we started *The New Republic* in New York in 1914, the first literary editorial I wrote was an analysis of American colonialism in its literary aspect. No one foresaw how quickly the war would ripen things, or foresaw the breakdown of English snobbishness concerning America.

"The change was foreordained when the pound sterling sank to $3.60 or thereabouts. This stirred the Englishman as nothing else could do; it gave him a solid respect for the Americans. To translate economic respect into literary and spiritual terms is a matter of instinct with the Englishman, and America woke up to find itself radiant in English eyes. The lecture field that Yeats had been quietly harvesting for fifteen years, on and off, was suddenly spotted by a horde of English writers, anhungered by the war. Second-raters like Hugh Walpole mopped up sums like $60,000 in a season, before America curdled, and the big hotels in New York bulged with war-poets, ententists, novelists, publicists and warblers pink from Oxford. It stimulated the young American writers to the point that their heads are more swelled to-day than they have ever been. They are rabidly and biliously nationalistic at the present moment, and publishing at a rate unimaginable twenty years ago. Except for the excessively genteel or the very sophisticated, America has ceased to be colonial.

"One must remember, however, that America was not, to use a trade term, culturally self-supporting all during the nineteenth century, and that American colonialism was just as much opposed to a racy national figure like Mark Twain as to Abraham Lincoln.

"The outcome is good. Under colonialism, the American mind was sick. It has gained by the breakdown of English snobbishness and its own integration. But it is too facile to think that nothing was the matter except colonialism. There were other defects in American culture, there still are, beside 'the colonial mind.'

"There is, for example, the savage Puritanism and the savage anti-Puritanism which can be so closely paralleled in Ireland. America is in the throes of this conflict, which in Ireland has scarcely begun."

What the young girl in Kilkenny wanted to know, explains Mr. Hackett, "was not, Are the Americans colonial? but, Are they bounders?" The word is not ours and needs explanation:

"She was looking at them as a representative of Britain, a custodian of home culture, and wondering how the barbarians really were.

"She was, in effect, a snob. She didn't carry heavy guns, but her snobbishness was genuine. It was the Ulster article rather than the London article, yet I credited her to British culture. She reminded me of a homesick English butler, who in a confidential moment once asked me in a delicate undertone, 'The Americans, sir, don't you think them a little loud?'

"To understand colonialism, you must begin with snobbism. You must saturate yourself in snobs, breathe them, drink them. Colonialism rotates round a center of snobbism; it is only intelligible if you keep snobs in mind."

THE COLLEGE INDICTED IN THE NOVEL

IDEAS OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE entertained by the popular novelist appear to have come to jell, so that each one helps himself to a large spoonful to smear over his picture of life and give it a savor for the modern reader. This, in effect, is the feeling of one who has looked on college life from the inside for fifty years, and even yet sees no growing distrust of education on the part of the hundreds who go out to return again in the persons of their sons and daughters. Prof. William Hamilton Norton, of the chair of geology in Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, writing in *School and Society* (New York), calls the hand of such popular novelists as Edna Ferber, Ernest Poole, Dorothy Canfield, Robert Herrick, Charles Norris, Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis and F. Scott Fitzgerald, "whose judgment of the college," he believes, "is taken seriously by many of the college clientèle." For he appears to take to heart an observation of Howells that it is the novelists "who really have charge of peoples' thinking," and therefore looks with some dismay on the fact that "people generally must be thinking of the college as the novelists are telling them that it is." Thus:

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

WHEN A ROOM LIKE THIS WAS THE "PARLOR"

The original is in the Hart House, Ipswich, Massachusetts, and dates about 1650. Aside from the chairs, ornamentation seems confined to the double row of dentils on the strip above the fireplace.

"Teachers may be interested in finding their little mannerisms removed from the ointment and embalmed in the clear amber of literature. In Edna Ferber's 'So Big,' *Dirk* at Midwestern University is maddened by the ever-recurring *uh-uh-uh* of one of his professors and the hammer-stroke emphasis in every third or fifth syllable by another. He prefers the droning pedants to the younger teachers, who use the latest slang adeptly to secure adoring titters from the co-eds.

"Young *Dirk* has no personal relations with his teachers, no 'heartening informal mellow talks before the wood fire in the book-lined study of some professor, more richly profitable than whole courses of class room lectures,' such as his mother had often dreamed of. No one has—in novels. In the university of fiction there is no young Darwin taking long walks with Professor Henslow.

"Nor are students interested or influenced by the contacts of the class room. Students—especially in novels of the Eastern schools—are contemptuous, hostile, or at best indifferent and frankly bored. Says the hero of Ernest Poole's 'The Harbor,' who attended an Eastern college, 'Together with my companions I assumed a genial tolerance toward all those poor dry devils known to us as "profs." I remember the weary sighs of our old college president as he monotoned through his lectures on ethics to the tune of the cracking of peanuts. . . . It was a case of live and let live. He let us eat peanuts and we let him talk.' Any show of interest in the classroom is working the 'prof' for grades. Poole's hero inadvertently answers a question with some intelligence, and at once hears 'murmurs of "boot-lick, boot-lick" all over the hall.' A similar mistake was made by *Neale Crittenden* at Columbia in Dorothy Canfield's 'Rough-Hewn.' He put some real feeling in an English theme. 'The jaded, discouraged young professor felt his heart leap up with incredulous hope and pleasure,' and read parts of the theme to the class. Neale's 'very soul scorched with shame' and he vowed furiously never to do the like again. He resumed 'his aloof spectator's scorn,' the attitude which is the only good form for collegians of fiction.

"In Fitzgerald's 'This Side of Paradise,' *Amory* satirized his Princeton professor in a poem, the first verse of which will suffice.

Good morning, Fool.
Three times a week
You hold us helpless while you speak.
Well, here we are, your hundred sheep,
Tune up, play on, pour forth . . . we sleep.

The professor of the poem is also a Pedant and a Prig. He fails to appreciate *Shaw*, and he gives high grades to 'The Eager Ass,' who asks questions.

"Robert Herrick in 'Waste' draws a lively sketch of a New England classroom, from which the students in the rear are defiling down the fire-escape, while the feeble near-sighted old man behind the desk drones on."

Our novelists are fond of scenes like this, says Professor Norton, "perhaps because they are ever so much more picturesque than classes monotonously attentive, just as 'the lost lady' can be made more vividly interesting than most ladies who are not lost." He is willing to grant to "literary treatment" "a certain artistic selection of material, a heightening of effect, the lipstick, the spotlight." But—and here is his criticism that the novelist might give attention to: "even the caricature may have a modicum of resemblance of reality." Admitting the low visibility of intellectual objects upon the undergraduate horizon, Professor Norton goes on to ask how it may be cleared up.

"If in these books of fiction the interest of college students stands at zero in the classroom, it mounts to the boiling-point in athletics. Football suggests how studies may be made exciting also. *Neale Crittenden* at Columbia is taught football not only by his coaches, but also by a sporty young graduate. 'If one, even one, of his teachers of English or Greek or chemistry or economics had taught Neale as this semi-illiterate young barbarian taught him. . . . ! If Neale had given even a tenth as much attention to any of his courses . . . !' The same comparison is made in 'The Harbor.' 'Do you know who is to blame . . . ? It's not the profs. . . . No, it's us, because we stand for their line of drool. . . . Are all of us dubs? No, we're not. Go down to the football field and see. Would we stand for coaches like our profs?' Truly students would not stand for coaches who played the game themselves and left the team upon the side-lines to observe and later to pass a written test. But they are interested vitally in any vigorous athletics, mental or physical, on field or in classroom, in which they themselves participate freely.

"And what intellectual interests have our students outside their studies? Charles Norris's gay crowd in 'Salt' have none whatever. Their only mental exercise is an occasional perfunctory perusal of their text-books. At the Eastern college of 'The Harbor' talk about politics, religion, economics, international relations—about anything 'except athletics and other things prescribed by the crowd'—is tabu and queers one. At Princeton *Amory* and his friends read voraciously in recent literature and sit up after midnight 'raking the universe over the coals,' but their desultory readings and discussions have no apparent relation to their subjects of study. In several novels the college library is found a fine place for browsing on one's own. Not only in history, as John Stuart Mill once said, but in almost anything else, it would seem that the only education a boy needs is to be turned loose in a good library. The university of fiction is not like the mother of universities, a *societas magistrorum et discipulorum*. It is a *societas discipulorum*, or, since the last word carries an implication, let us say *societas* alone. Said Ezra Cornell, 'I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study.' The university of fiction is a place where any person can find an education of a sort without any instruction and without any study."

Professor Norton does not employ the same violence in rebuttal that the novelists use for indictment. But his milder observations carry a good deal of weight, even if they do not use cynicism to answer cynicism.

"The suspicion recurs that these educational sketches are not wholly drawn from life. They appear too conventionalized for that—like the Hebrew of the vaudeville stage. The description of the 'outsiders' at State universities, for example, as 'queer dowdy girls' and 'rustic rough-necks,' 'raw-boned badly drest farmers' lads with red hands and rough hair' recalls the picture of their hayseed fathers in the comic-strip cartoons, and is quite as true to fact. The prank of putting a taxicab in the dean's office of an Eastern university, dated at about 1917, seems a revised version of a hoary college joke—it used to be a cow in the president's office—which became extinct in the frontier colleges of the Middle West more than half a century ago. . .

"These pictures of college life by some of our most thoughtful novelists compel reflection. Their criticism is met, partially at least, by the fact that our graduates, who must know their colleges pretty well, still send back their boys and girls and are so confident of the future that they are giving millions for the endowment of that part of the college which cuts so sorry and insignificant a figure in the schools of current fiction."

HAMLET AS A VEILED SATIRE

"HAMLET" HAS BEEN MORE OVERHAULED during John Barrymore's stay in London than we remember to have seen for years, either here or in England. It is not that "Hamlet" has awakened from a long sleep, for some one is playing the unhappy Prince over there every season—either at the Old Vic or in the West End. If Barrymore's impersonation is not discust in nearly every newssheet, it is one of the eternal questions about *Hamlet* himself. One of the freshest of these is furnished by R. L. Eagle, who writes to the London *Saturday Review* to reveal how the play introduces contemporary figures as well as scandals, like any modern novel:

"Sir—It is common knowledge that several of the plays and romances of Shakespeare's time are allegorical, and contain ingeniously disguised comments on contemporary events and notable persons. Ben Jonson's 'Poetaster' and Barclay's 'Argenis' are fairly easy to interpret in this light, and 'Hamlet' seems to belong to the same class of work.

"Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was suspected of poisoning Walter, Earl of Essex, on the latter's journey from Ireland (1577), and he soon afterwards married the widowed countess. Elizabeth's old and crafty Lord Treasurer, Lord Burleigh, seems to be represented in the character of *Polonius*. The precepts given to his son, Robert Cecil, are very similar to the advice given by *Polonius* to *Lærtes* (see 'The Life of the Great Lord Burleigh,' by Martin Hume, p. 26). The cast of 'Hamlet' appeals to me in this manner:

Claudius	Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.
The Queen	Lettice, widow of the late Earl of Essex and wife of Leicester.
The Ghost	Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex.
Hamlet	Robert Devereux, his son.
Horatio	Francis Bacon.
Polonius	William Cecil, Lord Burleigh.
Lærtes	Robert Cecil.
Ophelia	Elizabeth Cecil.
Fortinbras	James VI of Scotland and James I of England.
Denmark	England.
Norway	Scotland.

"So much for the principal characters and the setting of the tragedy. There are many other indications in the play of contemporary satire. Altho *Yorick* is only mentioned, sufficient is said to identify him with John Heywood, who was Court Jester to Henry VIII and Mary. The 'Arte of English Poesie' (1589) contains two anecdotes of 'the King's Jester,' and we are told that 'he was allowed to sit at the table's end' or, as Hamlet puts it, was 'wont to set the table on a roar.' He died in 1580, and as the 1604 quarto of the tragedy gives twenty-three years from the date of *Yorick's* burial, the date of his death is in accordance with the gravedigger's reckoning."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

"THE GOOD SAMARITAN OF THE COURTS"

THE WORK OF THOSE REPAIR MEN of humanity, the probation officers, is generally known and everywhere approved, but the astonishing savings they are achieving in mending broken families, and in refloating prospective derelicts on the tide of happiness and success is not so widely broadcast. The redemptive work is done quietly, without any publicity, any stigma, the whole effort of the probation department being to shield the family from disgrace and hold it together, while aiding it to get upon its feet, and in more than 76 per cent. of the cases, we are told, this is effective. The probationer, whether man, woman, boy or girl, steps from the protecting care of the court at the end of the period with no prison record to shame him or her; with better employment, or school opportunities, with weaknesses and habits under control, with better health and outlook, and with improved home conditions. As Edwin J. Cooley, chief probation officer of the Magistrates' Courts of New York, and a former president of the National Probation Association, tells us in *The Woman's Home Companion*, when the offender is believed to be worthy of another chance, he is not merely placed on probation and left to his own devices, but helped to remedy the defect of character, environment, or circumstance which brought about his downfall. Mr. Cooley recites:

A REPAIRER OF HOMES

Edwin J. Cooley, chief probation officer of the Magistrates' Courts of New York, who believes that three-fourths of offenders "can be redeemed if given another chance and a helping hand."

"As an instance of this there is the case of a certain family in Richmond, Virginia, which had been reduced to the last straits by the father's ingrained laziness—laziness which he excused by declaring that he was too ill to work. The badly neglected children were being made to sell candy on the streets, and the harassed mother was trying, with her needle, to keep the home together. She was compelled, at last, to come into court with a charge of non-support, and at this crisis probation came to the rescue. The father, instead of being imprisoned—the old custom in our courts—was given a thorough medical examination, declared sound and well, placed on probation, and made to work. The children were put in school. Aid was given in rehabilitating the home.

"As time passed, the father, through his steady application, gradually regained his former manliness and ambition. He leased a little farm in the country, threw himself into the work, and the whole family is now living comfortably on the products of the place.

"A name often given to probation is 'The Eyes and Ears of the Court.' The definition is inadequate, touching on only one phase of the work; but, so far as it goes, it is correct. Probation—being in part a system of intensive investigation—does bring many things to the surface; the guilt of the guilty, the innocence of the innocent. It is a light turned on the crime problem of to-day.

"And the extent to which its scrutiny is revealing ill-health, ignorance, misfortune, mental defectiveness or environment as the cause of so much so-called 'crime' is astonishing, and should make us all infinitely more tolerant toward our fellow man who errs, slower in our judgments, quicker to render aid.

"Last year a total of 7,352 cases were investigated by the probation officers of the Magistrates' Courts, New York, and those investigations revealed such outstanding instances as these, to cite only a few:

"A woman arrested for intoxication was found to be an epileptic, not a drunkard; and was given the kindest and ablest medical care instead of the penal sentence she would have received in a community where there was no probation system.

"A boy who had stolen, and whose appearance was against him, was found upon inquiry to be of previous good repute and to have been unfortunate in that his father in a fit of anger had driven him from home. Being unable to find work, he had yielded to the temptation to steal.

"A father of a family, charged by his wife with non-support, and claiming to be ill, was found to be suffering from lead poisoning, contracted through his work in a dry-paint factory. The Industrial Commission of the State Labor Department was notified; it developed he was not insured by his employer, and prosecution followed. He received medical treatment and was awarded compensation by the commission.

"A man charged with non-support of his wife and family was committed to the penitentiary. Application was made for his release. The probation officer found that the man was tubercular. He was sent to a sanatorium, and improved so much that he was soon able to work and pay a reasonable amount toward his family's support.

"A boy arrested for petit larceny was forming evil habits because of parental neglect. He was allowed to stay out of school and to run the streets until late at night. The probation officer compelled the mother, the only parent of the boy, to keep her son home evenings, and as a result the boy's behavior improved."

Similar investigations are being pursued elsewhere, and we see that "probation is the Good Samaritan of the courts. It is the big brother of the sick, the disheartened, the victimized, the repentant weak." It has adjusted innumerable home problems, rescued the drunkard, the drug-addict, the forger, the deserting husband and father, the girl who has taken her first misstep, the faithless wife or husband, the unmanageable boy, putting them back once more within the home circle and then "transforming the little group by the alchemy of love and confidence and comradely encouragement into something the neighbors, the nation, can be proud of." Mr. Cooley tells us further:

"In 1919 over 24,000 persons were placed on probation by the Courts of Massachusetts, and only about 8,000 were committed to penal institutions. Of those placed on probation, over 81 per cent. made good and were returned to society without the stigma of a prison sentence. In Philadelphia in 1920 more than 14,708 cases were handled by the juvenile division of the Municipal Court; and, due to the efficacy of probation, 71.6 per cent. of these cases were adjusted without even a court hearing. Philadelphia has estimated that it would have cost the county $429,008 to have maintained in institutions the children who were on probation in 1920.

"Let us suppose, for the moment, that you are a frightened first offender, guilty of some minor offense. Or suppose—which is worse—that some beloved member of your family should some day be guilty of a serious first offense—the little son, let us say, of whom you are expecting so much. Let us suppose he should, unknown to you, drift into the company of a bad 'gang' of boys, and—led on by the excitement of it all—become a party to a depredation or a theft. Let us suppose you should open your newspaper the morning after the daring theft of an auto, and find his name emblazoned across the page. How would you feel then about the 'eye for an eye' business? Would you want your little son to go to prison? Or would you realize, frantically, for the first time, what it would have meant to your boy—who was not 'bad at heart' and only needed another chance—if there had been a probation system in your town? Very probably. And you would set about then and there—as other sorrowful men and women have done—to see to it that your State probation law was put into operation, and probation officers appointed in connection with your courts.

"Crime is a curious thing. To-day it is across the street, around the corner, in the next town. It is in the home next door, even. But never, never is it in our own—until, like lightning, it strikes.

"It would seem that the very humanness of us all—our common frailty if nothing else—would make the meting out of justice a question close to every heart and every hearthside . . .

"Thus probation continues quietly, year after year, to rescue the fallen, to strengthen the weak, to shield the innocent. It is not a cure-all. It does not pretend to be that. There is a great mass of human material being washed daily into the open doors of our courts which is tragically beyond the reach of probation's redemptive powers—(I speak now of the hardened criminal, the mental defective, the hopeless alcohol or drug addict); and such material never should be placed upon probation. It belongs in our prisons, hospitals and asylums.

"But when we realize that that hopeless material represents only about one-fourth of all the offenders in the country every year, and that the other three-fourths is made up of men, women and children who can be redeemed if given another chance and a helping hand, instead of a penal sentence, the importance of probation officers being appointed in every court in the land can be readily understood.

"And there is no doubt in my mind but that the day will come when public opinion will demand that this be done!"

THE GRIST OF THE DIVORCE MILL

PAGAN JAPAN IS FAR AHEAD of Christian America in upholding the sanctity of the marriage relation, according to figures gathered by the Census Bureau and cited by sociologists. In Japan the grist of the divorce mill is decreasing; in America it is increasing—increasing, too, at a rate that bodes ill for the cradle of to-day and the generation of to-morrow. According to the Census Bureau, more than 165,000 divorces were granted in the United States in 1923, or one divorce to every 7.5 marriages. In 1905 only 68,000 divorces were granted, so that in eighteen years the number of divorces have risen by nearly 100,000, or more than 140 per cent., while the population increased only about 30 per cent. A glance at these figures, writes Dr. Charles A. Ellwood in *The Central Christian Advocate* (Methodist), tells us that divorces are now growing in the United States four and five times as fast as the population. For more than sixty years our divorces have advanced every year more than three times as fast as the population, and the end is not yet in sight. In 1922 the number of divorces was 148,554, or one divorce to every 7.6 marriages for the whole country. Many States, however, have a much higher divorce rate than the country as a whole, says Dr. Ellwood, who is Professor of Sociology in the University of Missouri. In 1922, he writes, Oregon had one divorce to every 2.5 marriages, Wyoming, one to 3.9; Montana, one to 4.3; Missouri, one to 4.7; Oklahoma, one to 4.8; Texas, one to 4.9; California, one to 5.1; Ohio, one to 5.2; Indiana, one to 5.4; Colorado, one to 5.5; Kansas, one to 5.7; and Maine, one to 5.8. Dr. Ellwood contrasts these rates with the rates of other countries, and draws a conclusion:

"In Switzerland, where divorce is as easy to obtain as in the United States, there is only one divorce to every sixteen marriages. In other countries the divorce ratio is still lower. In France there is one divorce to twenty-one marriages; in Denmark, one to twenty-two; in Germany, one to twenty-four; in New Zealand, one to twenty-four; in Norway, one to thirty; in Sweden, one to thirty-three; in Great Britain, one to ninety-six; while our neighbor, Canada, has only one divorce to every 161 marriages. Even pagan Japan had in 1919 a lower divorce rate than the United States, for it had only one divorce to every eight marriages.

"These statistical facts are cited only as a symptom of the condition of our American family life. Can we speak of the dominance of the Christian home in American society, when America has more divorces in a single year in proportion to its population than has such a pagan country as Japan, and more than all the rest of the Christian civilized nations put together? These figures show that there is something radically wrong about our home and family life. Yet divorce is only a symptom and not a cause, nor is it, perhaps, the greatest evil connected with our family life. We can not safely conclude, however, that the American family and home life are becoming more Christian when divorce is increasing among us four and five times as fast as our population. It is surely time that the Church turn its attention to American home life."

It is sufficient to state, without arguing the point, that the home, as a primary group, is the chief bearer of all civilizing traditions and standards, that the family is "the cradle of civilization, of morality, and even of religion." If, then, the family becomes irreligious and unchristian, our whole social life is bound to become likewise. And a prominent religious worker in New York City tells Dr. Ellwood that nothing impresses him so much as the pagan character of the family and the home life of the present. "He finds it materialistic, self-seeking, dominated by business and commercial interests, and subordinated to everything except the welfare of humanity." Small wonder, then, that the prevalence of crime in the United States is beyond anything which the police can control or limit. As Dr. Ellwood sees it,

"The chief thing wrong with American family life is the unsocialized individualism of our standards with reference to marriage and the family. We have made these things matters of individual convenience, instead of matters concerning the welfare of humanity, and of our highest ideals and values. We have tried to build the family life upon selfishness, and we have failed. The family life must be centered in the child, for the child stands for humanity. We need more Christianity in the American home, not simply to make marriage and the home life more stable for adults, but, above all, to make a proper environment for the child. We will have a Christian world just as soon as all children have the opportunity to grow up in a Christian atmosphere. It is superstition to think that it is human nature which makes us so often behave like pagans, a superstition which, we have seen, science has thoroughly exploded. If we behave like pagans, it is only because we grow up in an atmosphere in which pagan traditions, such as self-interest, power and pleasure as the ends of life, are tolerated. And the home atmosphere is, as we have seen, the chief part of the social atmosphere for all of us, and especially for the children whose character is in process of formation.

"We need to replace our pagan standards, our individualism, with reference to the family and to the home life, with a more socialized Christian standard. If we do so, we will place the child at the center of the home and the family, and we will try to safeguard the child and the home life in every way from pagan and materialistic interests. . . .

"The religion of Jesus is characterized by the central place which it gives to the child and to the family. It is itself based upon the same values as an ideal home life. These values, such as love, service, sacrifices, and brotherhood, can scarcely serve as patterns for the relations of men at large if the family and the home fail to illustrate them. Jesus made the child the center of his system of concrete values not less clearly than does modern social science.

"How little and poverty-stricken our current Christianity seems when contrasted with these ideals of Jesus! Modern social science, as we have seen, agrees with Jesus. If men can not be socialized in those primary relations of life represented by the home and by the family; if the ideals of love, loyalty, service, sacrifice, forgiveness, and conciliation can not control our behavior in the family and in the home, then it is idle to think that they will be found practical in the larger relations of life. The indispensable preliminary for Christianizing American society is to Christianize the family and the home life of the American people. Until the Christ-spirit dwells in the American home, it will not dwell in America."

ATHEISM PASSING FROM THE CAMPUS

A LITTLE HEALTHY OPTIMISM makes a pleasant change from the lugubrious texts which are so common to-day. Bad as things are, they have been worse, and it is probable that they will be better to-morrow. That is the conclusion of Dr. H. H. Tweedy, who, mindful of the political corruption recently exposed, remembers also that there was a time when corrupt practises were indulged in openly, when men bought not only dukedoms, but bishoprics, together with indulgences and wives. What is true of morals is also true of religion, writes Dr. Tweedy in an editorial in *The Yale Divinity News*. There is no blinking the fact that multitudes of our young people are growing up with no conscious intelligent religious training whatever, he admits. Many are frankly indifferent toward the church and claim to be uninterested in religion. A few openly attack both the church and religion, "nor can one wonder," adds Dr. Tweedy, "when he takes into account the arrant nonsense talked from certain pulpits and the mummied medievalism which now and then masquerades as the mind and message of Christ."

"But we have made tremendous advances beyond the time when few priests could preach, when sermons were in Latin, which the common people could not understand, when men brawled around the communion table and flew falcons during the services, when prelates blessed daggers before a massacre, when a Spanish conqueror and loyal Catholic burned thirteen Italians in honor of Christ and the twelve apostles, and the Bishop of Dunkeld could exclaim merrily, 'I thank God I never knew what the Old and New Testament were!' Moreover, no one can sojourn long with college students to-day and not be convinced that when the religion of Jesus is fairly and effectively presented, this younger generation is intensely interested in it and attracted by it; and when that generation has a chance to discuss religious problems fearlessly and frankly, it will sit up with any competent and inspiring leader far into the night. At heart the youth of to-day is not more irreligious than its forebears. It does not state its life in the language of the ancient creeds nor always find adequate expression for it in the ancient forms, and it ought not to; but it is no foe to real religion and is hungry for the life which is life indeed."

Reports from professors and from students indicate, says Dr. Tweedy, that there is an encouraging and vital interest among a large body of men in such interpretations of Christianity as those given by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin. A hundred years ago and more atheism and agnosticism were rife in the colleges. Bishop Meade of Virginia is quoted as having said in 1811 that the College of William and Mary was a hotbed of infidelity, and that for many years he expected to find an infidel in every educated man. Certainly nothing like that is true of any college or of any body of students of to-day. Furthermore, Dr. Tweedy's impression is that there is more religious work done in and by our colleges, that Christianity is more strongly presented, and that the response to it is in some respects more encouraging, than during his own college days. He goes on:

"Certainly the immense progress in religious education, that reformation in the Sunday-school which is just beginning, marks an encouraging advance over the old-time Sunday-school, which often merely indoctrinated the child's mind with ideas which life later forced it to discard, and made it familiar with facts, real and supposed, which left it still far from the Kingdom of God. The special services when discussions of Christian fundamentals pack college chapels and halls, and fill parlors for open forums which close only with the warning bell; the large and representative student gatherings, such as those which are held at Silver Bay, Blue Ridge, Estes Park, and in other parts of our country; the Christian causes which are supported entirely by students; the encouraging, even if inadequate, number—fewer from New England, to our shame be it confessed, than from the South and Middle West—who are going into Christian work—all this may well hearten the lovers of the Church and the prophets of the Kingdom. For multitudes of our youth the Christian philosophy of life is rationally the most satisfactory, practically the most efficient, and esthetically the most beautiful. The mind of Jesus is recognized as the norm of righteousness, and heroic, adventurous, self-forgetful love is acclaimed as king. What is needed is more of the most highly trained religious leaders, men of prophetic passion and divine wisdom, personalities radiant in their power and compelling in their beauty, on college faculties as well as in pulpits, in whom the youth of to-day may vision the incarnation of the gospel of the Kingdom.

"Meanwhile let all Christian workers thank God and take courage! In social, industrial, racial, and political ideals the world is moving, often at a snail's pace, toward the mind of Jesus. To be sure, there are plenty of conditions which must be changed. Sane criticism, and even drastic, is sorely needed. Such criticism, furthermore, should be welcomed and utilized, while our critics, social and religious, who have risked crucifixion, deserve not so much crosses as crowns. But criticism should be followed by construction. If we must wail over the lamentable condition of Jerusalem, let's rebuild it. Whatever ought to be changed can be changed. What the age is calling for is men who, with the ability and courage to criticize, have also the ability and courage to work."

SUASION WITH A TRUNK-STRAP

THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED LICKIN' of our forefathers has, of course, not entirely died out in the land of the brave. Here and there a subdued young man may still be observed returning meditatively from the woodshed. Here and there the tempestuous female child still experiences the soothing effect on complexes wrought by a lithe switch on fat legs. Nevertheless it does seem to be more or less agreed that corporal punishment no longer takes the prominent place it once held in the American home as a leading indoor sport. From the vague theory that "lickin' makes 'em tougher" modern practise seems to have advanced to all sorts of ideas tending to let young wills "express themselves."

That there still remains a strong conservative sentiment in favor of the hand that does not spare the rod is obvious. The stern satisfaction with which a public licking of a public nuisance is occasionally viewed proves this. Here is a case in point which we take from the Pittsburgh *Chronicle-Telegraph:*

"In Philadelphia, the other day, a 15-year-old boy arrested for repeated theft was taken to the cellar of the Juvenile Court Building by his father, at the direction of Judge Raymond Macneille, and given a vigorous old-fashioned thrashing with a strap, while his howls reverberated through the building. The boy had been sentenced to the Huntingdon Reformatory, but on the plea of the youth's father, the court relented and imposed a flogging sentence, ordering that the youngster be given a beating until the court could see the marks.

"This may sound like harsh treatment for the lad, whom the court denounced as a 'drest up dude with a yellow streak.' But here was a youth who had been repeatedly arrested for taking what did not belong to him. While information concerning all that happened in the courtroom is lacking, no doubt the court was imprest with the thought that the parents were entirely too indulgent with their son, and did not exercise proper control. The father having pleaded with the court to give the boy one more chance, it is evident the jurist concluded that if the father would take his son in hand and administer punishment he would remember, it might redound to his everlasting benefit. In any event, the instance brings up the question as to whether parents nowadays exercise sufficient control over their children. Probably too many parents do err on the side of leniency. Discipline, as one of the rising generation says, is 'going out.' It is time it were restored, even tho heroic measures are necessary."

"Spank 'em in moderation," is the advice of Dr. Rudolph M. Binder, professor of Sociology in New York University, on the proper raising of children. As we quote him from the New York *Herald Tribune*, he says, "spanking is a natural physical cure for the tense nervous cause and reaction of misbehavior." Too many mental instructions are a refined form of cruelty, often resulting in lasting resentment. But children who are taught to accept a spanking naturally "are more ready to resume good relations with their parents."

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

RELIGIOUS thought often overlooks humor as an attribute of God, tho without it man cuts a sorry figure. Looking on part of His creation as jest is new, but certainly not irreligious. This, with a little cutting, is in *The New Republic:*

WHALE

By William Rose Benét

Rain, with a silver flail;
Sun, with a golden ball;
Ocean, wherein the whale
Swims minnow-small;

I heard the whale rejoice
And cynic sharks attend;
He cried with a purple voice,
"The Lord is my Friend!"

"With flanged and battering tail,
With huge and dark baleen,
He said, 'Let there be Whale
In the Gold and Green!'

"He gave me a water spout,
A side like a harbor wall;
The Lord from cloud looked out
And planned it all.

"With glittering crown atilt
He leaned on a glittering rail;
He said, 'Where Sky is spilt,
Let there be Whale.'

"Tier upon tier of wings
Blushed and blanched and bowed;
Phalanxed fiery things
Cried in the cloud;

"Million-eyed was the mirk
At the plan not understood;
But the Lord looked on his work
And saw it was good.

"He gave me marvelous girth
For the curve of back and breast,
And a tiny eye of mirth
To hide His jest.

"He made me a floating hill,
A plunging deep-sea mine.
This was the Lord's will;
The Lord is Divine.

"I magnify his name
In earthquake and eclipse,
In weltering molten flame
And wrecks of ships,

"In waves that lick the moon;
I, the plough of the sea!
I am the Lord's boon,
The Lord made me!"

The sharks barked from beneath,
As the whale rollicked and roared,
"Yes, and our grinning teeth,
Was it not the Lord?"

Then question pattered like hail
From fishes large and small.
"The Lord is mighty," said Whale,
"The Lord made all!"

* * *

I heard the Whale rejoice,
As he splayed the waves to a fan;
"And the Lord shall say with His Voice,
'*Leviathan!*'

"The Lord shall say with His Tongue,
'Now let all Heaven give hail
To my Jest when I was young,
To my very Whale.'"

Then the Whale careered in the Sea,
He floundered with flailing tail:
Flourished and rollicked he,
"Aha! Mine Empery!
For the Lord said, 'Let Whale Be!'
And there was Whale!"

Voices (New York) is devoted wholly to the sonnet, with an essay thereon by Clement Wood. We give three, and brave criticism by the experimental third, which is perhaps something of a hybrid:

STREET OF SKYSCRAPERS

By Paul Sando

White is the echo down the misted deep
Of these dim buildings with their flesh of stone;
And in the night, when they and I, alone,
Speak of the terrible, and eager, leap
Into the black sky beneath which we sleep,
Awake to voices from a girdered throne. . . .
When we together hear the maddened groan
Of all the little who are born to weep—

To these stark monuments come spectered brides,
Each with ancestral blood for their delight;
Each with a fiery meaning waits and guides
Some part of their cold splendor out of sight,
As the eternal breaks loud down their sides,
Magnificent before the break of night.

FOR A UNIVERSITY YEAR BOOK

By Genevieve Taggard

When we are old and worn with years, we'll read
This record of our youth, the day, the place;
And we will suit our memory to our need
And long-forgotten name to faded face.
Sadness will come to us who fail to trace
The dreams we dreamed so certain to succeed;
Time's later generations will erase
The dreamer and the doer and the deed.

Then let us see these tranquil hills again;
Fog-laden trees, the lighted homeward street;
Let us not seek our former years in vain:
Let us find youth unspoiled and living sweet—
For us, once more, the splendor and the pain
Thinking the old earth trembles at our feet.

SUSQUEHANNA HILLS

By Edward Sapir

"Paddy, O Paddy, have you the horses fed?"
A lone star brightens on the failing day;
Suspended warm high over wisps of hay
That strew the path up to the cattle shed,
The evening star holds Paddy in a dream,
Dropping a veil upon the farmer boy.
Paddy, O Paddy, why do you annoy
The master? For things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest, Paddy,
For a thin and rather ugly orphan laddie.
Let poets paint a star over a barn
In these old hills. But as for you, I warn
You, wake up! After all, when all is said,
Paddy, O Paddy, have you the horses fed?

This is only about half of Mr. Ransom's poem in *The Fugitive* (Nashville), and we hope he'll pardon us for lopping off the end. We haven't space for all. But we give these lovers' final reflection, which is:

We are one part love
And nine parts bitter thought. As well might be
Beneath ground as above:

ECLOGUE

By John Crowe Ransom

Jane Sneed began it: My poor John, alas!
Ten years ago, pretty it was in a ring
To run as boys and girls do in the grass—
At that time, leap and hollo and skip and sing
Came easily to pass

And precious little innocents were we!
Said a boy, "Now shall we let her be the fox?"
Or a girl, "Now which of you will climb the tree?"
We were quick-foot the deer, strong-heart the ox,
Business-man the bee.

John Black said: I'll interpret what you mean.
Our infant selves played happily with our others,
The cunning me and mine came not between,
Which like a sword is, O sweethearts and brothers
Numberless, who have seen.

Jane Sneed: I tell you what I used to do.
For joy I used to run by river or wood
To see with what speed all came trooping too;
Those days, I could not quit you if I would!
Nor yet quit me could you.

John Black returned: But now, Jane, it appears,
We are sly travellers, keeping good lookout
Against the face whose ravage cries for tears;
Old friends, ill-met; and supposing I call out,
Draw nigh, friend of these years!—

Before he think of any reason why,
The features of that man resolve and burn
For one long look—but then the flame must die.
The cold hearts in us mortally return,
We may not fructify.

Jane Sneed said bitterly: Why, John, you are right.
We were spendthrifts of joy when we were young,
But we became usurious, and in fright
Conceived that such a waste of days was wrong
For marchers unto night.

John Black said: Yes, exactly, that was when
It happened. For Time involved us: in his toils
We learned to fear. And every day since then
We are mortals teasing for immortal spoils,
Desperate women and men.

Jane Sneed consented: It was nothing but this.
Love suffereth long, is kind—but not in fear.
For boys run banded, and simple sweethearts kiss,
Till, on one day, the face of Death appear,
Then metamorphosis!

* * *

One has sometimes thought less of th poet's reluctance, here set forth in the New York *Sun*, than of an overweening eagerness to set it all down:

OF WRITING VERSE

By Muna Lee

When the granite mountain wavers into shadow
Or streams like a banner on the sky,
When the green corn waving makes an ocean of the valley,
Or a night of blackbirds rushes by;

It is hard to watch the changes of the mountain
Or hear the exultation of the birds,
And stubbornly to grip the patient pen between my fingers
Setting down my littleness in words.

Something to be classed with those gray stories that Mary E. Wilkins used to write. *The Virginia Quarterly Review* (Charlottesville, Va.) ushers in its first number with a considerable assortment of verse:

SHROUD SONG

By William Alexander Percy

Only asters gone to seed,
Goldenrod and fennel-weed
Make her meager diadem,
Brede her snowy cuffs and hem.
Stitch the blossoms gone to feather
On her breast where frost's the weather;
Here a sprig and there a spray—
Loveliness has gone its way.
There are those who had as lief
Be buried with remembered grief
As live a long, long time with it
Stuck in the live heart it has split.
Asters here.—Her only care
Was breathing anything but air;
Her only wish—let's lay them slanted,
So—a simple one, and granted.

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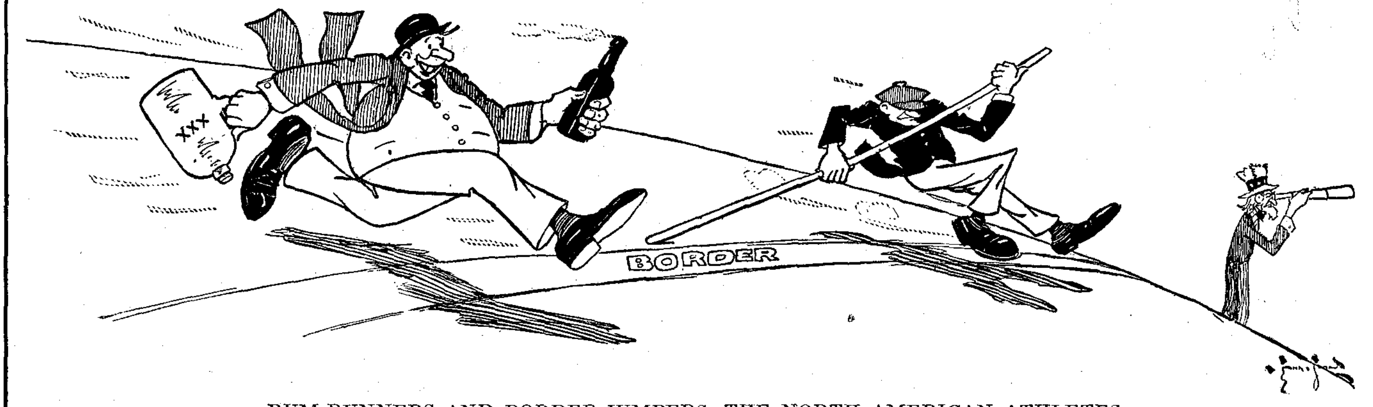
PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES



RUM-RUNNERS AND BORDER-JUMPERS, THE NORTH AMERICAN ATHLETES

—Johnson in the New York *Evening Bulletin*.

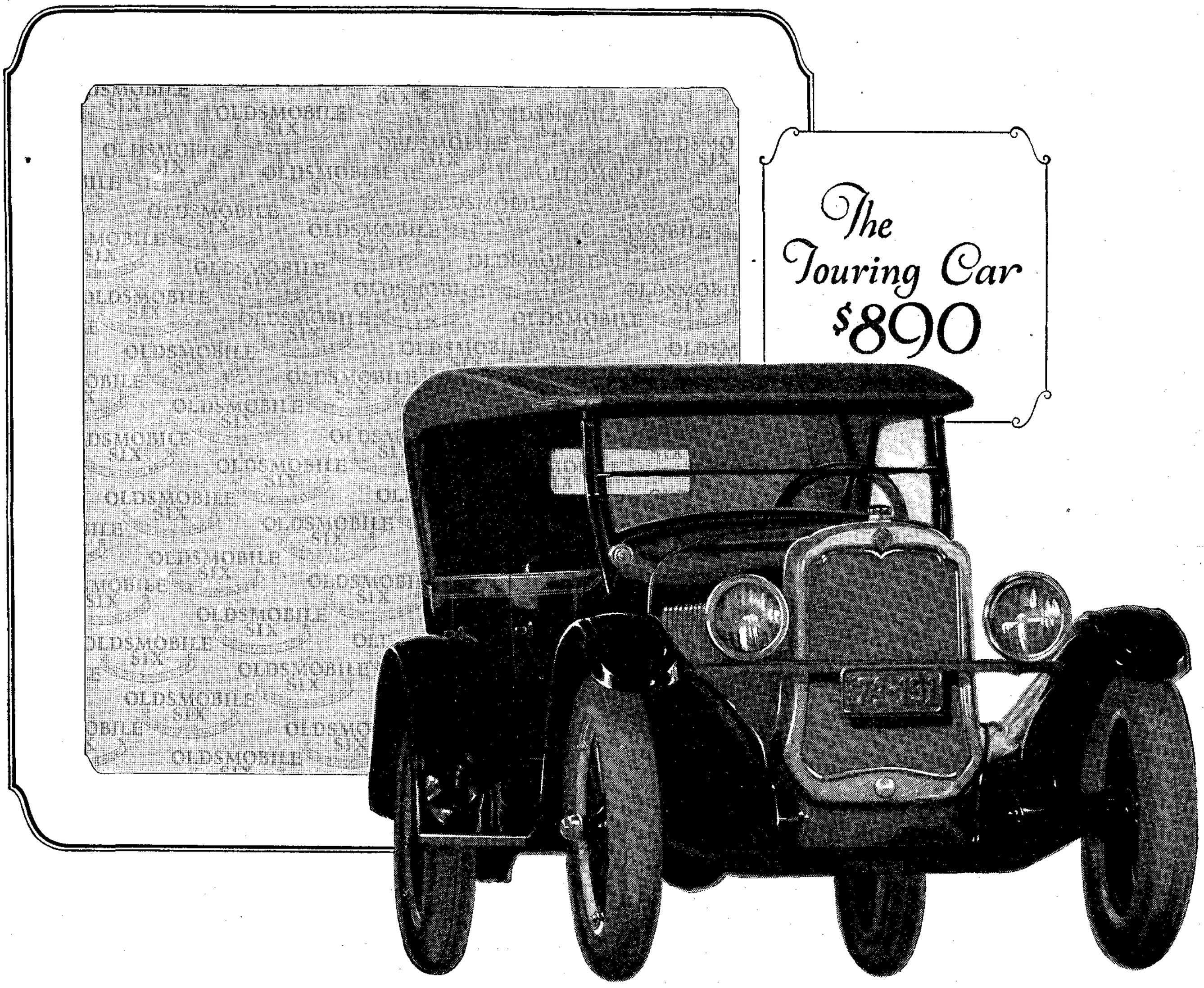
THE HIGHER BOOTLEGGING—ASSISTING IMMIGRANTS

CANADA AND CUBA, CUBA ESPECIALLY, are said to be producing a brand new lot of millionaires. They are bootleggers, like another large group of foreigners and Americans who have lately made fortunes by breaking the United States laws, but these new bootleggers scorn the trade in illicit liquor as small game. They deal in the higher bootlegging—*assisting immigrants.* Where the old-fashioned bootlegger made a few thousand dollars a week, with considerable difficulty and danger, these new smugglers realize larger profits with less risk. There are many observers of American conditions who believe that the bootlegger of aliens is more dangerous to American institutions than is the purveyor of illicit liquor. Unassimilated, unassimilable foreigners, with their huge progeny, have lately been pointed out as the greatest danger to American institutions by such differing critics as H. G. Wells and the International Congress on Birth Control, which convened on March 25 in New York City. The bootleggers of aliens, especially of such low-class specimens as would have little opportunity to get in otherwise, are said to find their work comparatively easy. The United States spends far more money, and goes to far more trouble, to keep out "case goods" than to stop the flood of would-be Yankees, who may mix quite as deleteriously as Scotch liquor with the American constitution. Two American investigators have arrived, independently, at the same conclusion—that the United States immigration laws are being flagrantly violated. They both find the worst danger spots along the Florida coast, which is within easy sailing distance of Cuba. This is due, in part, they say, to the fact that Canada, the other chief source of our bootlegged aliens, keeps out much of the human riff-raff which is freely admitted to Cuba. Also, bootlegging is difficult in winter weather along the northern border, but may be expected to pick up when there is less chance of freezing the human contraband to death before it is delivered. As for the southern border, reports Harvey Anderson for the Consolidated Press Association:

> Along the coasts of Cuba within reaching distance of Havana are over a hundred thousand aliens desirous of getting into the United States. The majority are barred by operation of the quota law and the remainder by other legislation. Each is willing and anxious to pay real money to be landed on the shores of America, and the Cuban boatmen are perfectly willing to accommodate them—at a price. That is the reason many a sunburned neck is adorned by a wing collar along Havana's Prado these evenings. Men who used to dock their fishing-boats at three A. M. and spend the morning with voices uplifted in raucous shouts of "*pescados frescos*," or fresh fish, now are lifting their voices in song in the Havana cafés to the accompaniment of both wine and women.
>
> One of the Cuban newly rich explained it fully to the writer. He accounted quite truthfully for his recent deposits in the banks, ticking off the items as follows: Two hundred Greeks at $500 each; one hundred and twenty Chinese at $250; and six hundred Poles and Roumanians at scattered prices, ranging from $150 to $1,000 each.
>
> The Florida coast line is dotted for six hundred miles with inlets and passes from the ocean to the mainland with a score of safe harbors concealed by islands and vegetation. The Federal officials entrusted with the duty of guarding this expanse of territory are few in number and ill-equipped for speedy movement from place to place. All the Cuban transporter needs is a swift motor-boat, a knowledge of the Florida keys, and membership in that strange free masonry of the sea which has existed here since the days of Kidd and Morgan, and which provides its itinerates with a wireless information which is unequaled outside the confines of the Kongo jungles.
>
> It is perfectly well understood that the immigrant who pays his $250 or $500 takes his own chances. The bootleggers of aliens know and the immigrants know that if seizure is imminent within the three-mile limit, the cargo is expected to swim or at least to float. Tales are told of a hundred Chinese herded overboard at the point of an automatic on the approach of a revenue cutter or coast-guard vessel. They pay in advance and if they can not swim, that is their misfortune.
>
> With the immigrant profits what they are, small wonder that the Cuban fishermen are abandoning the rum trade. They pay an average of $16.90 a case for rum and sell it on the American beaches for around $35. But as one of them said, "The overhead is fierce." Where a boat could formerly transport 200 cases of Scotch at a net profit of about $3,000, the same boat now can make an almost identical run with immigrants at a profit of $12,000 to $20,000, with no worry about distribution.

About twice as many immigrants have come into the United States bootlegged by way of Cuba, in the past twelve months, reports George C. Briggs, of the Chicago *Daily News* Foreign Service, as have been legally admitted since the new immigration law became effective, on July 1, 1924. That is to say, considering the Cuba-Florida route alone, two get in by stealth for every one who goes through on a properly viséed passport. It is manifest, continues Mr. Briggs, that:

> Those who sneak in are doubly undesirable, because their introduction into the States is predicated upon bribery in all cases, upon perjury in many cases, and invariably with knowledge that they are violating the laws of the land they are entering.
>
> There are no fewer than ten recognized methods of entering the States, either surreptitiously or by brazen fraud. These may be enumerated as follows:
>
> 1. Contracting with agencies that have headquarters in Havana or Florida and representatives abroad who "guarantee," for from $250 to $500, to deliver aliens safely on United States soil.
> 2. Shipping with rum-runners who smuggle foreigners across the Florida straits as a side-line of the bootlegging business.



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3. Trusting to steamship petty officers or crews to be carried as stowaways.

4. Actually stowing away on vessels clearing for America and swimming ashore when port is reached, or else mingling with gangs of stevedores who board to unload freight, and thus walking off unnoticed.

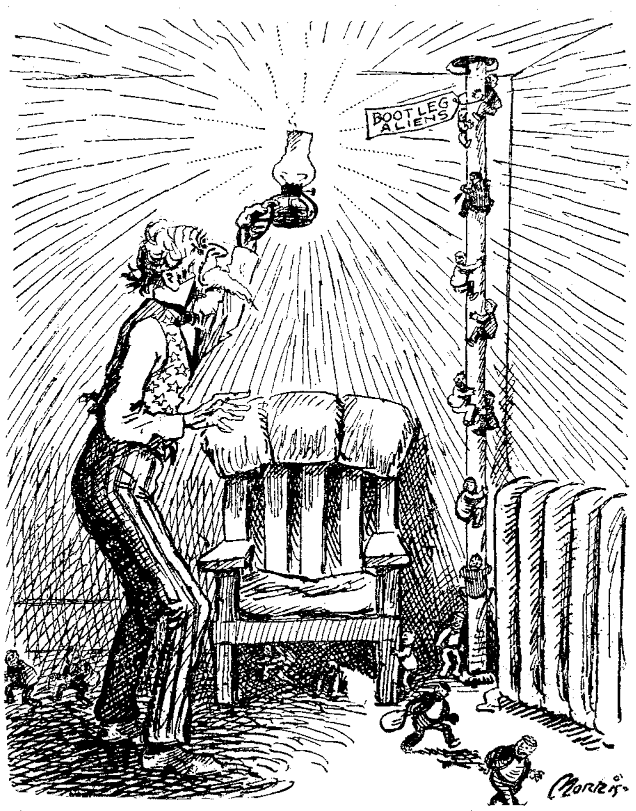
5. Signing on as seamen on American ships, being classed as emergency crew members "signed after clearing" and claiming the legal status of American seamen on the second voyage to a port under the United States flag.

6. Presenting at the consulate a purchased or borrowed passport of some one entitled to enter the States, together with falsified supporting documents.

7. Going through as "students" destined for some educational institution in America.

8. Obtaining the rating of "wife of an American citizen" through certain Cuban marriage courts which issue marriage certificates for irregular and even proxy weddings (for a suitable fee).

9. Accomplishing the same result by merely going along with an American in the guise of wife.



UNWELCOME ARRIVALS FROM THE NEIGHBORING FLAT

—Morris in the Helena *Independent*.

10. Walking up to the railroad ticket office, which books passengers for the channel ferries, posing as an American, buying a ticket for the "home town" and boarding the boat for Key West.

If this last process is too troublesome it is possible for one to hand the head porter of his hotel a couple of small bills and the porter will attend to the matter forthwith. By this process it is necessary only to scribble the name, age and supposed American birthplace of the traveler. The porter has slips for these inscriptions and the next day hands over all the papers necessary for convenient transit—railroad ticket, boarding cards and the declaration blank which must be filled in to identify and classify baggage.

A foreigner posing as an American at the ticket office may be put to the necessity of explaining that he is already an American citizen and is just "going back." He will encounter difficulties unless he has learned his lesson well and can "talk United States." Granted that facility and the gumption of a 10-year-old child to corroborate a lie he need not expect much trouble.

Both the ticket-office clerk and the checker at the dock have to depend on a "sixth sense" to detect fraud.

Cuban natives are permitted to enter the United States for six months as visitors without documents. Those who wish to remain longer must produce birth certificates to show they were born in Cuba. But how determine which are Cuban and which are not? Racial lines are becoming more and more blurred. Colors blend. Accretions in population have come from every quarter of the world. The effort to check the use of the United States as a "melting-pot" has had the effect of turning much of the overflow of migratory humanity into this island.

The immigration inspectors at Key West, like the railroad clerks at Havana, have to depend largely on that "sixth sense" to distinguish between the eligible and the ineligible.

Here then is a remarkable situation, points out Mr. Briggs, for:

The Congress at Washington put in months studying the immigration needs of the country and in constructing a law that would close the nation's gateways against newcomers of non-assimilable or inferior types. But the Government neglected to provide adequate means for carrying out the intent of the law. There is a hole in it big enough to sail a fleet of ships through.

The fleet is in operation. The ships are small, to be sure, but they sail frequently between Cuban ports and the American coast. Vessels under seventy tons are not required to have clearance papers in sailing from Havana. They may put to sea, as often they do, ostensibly on fishing expeditions, but in reality loaded with bootleg whisky or narcotics to be unloaded in Florida.

Smuggling of aliens along with the liquor and opiates has been part of the rum-running business. Of late, indeed, the American coast guard has made it so hot for the liquor traders that many of them are said to be going into the immigrant smuggling exclusively.

For example, a certain optician's store in one of the principal streets of old Havana has long been recognized as a place where an alien wishing to be spirited into the United States could make satisfactory arrangements. The "arrangements" may consist of paying the agent—or rather his sub-agents—a deposit of $50. The smugglers agree to land the alien safely on the American mainland and out of reach of immigration authorities. If the trick succeeds the newly installed "American citizen" must pay his guides an additional $100 or $200, according to the agreed price of the job.

Sometimes, according to stories here, aliens who have not the full amount of the entry price are allowed to get jobs in the States and work out the price as soon as possible. Those who thus go into the States by stealth, live under the threat that if they fail to make good their pledges, they will be exposed to immigration officers and deported. In this way the smugglers use the very law they are violating as a club to keep from being swindled.

Often the immigrants are badly cheated by the men they trust to transport them across the channel. A case on record has to do with a group of twenty Germans, Austrians and Roumanians who sought to slip into the United States through the "back door." They complained to the port authorities at Havana that they had paid a certain "Doctor" to get them into the States. They were transported to Batabano, a port on the south coast of Cuba, reached by automobile from Havana. At Batabano they were put aboard a sailing vessel, and after a voyage of much mystery, they were put ashore at night, assured that they were in the United States, and compelled to pay the balance of the transport money they had agreed upon—$150 a head in this case.

The complaint they later made to Cuban authorities was that they had been put ashore, not in Florida but in Yucatan. From Yucatan they were deported to Cuba. Here they demanded a return of their passage money. A "denouncement," or complaint, was made by Cuban secret police against the "Doctor." Meanwhile a representative of the "Doctor" visited the immigrants and promised that if they would sign receipts the amount each had paid would be refunded. They signed but received nothing and later discovered that the Spanish document to which they had affixt their signatures was a testimonial absolving the said "Doctor" from all blame for their predicament.

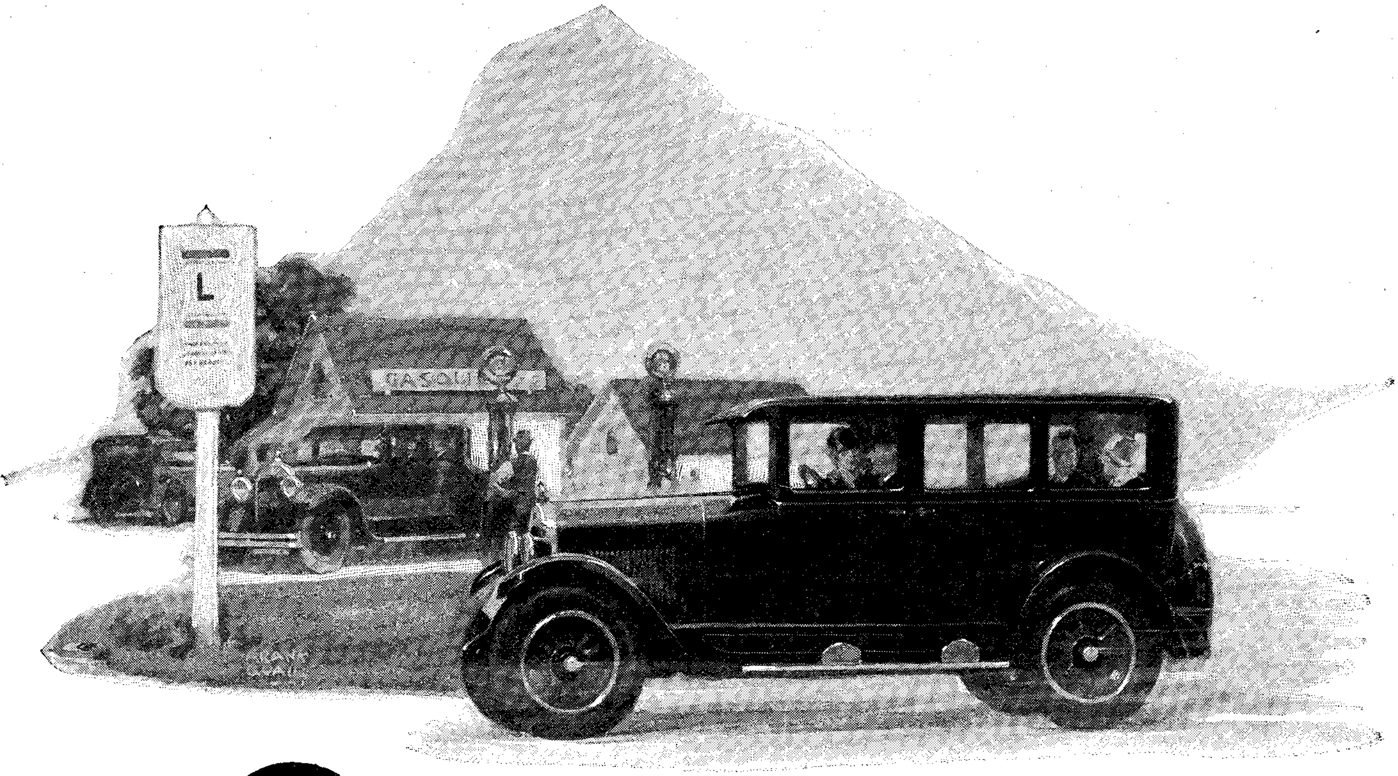
The resultant court proceeding indicated that the immigrants had contracted in Europe to be delivered into the United States. They were shipped back to Europe.

The "Doctor" went unpunished. He continues to prosper in Havana.

The business of spiriting women across the frontier, reports Mr. Briggs, is a distinct branch of the alien bootlegging system. It appears that:

Marriage to an American citizen affords a means to that end. So Havana is beginning to be recognized as the marriage mart of the world.

Women come here from foreign lands intent on becoming the wives of Americans. The marriages in some cases are temporary. But the ceremony which makes a foreign woman the bride of a citizen of the United States entitles her to the right of entry into and citizenship in the land of the free and easy. The nuptial rites may be ignored once the bridal couple set foot on American



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Not content with designing into this car power and pick-up equaled only in the higher priced fields, Chrysler engineering genius and fine manufacturing facilities enable the new good Maxwell owner to enjoy these performance advantages with unparalleled economy.

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Touring Car	$895	*Standard Four-Door Sedan*	$1095
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The New Good MAXWELL

> soil. Who will know? And what could be done about it if the truth were known?
>
> The process might be described as the making of Americans-in-law.
>
> Since the immigration law became operative last July, 130 women have managed to enter the States by taking American husbands in Havana. They came to Cuba for that specific purpose because the quota limitations for their native countries precluded their entering otherwise. The 130 went through the formality of marriage ceremony. There is no way of reckoning how many gained admittance as wives without that formality.
>
> Nor is there any means of telling how many "wives" one man may take into the United States. Any one unscrupulous enough to cheat the law once may be expected to repeat the performance. While hundreds of travelers are passing from Cuba to the States daily it is possible for an American to take a different woman on each trip he makes to Key West or other American ports.
>
> Trickery is employed when necessary to escape embarrassing niceties in the Cuban and American marriage forms. Proxy marriages, for instance, are legal in Cuba. In the United States a wedding ceremony without both bride and bridegroom present and assenting would have no standing under the law. In Cuba a church wedding is not official. The rites to be legal must be performed by a magistrate.

What is known as the "chevo route" exists in Cuba. "Chevo" is Spanish for goat and goat is the symbol of graft. Also, as Mr. Briggs explains:

> Casa Blanca, across the harbor from Havana is the favorite resort of candidates for American citizenship who wish to achieve that standing by engaging in matrimony, whether real and permanent, or a mere subterfuge to facilitate transit for a new daughter-in-law for Uncle Sam.
>
> A New Yorker, who may be called Peter Cordova, wanted to marry a girl who had come from Europe to this "back door to America" to become his bride and so proceed to New York. Cordova was busy working last September and could not afford the time or expense of coming to Havana for the wedding. He arranged with a countryman in Havana, a Spaniard, to have him "stand up" with the bride-elect. After the marriage by proxy Cordova's substitute was to ship the new-made American to New York. Agreed. The prospective Mrs. Peter Cordova and the proxy bridegroom proceeded to Casa Blanca and stood before Judge D. Penate and were duly "married."
>
> Complications arose when the ever-vigilant clerks at the American consulate discovered discrepancies in the documents presented to show "Mrs. Cordova's" right to enter the United States. The passport picture of Cordova did not resemble the proxy husband.
>
> A visa was refused to the woman.
>
> When it was explained to her that under American law no marriage was complete without both principals present and assenting, she sent post-haste for Cordova. Here she was, married in Cuba to a decidedly unmarried husband in the United States. Not only did she not have a husband but she was a woman without a country—and is still, for that matter. For the Cuban law which recognizes the proxy marriage as legal also establishes her as an American citizen. And as yet America will not have her.
>
> Another case in which discovery of a Cuban marriage by proxy is preventing an American bridegroom from enjoying his honeymoon with a foreign-born bride in the United States, is that of Nicholas Nicholas, a Greek and a naturalized American resident of San Francisco. His sweetheart came from Athens to become his bride. Nicholas had heard how easy it was to be married by proxy at Casa Blanca. He arranged with an alternate, another Greek, to go through the ceremony in his stead while he remained in San Francisco. Everything went smoothly. Nicholas became the absentee husband 3,000 miles away, while another man made responses which bound the widely separated twain. That was according to Cuban law. After the proxy rites Nicholas's accommodating alternate put the bride aboard a ship bound for New Orleans. There she was held up by immigration inspectors. They telegraphed to Nicholas to come to New Orleans and identify and claim his wife. He must bring his naturalization papers. Had Nicholas done so he might have been allowed to marry his proxy bride in accordance with American customs. Instead he mailed the required naturalization papers to New Orleans. The authorities immediately detected the proxy marriage.
>
> She was sent back to Cuba, and her plight to-day is much like that of the proxy bride of Peter Cordova.

Bogus students, as well as bogus wives, try to beat the laws by way of Cuba, reports Mr. Briggs, in another article of his series. The bars must be let down for aliens seeking admission to the United States if they can demonstrate that they have been accepted as students by any of a long list of "accredited schools." Moreover, says Mr. Briggs:

> The list of schools is constantly being enlarged by decree from Washington. Originally it included only the larger and better known educational institutions. Now it embraces a remarkable range. By paying the tuition to one of these institutions and being accepted as a student by it, a foreigner may receive the open sesame from the outpost consul and pass through the otherwise forbidden portals into the United States. He who enters thus is entitled to stay in the country as long as he continues to rate as a "student." The law sets no other time limit.
>
> In the case of aliens admitted to the country as students it is conceivable that an unscrupulous school—or one maintained for the purpose of circumventing the immigration law in the interest of nationals of certain countries against which the restrictions are particularly drastic—might continue to keep a foreigner on as a student for an unlimited time, or at least until the governmental agencies lost track of the student.
>
> Of approximately 475 "student" visés granted through the consulate at Havana in the last eight months, thirty-six were for natives of Russia. Several of the applicants claimed to have gone through great educational centers in Europe to approach America via Havana in order to attend some comparatively insignificant school in the United States. Only in ten cases could the consul sustain formal refusal to grant visés when the applicants had followed the prescribed formula and come armed with the necessary documents. The number admitted included 300 Cubans and 175 other aliens.
>
> More than 700 others who just happened to think of the student clause, and presented themselves as applicants for visés under that class, were refused. Some of these could neither read nor write. They had never learned in their own countries, but were willing to give the idea a trial in America.

THE "NORMAL YOUNG WOMAN" AS SPECIFIED BY BARNARD COLLEGE

AN ADMIRABLE, IF MYTHICAL, young creature, known as the "normal young woman" has been evolved by scientists at Barnard College, reports Jane Compton, special correspondent of the Consolidated Press Association, and is presented to the public "as a feature of what is believed to have been the first 'health-week' ever conducted in a woman's college." Whether any flesh-and-blood examples were found among the woman's adjunct of Columbia University has not been announced. But here is the description of the young woman, who, according to the Barnard savants, has the best chance of making good in any chosen sphere of life, be it career or marriage:

> She must be able to jump 3 feet 2 inches, throw a basket-ball 25 feet, run 25 feet in 4.4 seconds, climb 4 feet, and vault a height of 3 feet 8 inches. She must have a straight-line posture—no curves to front or back or sides, and she must have clear eyes, naturally red cheeks and a ready smile.
>
> If a girl fills all these requirements, the world is hers. If she can't, something is vitally wrong and she isn't healthy enough to go properly through school, hold a job, or win a husband. At least that's the verdict of Miss Agnes R. Wayman, head of the Department of Physical Education, and other instructors, who drafted the formula.
>
> The average young woman is three times as healthy as she used to be, according to tests just completed at Barnard, and that is why women are getting along so well in their new field in the business world, Miss Wayman holds.
>
> But, nineteen per cent. of the Barnard freshmen, the flappers of yesterday, have defective hearts, which means "irregular lives." The number of faulty hearts has been increasing steadily for five years, says Miss Wayman.
>
> The Barnard health-week was divided off into special days to stress the various essentials of right living.
>
> There was a "food" day when the college women's minds were turned entirely toward strength-building foods and the soda-fountain men and confectioners of the neighborhood were driven almost to desperation. Then there was "walk day" calling for a ten-mile hike; and "sleep day" calling for a series of naps superimposed on a ten-hour stretch of night sleeping; and "posture day" on which all the girls were urged to abandon the sloppy slouch, thereby acquiring the ability to breathe properly—and to fit into the slim-line clothes that are the rage just now.
>
> "How not to be healthy" will be the subject of the next Barnard movement, which will be conducted on the theory that no one is more irritating than the aggressively healthy person, who can not talk about anything else.

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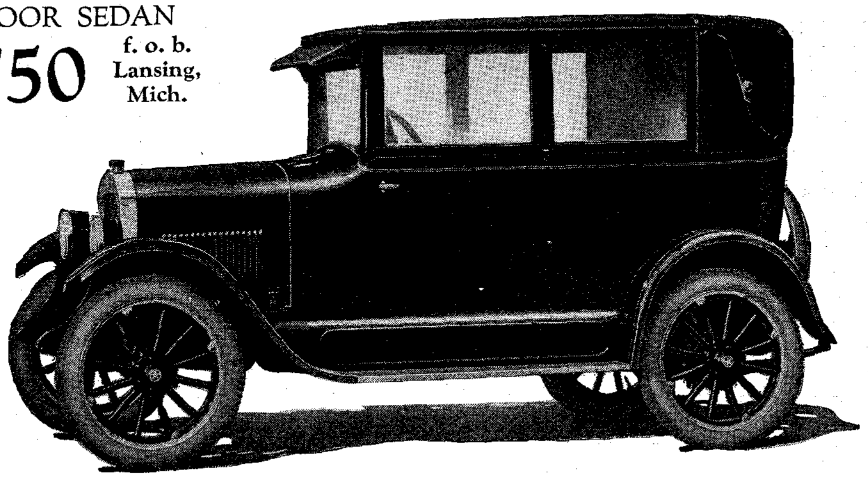
Star Cars

2-DOOR SEDAN
$750 f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.



Why the 2-Door Sedan Leads in Value

THIS recent addition to the Star line offers amazing evidence of the values made possible by modern production facilities.

Here is a five passenger car, having not only the highest quality chassis and motor in the low-priced field, but also a body that in style, comfort and roominess is unsurpassed even on cars selling at much higher prices.

Externally, the body is finished in a rich blue lacquer with white stripe. The top is of grained artificial leather embellished with carriage guards in black enamel and nickel. Fenders and running gears are black. The radiator shell is nickeled with the same quality of plating as used on high priced cars.

The interior of the 2-door Sedan is upholstered in a durable, figured, basket weave worsted in serviceable French blue.

The windshield is in one piece and fixed in position. Ventilation without exposure to the weather is available through a cowl ventilator plus two ceiling ventilators directly over the windshield.

The seat next to the driver's folds towards the latter, affording, with the extra wide doors, ample room for entering or leaving.

The cubical capacity of this body exceeds that of any other low-priced car.

The most surprising feature of this car is the price: $750, f. o. b. Lansing, Mich. We urge comparison with any other car listing for less than $1000.

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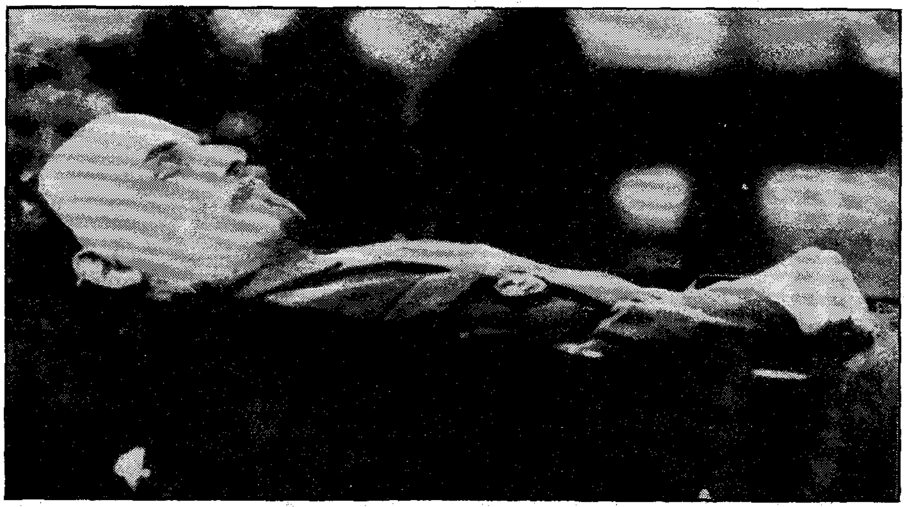
LENIN'S MUMMY RULES IN MOSCOW

THE EMBALMED BODY OF LENIN, hero and "strong man" of the Bolshevik revolution, is the power behind the lesser Bolshevik rulers who still, thanks to the foundations that he built, control the destinies of Russia. So reports Fannie Hurst, novelist and short-story writer, lately a visitor in the Russian capital. It is one of the strangest portents and signs of the current times, we are told, that the body of the dead leader, preserved by modern scientific methods more perfectly than ever were any of the old Egyptian potentates, should serve as a kind of centerpiece in the chief shrine of modern Russia. Miss Hurst, who keeps her "original" name even tho married, was accompanied by her Russian-speaking husband, and had an unusual opportunity, for an American, to get beneath the crust of the present Russian régime. In the course of her series of articles, now appearing in the New York *World*, she writes of Lenin's tomb and its strange inhabitant:



AS LENIN LOOKS TO-DAY

He has been dead more than a year, but so carefully embalmed that he seems to the thousands who visit his tomb merely to be "taking a nap."

The present resting-place of Lenin stands in Moscow's Red Square, just outside the Kremlin wall. It is a temporary structure built of wood, something Egyptian about its broad, squat base and walls that taper up in conical slant. It has neither the whiteness, the chastity nor the dignity that we are accustomed to associate with the mausoleum of a great national figure, and yet somehow, some way, there is a strange brooding beauty about this small wooden tomb, set out in the cobblestone aridity of Red Square.

Here stands the shrine of Russia, Lenin.

Not a tomb of granite, frieze and ivy-leaf, but a workaday-looking hut that is the color of weather stain. You walk through deep, red cheese cloth-lined corridors, fantastic enough to give you the absurd sense of walking through the lanes of a human heart. Cubistic troubled lanes. None of your previous experiences has quite prepared you for this crimson catacombic gloom. Splashes of color. Lurid, spectacular solemnity.

Lenin has been dead more than a year now, but suddenly you come upon him, lying there so in the casual attitude of taking a nap, that you are almost compelled to tiptoe.

By a chemical process of preservation, there lies Lenin in the flesh!

Not in the dead flesh. But upon his cheeks is almost that mysterious pollen of life.

He is lying on a couch, a counterpane tossed lightly over him and neither sublimity nor unearthly peace upon his face. Just sleep. A tired man—resting.

That is where you begin to tiptoe. It is as if he had so much unfinished writing to be done, that if you wakened him, he would drag himself too soon from sleep to resume his unfinished tasks.

The spirit of Lenin is doing that. Carrying on these tasks, Russia sees to it that Lenin remains before the people. Literally.

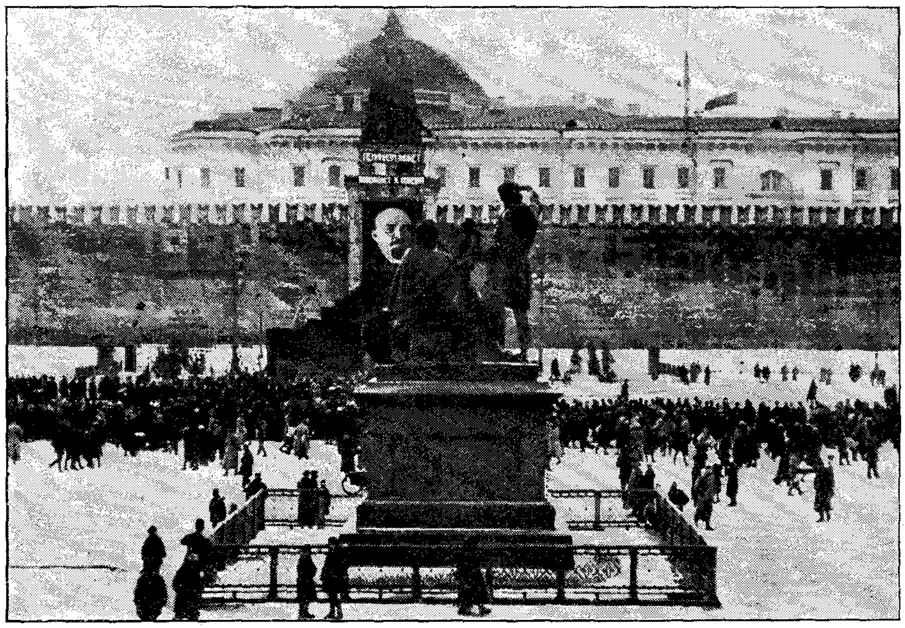
By this process of embalming, far more cunning than anything the Egyptians ever devised, it is claimed that the human body can be preserved indefinitely. In keeping its idol thus literally before the people, the Russian Government has to reckon with the smoldering religious fanaticism of its peasants. A dangerous jack-in-the-box that must not leap! At the very threshold to the tomb of Lenin, you are lectured on the chemistry of the process.

"This is not a miracle but a scientific process!" repeats your guide over and over again.

"Sometimes looking at the faces of the people," says Miss Hurst, "one fears that the jack-in-the-box is straining at the lid." But there are intricate arrangements for keeping it down. The writer ran across some of these arrangements in the hotel where she and her husband stayed. The record of her visit proceeds:

The principal hotel in Moscow "allotted" by the Government for the convenience of foreigners, is what was formerly a "third-rater," but which has been recently rejuvenated with paint and disinfectant.

Very recently. Because when we arrived, armed with rat poison, et cetera, we were to be agreeably surprized by the smell of fresh paint, by the neat if gloomy foyer and by two fairly clean rooms, sans bath, and also smelling, indeed sticking a bit, with paint.

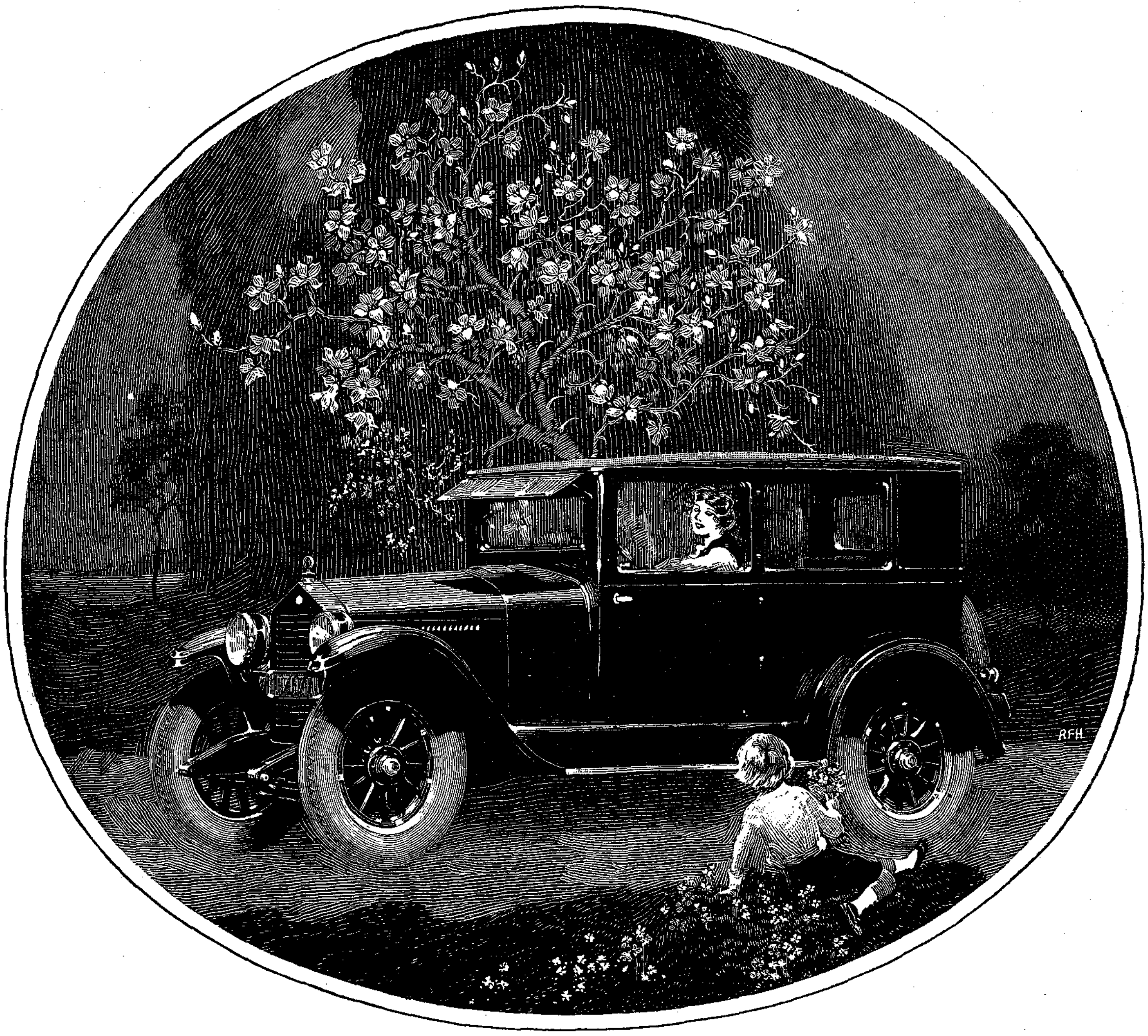


LENIN'S MAUSOLEUM IN THE RED SQUARE

Early report had it made of marble, but it is really "a small, weather-beaten wooden tomb," says Fannie Hurst, where "you walk through deep, red cheesecloth-lined corridors."

Also, be it known, there were newly painted flower-boxes with quite a blaze of purple asters in them on each of the floor-landings as we climbed the four flights to our rooms. The lift runs about quarterly.

On each one of those landings also, during our entire stay, was



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Essex requires little attention to keep in top condition. Its maintenance cost, we believe, is the lowest of any car in the world. You sacrifice no motoring pleasure, comfort or good looks that large, high-priced cars can give. Essex is nimble of action. It is easily handled in crowded traffic, responsive to every call for power or speed. And with it you know all the satisfaction that comes with its distinction as a fine and beautiful car.

Can any other car within hundreds of dollars of the price satisfy you so well?

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Hanover Shoes look like shoes that cost twice the price. And, in solid comfort, genuine quality and long wear *prove* they're worth it. See them at the nearest Hanover Store or write for catalog.

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Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are made of superior material. They're built right for action. There's double wear in every pair. $2.50, $3 and $3.50

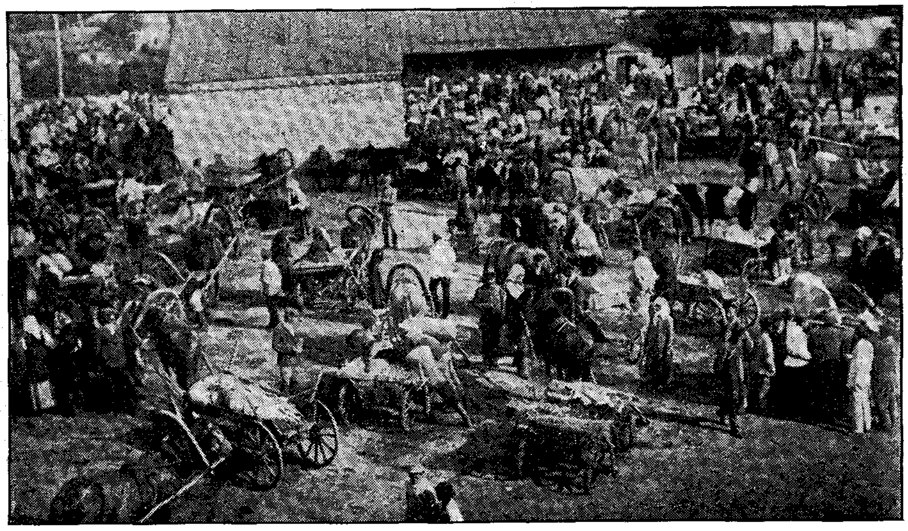
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

always to be found a man in plain clothes, sitting with idle hands and watching. Just watching. Explanations regarding these men differed. One clerk explained them as guards outside the suites of the visiting Embassies. Another as "floor watchmen," and still another accounted for them as "friends of some of the guests."

Whatever, whoever, whyever—these figures on the landings of every floor remained throughout our stay.

The eye of Russia. It is cyclopean and seldom caught napping. You know that in all probability, when you so much as walk into a shop to purchase a lead-pencil—lead-pencils by the way are at a premium in the large cities (pretty nearly every commodity is)—that the same invisible recording eye is transcribing that act into the Book of Russia.



MARKET DAY IN A RUSSIAN SQUARE

The resilient Slav temperament has managed to "come back" to a great extent among the peasants, reports Miss Hurst, but the cities are still ruled largely by spying and terrorizing.

A bright young British journalist in the room next to ours moved one day into smaller quarters down the hall. As we came down into the lobby that morning, we heard the clerk meticulously telephoning to "headquarters" the epochal fact that So and So, formerly of suite so and so, had moved that day into room so and so.

That unseen eye! After a while it begins to get on your nerves and burn against your back like a sun.

It is not "Where were you last night," but "I know where you were last night!"

We personally have no complaint against that eye. It permitted us to go our various ways (and various they were), unmolested. But just the same, well—have you ever on a dark night on a lonely street had a sense of being followed? Not pleasant, is it? even if the hold-up doesn't come off.

For the two rooms, sans bath, at the rejuvenated third-rate hotel we paid Ritz-Carlton rates plus the extremely stiff tax that makes the rate of living, even for Americans, accustomed as we are to profiteering of all sorts, seem exorbitant.

Russia is the one country in the world that makes the American dollar look puny, reports Miss Hurst. She illustrates and explains:

Some wag has it that the cheapest things in Russia are caviar and the American dollar. A mere wag's wag, of course, but the fact is, what with the stabilization of the ruble, the American and his dollar finds himself put to it to keep pace.

The Russian prefers his ruble, and the American dollar is second best, and then only, when for some reason known only to Russians themselves, the word "Washington" is engraved upon the greenback.

Food, clothing, hotels, amusements, taxis, commodities are more expensive than they are in America.

You ask, how then, does the impoverished Russian manage? All of Russia is asking that of itself, and yet apparently the scheme of stabilization is working for the moment, altho no one takes the currency seriously. The Russian spends what he earns, because to-day's ruble may be to-morrow's taper with which to light his cigaret. To-day's the day! I'll spend you, ruble, not while the spending is good, but while the ruble is good.

But the complicated subject of the Russian currency system has no place here.

The fact is that to-day the Russian who buys a meal in a restaurant, a suit of clothes, a taxi ride or a pear from a fruit-stand pays more for it than the American in America.

We established ourselves with a fair amount of comfort in the hotel. Not one of the much-heralded dynasty of rats, which only a short time before had raced the corridors, showed his head from behind fresh paint during the weeks of our stay. Linen, while none too plentiful, was fairly clean, and the blankets, even if of the horse variety and at Ritz rates, were fresh and new smelling.

The following placards, with variations, greet you in hotels and restaurants:

"The man who accepts a gratuity or tip is not worthy to be part of our great organization."

You find, however, that the man who carries in your breakfast tray lingers at the door with the old familiar linger that speaks so much louder than words. If after a few days you continue to heed the placard instead of the lingerer, you discover that breakfast, after you ring for it, is likely to arrive later and later and ultimately not at all.

The attitude of the man who serves you is, "Who are you, anyhow, that you, an outsider, expect to come in here and be

The well known properties of IODINE now available for protecting the teeth and gums against destructive germ action

A brief report to the 18,619 Druggist subscribers to the Digest

EVERY important discovery in medical science is naturally of vital interest to you, the Druggist. With the Doctor, the Dentist, and the Nurse, you stand in the first line of defense against the universal enemy—disease.

Coming in daily contact with millions, you are able, by suggestion and advice to prevent an enormous amount of human suffering.

That is why this development in the use of iodine will interest you. It puts into your hands a simple and effective means of protecting your customers against the dangers of mouth and gum infection, and the grave bodily disorders that usually follow.

Iodine—sometimes called the greatest curative agent ever given to mankind—has at last been successfully incorporated in a mild, white, pleasant-tasting tooth paste, called IODENT.

The Iodine Age

It is scarcely necessary to emphasize the importance of this announcement.

You are thoroughly acquainted with the remarkable properties of this strange chemical element. It has been used as the key to unlock so many knotty medical problems during the past few years, that the present is frequently referred to in medical parlance as the "Iodine Age."

You are familiar with the fact that iodine has been used by the entire Dental Profession for over forty years in the treatment and prevention of gum infections, and as a stimulant of the blood circulation in the gums.

You have realized, as the Dental Profession itself has, that if everyone, in some mysterious way, could be induced to apply a proper amount of pure iodine to the gum tissues once or twice each day, there would be a vast and immediate improvement in the oral and physical health of the nation.

This idea and this ideal inspired the research which ultimately developed and perfected IODENT Tooth Paste. In fact, Iodent is the result of efforts of a well-known Detroit Dentist to make a safe, mild, tasteful iodine dentifrice for his own patients.

He has simply incorporated in a pleasing tooth paste, the simple and well-known ingredients which all dentists have used for tooth cleansing, and in the prevention of germ infections, for many years.

IODENT
THE IODINE
TOOTH
PASTE
No. 2
FOR TEETH
Hard
TO
WHITEN
50¢
IODENT
TOOTH
PASTE
Easy

Tubes shown 2-5 actual size

AN IODINE TOOTH PASTE WITH A PLEASANT TASTE
A new method of protecting mouth and bodily health now rapidly coming into general use throughout the country.

He insisted first that it be gritless, mild, and harmless to the teeth and gums—

That it be made in two textures, to suit the two general forms of teeth now recognized by Dentists—No. 1 for teeth easy to whiten, and No. 2 for teeth hard to whiten—

That it contain just enough pure Iodine to keep the mouth in a hygienic condition and to stimulate healthy circulation in the gums—grown sluggish from eating modern soft foods—

And that it be pleasing to the taste and the eye, so that its use might quickly become a pleasant as well as a beneficial habit.

He finally produced a paste which met these requirements. Tests on his own patients proved satisfactory. Dental Associations in all parts of the country acknowledged its unique value in preserving gum health.

The Popularity of Iodent

Requests began to come from outside his own clientele. He finally decided to make it available to the public. Four years ago it was placed on sale in Detroit stores.

Since that time, with the use of only a moderate amount of advertising, IODENT has taken its place as the largest selling brand of tooth paste in Detroit, over-topping even the popular brands selling at half the price.

It was next tried in Chicago where its growth has paralleled the Detroit record—Iodent now being in third position in point of sales among all tooth pastes.

Later it was placed on sale in twenty-six other cities. In all of them today it ranks from first to fifth among the 300 brands now on the market. Iodent is now being placed on sale throughout the entire country.

Knowing the intense competition among tooth paste manufacturers, Druggists will be interested in a signed statement by E. C. Kinsel, of The Kinsel Drug Company, Detroit, that Iodent is the best "repeater" of any tooth paste they have ever handled. The Kinsel Drug Store sells a larger volume of merchandise than any other single drug store in the world.

We have taken this method of acquainting leading Druggists with these facts, believing that you will take a keen interest in this movement which is sweeping so rapidly over the country and which is destined to render a service of incalculable benefit to the public.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

No better way can be found of protecting the health of the entire family than to immediately make the use of Iodent, the iodine tooth paste, a daily family habit. If your Druggist is not handling it, he can quickly secure a supply from his jobber.

THE IODENT CHEMICAL COMPANY
DETROIT • MICHIGAN

Maybe smoke, too is "thicker than water"

When a Londoner insists that his pipe shall be filled with an American tobacco, the makers of said tobacco confess to taking his insistence as complimentary.

Mr. Hengle reaches across three thousand miles of sea to get what he wants, and incidentally to hand us this bouquet:

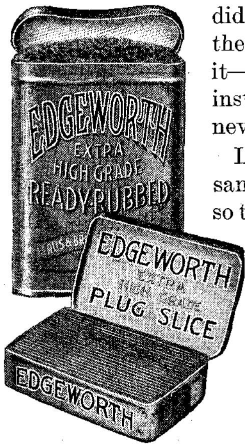
London, England.

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Dear Sirs:

Many thanks for your reply of February 20. I hardly expected that I could deal with you direct, but I thought I would have a try, at any rate. I am going to find out just what the duty is on your splendid tobacco. I am a heavy smoker, have been all my life; in using your tobacco I find no ill effects from it in any way whatever. I can't say that for any other brands that I have tried, and I tried them *all* before I settled the question that Edgeworth was *the best of the whole assortment.* No matter where I go, I always take an extra supply to last me until I return.

I am,
Respectfully,
Ed. S. Hengle.

While the taste for Edgeworth is not universal, Mr. Hengle's letter is evidence that it *is* international. The fact is, Edgeworth appeals to a certain class of pipe-smokers. These smokers are spread pretty much over the world.



And one thing these smokers are sure of: The Edgeworth they smoke today tastes exactly the same as did the Edgeworth on the day they first tried it—years ago in many instances. Edgeworth never changes.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2D South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

served by me?" A question not always easy to answer, even by one's self.

On the other hand, the street beggar, and he still thrives in thousands, will approach you in the supposedly obsolete lingo of autocracy.

Our first day in Moscow had come in like a lion. A scorching, penetrating kind of summer heat of the made-in-America brand. Flies poured in buzzing hordes through the screenless windows, and water, undrinkable except when boiled, came from the faucets in warm, brownish streams.

One never had the feeling of eupeptic well-being. You hesitated between washing in warm, brown stuff, or carrying around the grime of the trip. You hesitated between sending travel-stained garments to the laundry to be washed in that brown water or to continue wearing the grimy blouse. You bought a pound of Crimean grapes in a fruit-store and even after they were rinsed in boiled water, the memory of the net-work of flies that had hung over the counter and the griminess of the hands that had weighed out the fruit would intrude.

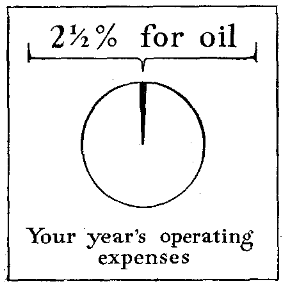
SHE KEPT THE REEF LIGHT BURNING

When Mrs. Kate Walker's lighthouse-keeper husband died, the Government invited a number of other keepers to take over the care of the Robbins Reef Light, which helps to guide the shipping of the world into New York harbor. The men came to the reef, shook their heads and departed. It was too lonely there, they said, in the steel tower rising above the desolate reef, surrounded most of the time by the sea. So Mrs. Walker, with her two small children, decided to keep the job that death had forced her husband to lay down, and that was why, in 1887, President Harrison appointed her head keeper of the light. For thirty-five years after that she kept the Reef Light burning; and now that the Government has pensioned her, she lives in a pleasant little house on Staten Island, not far from the light which she tended so long. It was there that Jean Piper, a reporter for the Brooklyn *Eagle*, found her, and collected a few backward glimpses into her unusual life. The correspondent writes of her visit:

> It was only the outside of a house, and the back-yard accompanying it, but it spoke eloquently of the little woman who for thirty-five years had kept the light on Robbins Reef, that the great sea lane, opening into the Port of New York, might be safe for incoming ships from all over the world.
>
> The brass on the front door-knob was shiny, and a clean, old door-mat lay beneath it. After much persuasion with the front door-bell, a trip to the back door seemed feasible.
>
> This house on Brook Street, Staten Island, where Mrs. Kate Walker now lives, is built like those all along the street, against the side of the hill; and leading to the rear of the house is a narrow path with many steps. The back door was ajar, and a little white dog came bounding out, his shrill staccato barks breaking the stillness of the afternoon.
>
> A sudden tap, tap, and turning at the sound, a little woman appeared with an armful of store bundles, coming up the flight of stairs. It was Mrs. Kate Walker, a little woman of seventy-seven, whose height is only four feet ten inches, and who never weighed more than one hundred pounds.
>
> Not to stare with wonder was impossible. Could this be Kate Walker, who for thirty-five years kept the light burning continually on Robbins Reef? Could this be the little woman who had saved the lives of fifty people from the sea?
>
> "Is this Mrs. Kate Walker?" I inquired, sure I had been mistaken.
>
> "Yes," she replied.
>
> "I came to see you."
>
> "Come in," was her brief welcome; and in the same casual slow tone she said a little later, when asked about her life as head keeper of the light:
>
> "Oh, that is like a chapter in a book. It is done; it is finished. One does not go back to it." A reticence and a silence fell upon her. But when one has been the only woman from Maine to Florida who ever was head keeper in a lighthouse entirely surrounded by water, and as far as I can find out the only one in the world, and I have written to France, England, and the Dominion of Canada, there are those who would read that thrilling chapter with great eagerness. So I waited patiently, until urged on by her four bright-eyed grandchildren, she told in the most laconic of fashions bits of stories from that chapter.
>
> Living thirty-five years in an ocean-locked lighthouse is a chapter a rare few can boast of. And Kate Walker had stayed all that time because ever there rang in the ear of her mind a voice which said, "Mind the light, Katie." It was the voice of Jacob Walker, her husband, who only two short years after he had received his appointment as keeper of Robbins Reef, with his little bride as his assistant, took a heavy cold that had developed into pneumonia, and had "gone west," leaving to her the task of keeping the light burning.
>
> It was a bitter night, when help had come from shore to take Jake away to the hospital. For days she had been tending the light and hurrying down every few moments to press his hand and slake his thirst. Down the iron ladder, which is the front and only stairs of that lighthouse home, they bore the sick man and rowed him to the infirmary at Staten Island.
>
> Lives may go out, but not the light. Whatever comes the light must burn. Its giant eye must sweep the harbor every five seconds. Its revolving white light must never go out.
>
> "I'm sorry, Mrs. Walker, Jake's worse," a voice had called up to her on the tenth night after they took him down over those treacherous black rocks that yawned like cruel black teeth waiting their prey, and over which the insistent, recurring waves licked hungrily.
>
> "He's dead," she had said. The gray eyes fluttered and drooped. That which she had feared had happened. But up in the little round room on top of the lighthouse, all walled in glass, where the great jewel of a light sweeps the perilous waters like a giant angel's wing, Katie Walker had known when Jake's light had gone out.
>
> "I'm sure my husband understood my standing by the light, don't you?" she said with a tremor in her voice, her gray eyes, big and troubled, even after all these

Whispering Mileage

stays only as long as your oil will let it



MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32°F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (*other mod's.*)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Durant 4	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	...	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	....	....
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....

LOOK out for the little signs of wear that start in your engine. They may come when you least expect them. They indicate fading power.

After the wear has developed your oil consumption and gas consumption increase. Compression suffers. Your engine response is never the same.

With less than Mobiloil protection the little noises of wear can show up and worry you during the first few thousand miles of running. They shouldn't.

With the correct grade of Mobiloil in your crankcase you will secure your full measure of quiet, powerful mileage from your engine.

In quality Mobiloil sets a world standard.

What is AD-sorption?

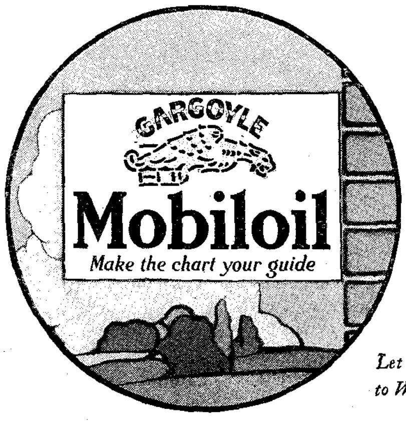
The real quality or "character" of the lubricant accrues from the presence of certain highly complex compounds found within the crude stock used.

These petroleum compounds possess the property of entering into enduring association with the molecules of metal surfaces to be lubricated. This process is termed "AD-sorption."

Adsorption develops a tough semi-permanent lubrication surface independent of the liquid film—almost an amalgam of oil and metal. This definite characteristic of Mobiloil is your real protection against rapid wear when the liquid oil film is unduly stressed by heat, by pressure, by excessive speed, or other driving emergencies.

Your Dealer Knows

The dealer who displays the Mobiloil sign and puts up the complete Mobiloil Chart on his wall, has exact science at his command. He stands prepared to lengthen the full enjoyment of your car—and to save you money.


GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

Let this sign guide you to Whispering Mileage

Branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Decay is caused by germs

YOU brush your teeth, but do you clean them *all?* This tooth brush reaches *every* tooth every time you brush.

It has a curved surface that fits the shape of your jaw. It has saw-tooth bristle-tufts that reach in between teeth. It has a large end tuft that helps clean the backs of front teeth and the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. This brush is the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you know what makes your teeth decay? It is germs. Germs are always in your mouth. They collect upon your teeth. They create lactic acid. This destroys the enamel. The important thing is to keep germs off your teeth—to remove the clinging mucin, which holds the germs fast against them. That requires a brush scientifically designed with a saw-tooth arrangement of bristles. It requires a brush with a large end tuft that can reach the backs of back teeth. There is such a brush—the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

free Tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for this advertisement. The present headline is "Decay is caused by germs." After reading the text can you supply a *new* headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires on May 10, 1925.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass. 5-C5
Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped: ....
....
....
Name..
(First name in full)
Address..

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

years. One felt like reaching out and taking those slim well-formed, wiry, little hands in one's own and comforting her. The stern choice between her husband and the light had been almost too great to bear, but some one had to tend the light, and there was no one else to do it.

The Lighthouse Department had sent a man to relieve her on the day of the funeral. That was all. There is something inexorable about a light. It never breaks its schedule, even tho Death knock at the door. That is the reason why in lonely outposts there are always two or more keepers. If one dies the other keeps the light burning until help comes, and sometimes it is months.

The little woman before me was the north of Germany type, gray-eyed and capable. She was born November 23, 1847. When Jacob Walker was assistant keeper at the Sandy Hook Light her ship had made a mess of landing, and instead of landing in New York dumped its passengers on the Jersey shore. It was here that Jacob later met the little immigrant widow and fell in love with her while teaching her English.

He took her to the Sandy Hook Lighthouse as his bride. Here he taught her so well the lore of the light that when, a year later, he secured the position of head keeper of Robbins Reef Light, she went as his assistant. Sandy Hook was on shore and had a garden around it. This station and the Reef have for the most part been America to Katie Walker.

Until she was pensioned off by the Government five years ago, we are told further, she could count on the fingers of one hand the times she had stayed a day at either New York, Brooklyn, or Staten Island. She was busy, for, as she explained:

"There is plenty to do in a lighthouse besides keep the light burning. Each day there is the log to keep, where you post everything from the amount of oil consumed to the state of the weather. Every day the brass work of the lamp has to be cleaned, and every month the lenses have to be polished. This last task takes two whole days. Besides, the keeper must keep the place shining with paint. When I had spare time I used to read the books from the traveling library that makes the rounds of the lighthouses on the coast and stays with each keeper one year."

At first the loneliness of the Reef had smitten her.

"I won't stay," she had declared to Jake. "I won't unpack my trunks." But by and by she began to unpack her trunks and grow happy, for the myriad craft that passed her door became her neighbors, and she knew each one by its whistle.

"I had never been strong, and the pure air out there braced me up," she said. "Once tho after that I packed my trunks again and was going away. My husband had been ashore and overstayed his time. When he came back he only laughed, and unpacked them all again, and I remained. When he died I began packing again. I was going away to begin life all over on land. I was only waiting for the Government to send a man to take the station. But they couldn't find any one. It was too lonesome, they all said. So I unpacked and stayed."

Those first five years she tended the light alone, while she waited for little Jake to grow up. All night she kept the light burning, snatched a little sleep in the morning, and then rose to busy herself with the upbringing of her two children, Jake and little Mary, and to attend to the many duties of a lighthouse keeper. After a while Jake grew from a gawky boy to a youth of eighteen, and he was appointed her assistant keeper. But when discussing the light, Mrs. Walker, even to this day, never speaks of him as her son, but as her assistant.

It used to be seven months at a stretch between times Mrs. Walker went ashore to Staten Island, and she went to New York City once a year, in an afternoon, and hurried back again to switch on the light when the sunset gun on Governors Island should boom out.

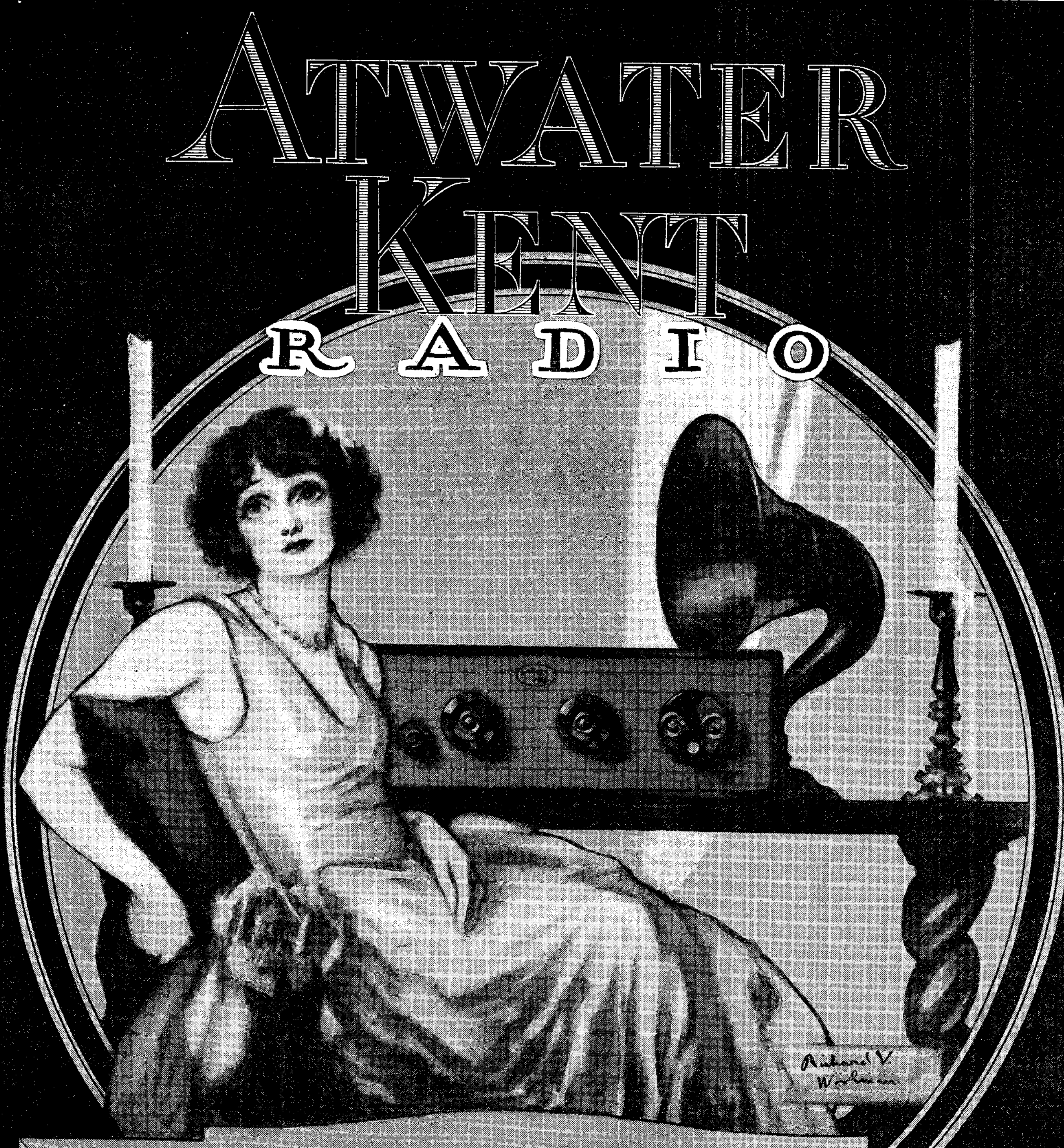
From sunset to sunrise the light must be kept burning, steadily revolving in the brass frame around the flame of the big oil lamp in the midst. Every five hours the machinery must be wound up, and a set of lamps trimmed ready to take the place of the used ones. The light is like a mammoth jewel, its four big lenses each a foot in diameter, set in four frames of prism that concentrate the rays of the light through the lenses and shoot it twelve miles out to sea. Each lens and its surrounding prisms are cut from the same piece of pure, flawless glass. The light is of Paris manufacture. In the winter another task is added to the many of the keeper. The frost gathers on the windows of the light room and must be either scraped off or wiped off with a sponge saturated with glycerine. Nothing must obscure the light. In summer the light room is unbearably hot and in winter ghastly cold.

Robbins Reef is one of the first lights the pilot on incoming ships sees when he enters the channel. It shows him the way through the dangerous Kill van Kull to Newark Bay, on past the Statue of Liberty to the Port of New York. The reef has held its glittering light above the long, narrow ridge of rocks, extending north and south, for many generations. The nearest point of land is Staten Island, two and one-half miles away, and three miles from New York City. At high tide the ugly, jagged rocks are entirely covered. It has always been the natural feeding ground of blackfish and striped bass. In favorable weather there is little danger angling there, but a sudden squall has hurled many a fisherman to his death on the rocks, and it is right here that Mrs. Walker has saved a good many lives.

It is impossible to go within three-quarters of a mile of the Reef except in a small boat. A bell buoy set on the edge of the shoal is the articulate voice of the light—a mournful voice, moving with the black waves at night, and crying, "Beware the sea, the deep, the treacherous sea! Beware! Beware!" On the Staten Island ferry passengers hear this dirge of the sea, but few know that it lies on the edge of the shoals or that for thirty-five years, always above the strongest wind, this little woman heard the voice of the buoy moaning out into the night.

On foggy nights Mrs. Walker would start the engine in the cellar that sends out siren blasts at intervals of three seconds, that can be heard for miles. During fogs is is no use trying to sleep, unless you have cultivated the habit of sleeping in a boiler factory. Sometimes the siren acts up, and then Mrs. Walker would have to mount the tower and hammer on a big bell to warn vessels away from the reef. When

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield Missouri



To own an Atwater Kent—

WHAT a wonderful, delightful difference it makes—just think what it means—in one evening the thrills of a lifetime are crowded into a few short hours.

Set its dials and the melodies of a famous orchestra flood your home; another touch and you hear a lecture from miles away—turn again and you have the news of the day or the sweet voice of a renowned singer generously broadcasting for your entertainment.

Choose whatever program you will, with an ATWATER KENT you are master of the air.

There is an ATWATER KENT well within your means: it combines every feature that assures radio satisfaction for years to come—Any ATWATER KENT dealer will help you in your selection. Interesting literature on request.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 4704 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

THINK WHAT IS BACK OF IT

Americans will not wait

Accustomed to instant communication by telephone and telegraph, our military authorities realized in the late war that the American Expeditionary Forces could not depend on the communication services of Europe.

The necessary plans, materials and engineers were sent over in ship loads. A world record was made by the Signal Corps in establishing lines of communication indispensable to every branch of the army. In a surprisingly short time, every American general in France had at his disposal the communication facilities to which, in America, he had been accustomed.

Europe was sometimes startled by the amazing methods of the telephone workers from overseas. The American-trained Signal Corps units invariably sought the shortest way, overcoming all natural obstacles to extend the needed means of communication.

The Americans were not content to wait. They expected and demanded the same ever-ready telephone connections which they had at home. The Bell System has set a world standard for prompt attention and continuous service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

they hear that bell, men at the government lighthouse station on Staten Island know a visit is due the reef as soon as wind and weather will permit.

The lighthouse itself is a conical iron tower rising forty-six feet above the shoal, alternating brown and white in color, like the layers of a cake. It has five large, commodious, round rooms, with deep port-holes for windows, and its six spacious closets might well be the envy of flat-dwellers.

CAPE COD'S NEW LITERARY CENTER

PROVINCETOWN is becoming the summer mekka of many authors and artists, according to Esther Brock Bird, writing in *The International Book Review.* Miss Bird states that the writing fraternity is migrating to all parts of literature-steeped New England, but most of them stop at the budding Massachusetts colony.

"The coast of New England," says Miss Bird, "grim with learning, clings to its literary prestige. In a pilgrimage through that region we found the landmarks of Longfellow, Whittier, and Hawthorne peopled with young and modern writers.

"The summer brings the artist and writer to Provincetown. There seems now to be a tendency, sponsored by the Expatriates Club, to buy homes and make Provincetown their all-year-round dwelling-place.

"We found that many members of this group were from New York's Greenwich Village. Harry Kemp lives at 'The Oaks' with his pretty red-haired wife, Frances McClernan. The Wharf Players' Workshop is next to Frank Shay's house. The Players include some of the Provincetown Playhouse group that originated on the old wharf of Mary Heaton Vorse's that was swept away by the ice three years ago.

"Four miles across the sand dunes is Peaked Hill Bars, former Coast Guard Station and the present summer home of Eugene O'Neill. The house has been little changed from its former uses. The playwright's study is reached by a companion-way, draped with mackerel seines. The desk was made by men of the Coast Guard, of walnut and mahogany salvaged from wrecks. A captain's chair, glazed red, does duty.

"Among the many writers who frequent Provincetown are: Susan Glaspell, Margaret Widdemer, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Scott (Miriam Finn Scott), Sinclair Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Brown (Demetra Vaka), Maude Radford Warren, Edna St. Vincent Millay, George Madden Martin (Mrs. Atwood Martin), and Daniel Wilbur Steele."

The Pressing Question.—FURLINE—"Do you like my new engagement ring?"

FELINE—"Dearie, it's simply a peach; when does it come off?"—*Stanford Chaparral.*

The shorthand Executives used to say:

"Pshaw! she's gone. I'll have to wait till to-morrow."
"If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."
"She's busy now. Let it go."
"Has all she can write today."
"She can't help me with other things."
"Forgot it before she came in."
"Out sick, so my letters have to wait."
"When I most need her, she's gone."
"All this saps my initiative."

Hiram Percy Maxim

started with a gun silencer invention and now works greater silencing miracles. He directs the affairs of his Company and is still able to answer numerous other demands on his time.

Thanks to the Dictaphone Miss Powell is no longer a drudging shorthand note-taker, but actually a partner in the executive details of the Company. She can now show her real qualities as a business woman.

The shorthand Secretaries used to say:

"The 3 to 5 pressure is terrific."
"No one else can read my notes."
"Yes, I do mind staying late."
"Cold notes are maddening."
"Shorthand is nothing to boast of."
"Its routine kills my ambition."
"I'm 10% secretary and 90% slave to my note-book."
"He talks so fast, I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."

Shorthand is not short enough for him

How much more work can a man turn out using a Dictaphone, than a man of equal ability who clings to shorthand?

Some say 50% more; others say no comparison at all! For Dictaphone users find their output startlingly greater when dictation goes so quickly and easily.

If you want to check personally that 50% figure, do what Hiram Percy Maxim did.

Mr. Maxim had accepted shorthand with all its faults as unavoidable. But he wanted to be free from pick and shovel routine. Most of all he wanted to save the time consumed by vexatious details in order to press forward important matters.

Miss Powell, his secretary, could undoubtedly handle much of the routine as ably as he did if most of her time were not taken up by writing every letter twice—once in shorthand and once on the typewriter.

The direct voice-recording system! Why not? Instead of the roundabout lead-pencil memory system?

The Dictaphone enables me to work as an individual unit—free from the distraction of always having to ask a second person to assist me to get my ideas down on paper. And I find that fewer mistakes occur when dictation is typed from The Dictaphone than when copied from shorthand notes.

We would be completely lost if for any reason we could not have Dictaphones. This method is as far above the shorthand method as the latter is ahead of longhand.

—Hiram Percy Maxim

Neither Mr. Maxim nor Miss Powell has ever regretted the three hours spent in learning to use The Dictaphone. It freed them both from the delays and irritating mistakes that are part and parcel of shorthand dictation.

It permitted Miss Powell to become Secretary-Treasurer of the Company. So completely has she relieved her employer of details that she now spends all her time on administrative duties and does no typing.

Why should *you* not lift restrictions of old-fashioned methods from your abilities as Mr. Maxim did?

To Increase Your Successful Hours

The success of every man depends on getting all he can out of the hours in which his abilities are called into play — solving sales and production problems, planning new enterprises, creating and developing policies.

To prove that The Dictaphone enables you to increase these hours we will lend you a New Model 10. You can try it out at your own leisure and convenience. Three hours will probably show what it can do for you, although you can keep it two weeks or longer without expense or obligation. Just write or phone the nearest Dictaphone office and say when you want a New Model 10 delivered.

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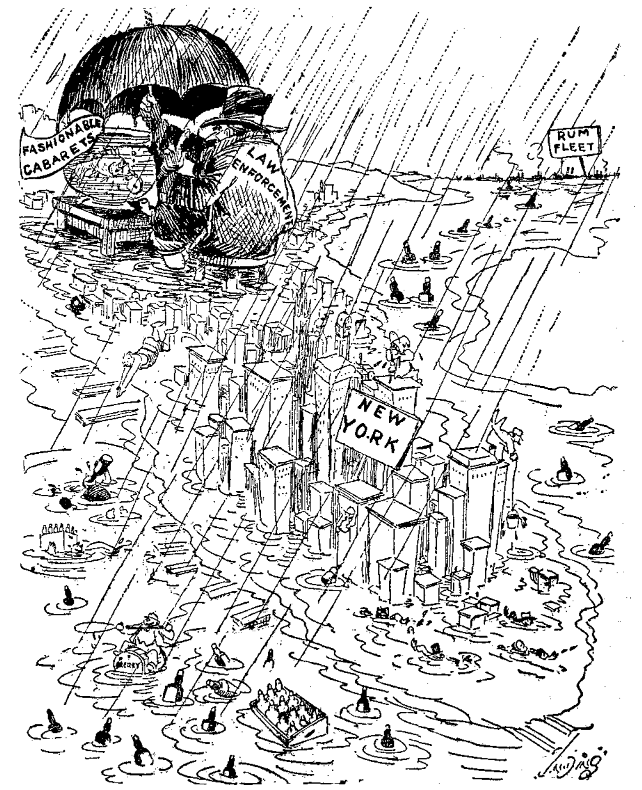
and double your ability to get things done

MR. BUCKNER AND HIS "DE-BUNKING" PADLOCKS

IS New York's energetic new District Attorney merely "holding an umbrella over the goldfish," metaphorically speaking, by padlocking a few wet "White Light" cafés, or is he, as he threatened to do, "de-bunking" Prohibition enforcement? His efforts seem to have made an impression on the not over-impressionable newspaper men of the metropolis, at least, who report to the general effect that "one of the most abrupt changes in Prohibition climate on record" has struck New York City. Emory R. Buckner, the new United States District Attorney, trained under Charles R. Whitman, is liberally given credit for the change. Whether as a publicity expert, a commander of the embattled Prohibition forces, or an astute lawyer, Mr. Buckner is said to be displaying characteristics calculated to make the whole country, as well as the metropolis, "sit up and take notice." He is responsible for the "padlock drive," by means of which he hopes to put out of use for months at a time any building wherein liquor is illegally sold, and thus make such selling too expensive even for the wealthiest of law-breakers. Also, he has brought a number of innovations to his office, reports the New York *Times*. For instance:



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HOLDING AN UMBRELLA OVER THE GOLDFISH

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

Heretofore United States District Attorneys in New York have bothered only with the big things, leaving the lesser to be handled by the subordinates who happened to know most about them. In their relations with newspaper men, the assistants have been accustomed to talk freely, to relate all that goes on, to permit publication of what news appeared, or to ask that it be temporarily withheld, as seemed necessary in the public interest. But in almost his first public utterance, after assuming office, Mr. Buckner made it plain that he intended changing this older order. He told newspaper men:

"Everybody connected with this office is supposed to work for it to the exclusion of all private concerns. I shall expect my subordinates to supress whatever desire they may have to shine conspicuously in this action or in that, and to leave the reflection of whatever light there may be in it to fall only upon the office itself."

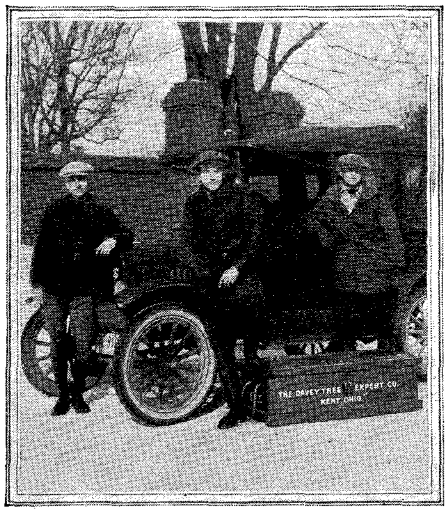
This may not have been the precise way Mr. Buckner phrased it, but this was the idea. Those who listened were skeptical of his power to make it effective. This skepticism rapidly passed away, and now, only about two weeks after he became the District Attorney, all those who have had dealings with him know that when he establishes a rule of conduct for those within his control, the rule must be obeyed. Mr. Buckner has succeeded in padlocking the mouths of so many of the men and women connected with his office that practically all of the old-time chatter has passed away, and those who exchange greetings follow it with some apologetic remark.

While Mr. Buckner, who is now 48 years old, was serving as an Assistant District Attorney under Charles S. Whitman, nobody ever heard much about him for the reason that Mr. Whitman filled the entire center of the stage, and those under him understood that he would resent any act that deflected attention from himself. During the time of the famous Becker case, when the Police Department was in the throes of investigation after investigation, Mr. Whitman appeared day after day as the central prosecuting figure.

When this period was passing there came the Curran committee with a warrant to make a new inquiry into the conduct of the police and Mr. Buckner became counsel for this committee. His work won the admiration of the public. From the gloomy interior of a small office in the County Courts Building came Mr. Buckner, and within a few days the light that beat upon him was almost blinding.

It would not be fair to say that Mr. Buckner took some lessons about publicity from the books of Mr. Whitman, because what he did was vastly different from the things that Mr. Whitman prepared for public consumption. Mr. Whitman's method of keeping up interest in a subject was largely by intimation, innuendo and suggestion, but Mr. Buckner dragged the matter out into the light, produced the figures and the proofs, and said in substance to the newspaper men:

"Look, listen and draw your own



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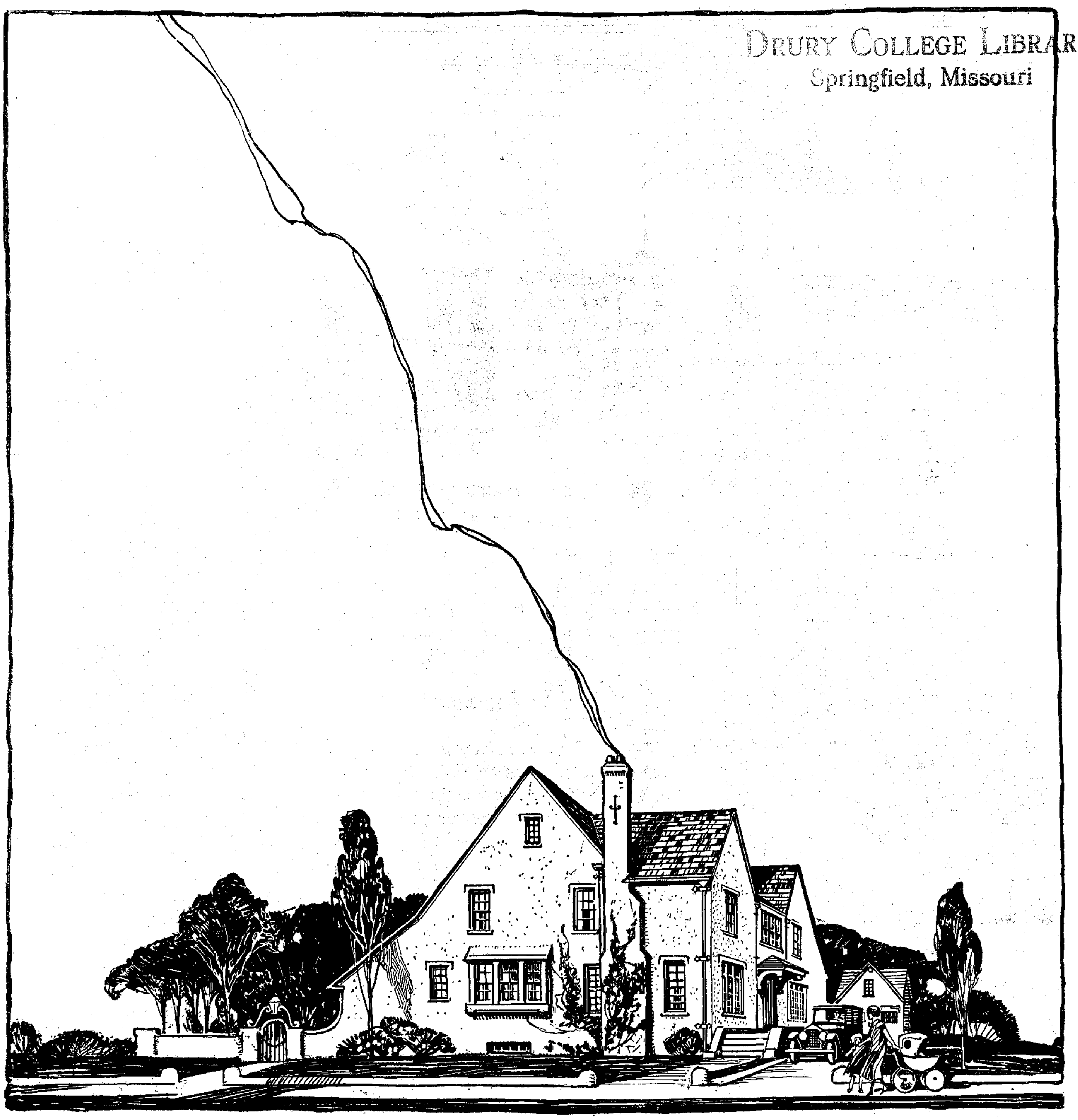


Give your home a *castle's strength*

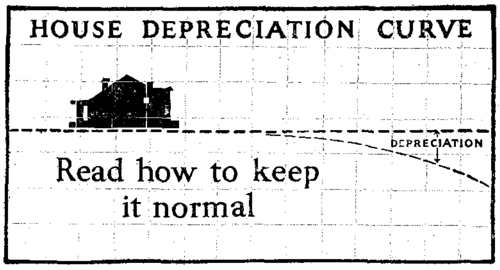
Let these facts and figures guide you

IN early days, great lords built castles with moats and drawbridges and battlements as defense against enemies who came to destroy. Today, the enemies are time, wind, rain, fire and wear. Every man's home is his castle, and upon its strength depends a large measure of his happiness and contentment.

Here is a principle which will put a castle's strength into whatever you build. Seek permanent satisfaction. Determine to secure (1) Dependable Materials and (2) Competent Workmanship. The Lehigh Portland Cement Company suggests definite measures you can take to ensure the satisfaction you seek.

Every home builder and purchaser hopes for low depreciation and light up-keep expenses. Many get just the opposite—they are constantly putting money into repairs, and their homes give them no real pride or satisfaction. [OVER]

Continued from preceding page



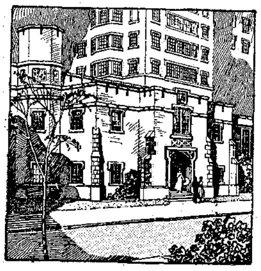
There is no satisfaction if you are forced to spend large sums in up-keep and to take depreciation at a high rate.

And satisfaction is short-lived if you find defects and unsatisfactory results which necessitate expenditures of $25, $50, up to $250 in making changes. These expenses can be avoided by putting into your home two qualities, which builders of great structures insist on, and which you can secure:

(1) Dependable Materials and
(2) Competent Workmanship.

How builders of big buildings avoid repair expenses

This is the entrance to a modern castle, a palatial new apartment in Brookline, Mass. It is one of the largest apartment buildings in the world, and is constructed to net a handsome revenue, with assured low maintenance charges. Lehigh Cement played an important part in its construction. Only small areas in the building will ever cause painting expense. There is nothing to rot, wear out or need replacement. Low insurance rates add another factor of economy



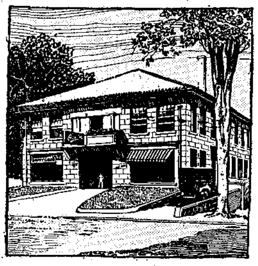
Instead of showing wear, these great concrete structures actually grow stronger year after year, as engineers will tell you. You, too, can have this strength in whatever you build by insisting on—

(1) Dependable Materials and
(2) Competent Workmanship.

Protecting your investment in business properties

Every skilful real estate investor knows that profits depend on (1) Moderate construction cost, (2) Low up-keep, (3) High returns. Concrete masonry construction will help you get moderate first cost and low up-keep. Your own good judgment will tell you how to secure high returns.

Concrete blocks can be conveniently secured everywhere. They can be had in many attractive designs and are quickly laid up. They can be covered with stucco, Well-made concrete blocks of Lehigh Cement are repair-free and permanent.



How to get Permanent Satisfaction, whatever you build

[1] Get Dependable Materials

Reputation for dependability has made Lehigh Cement the largest-selling cement in the world. Last year, contractors, engineers, architects and owners used over 68 million sacks.

In buying building materials remember this point:

The dealer who insists on carrying Lehigh for you often does so in the face of constant pressure to offer you the "just as good" brand. Is it not reasonable to expect such a dealer to protect your interests in other ways also by handling a line of thoroughly dependable materials? Let the Blue-and-White Lehigh Sign guide you to a reliable dealer.

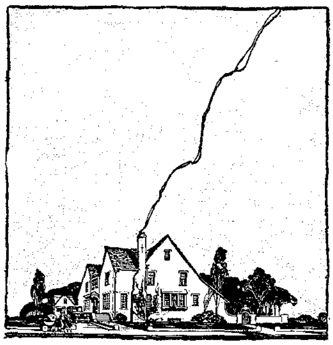
[2] Get Competent Workmanship

Even with the best materials you can get poor results unless you secure competent workmanship.

A good contractor will save you money through skilful building economies. He will put quality both where it can be seen at the start and also where it will be noticed for its low repair expenses in the years to come.

A point to remember in choosing a contractor:

The contractor who insists on dependable materials is likely to hire competent help and put skill and dependability into all that he does.



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Gutters—*for better drainage*
Highways—*for permanent low up-keep*
Homes—*(ask for our special home book)*
Lamp and sign posts—*for beauty and utility*
Office buildings—*for slow depreciation*
Pavilions and bandstands—*for permanence*
Pergolas—*for ornamentation*
Porches and porch posts—*for economy*
Poultry houses—*for permanent, sanitary floors*
Roof (*tile*) *for beauty and low up-keep*
Sand boxes and wading pools—*for clean, permanent playgrounds*
Schools—*to protect children's lives*
Septic tanks—*to prevent sickness*
Sidewalks—*to keep houses clean*
Stairs and steps—*for permanence*
Stucco—*for beauty and low up-keep*
Swimming pools—*for clean swimming*
Tennis courts—*for accuracy, dryness*
Urns and flower boxes—*for decoration*
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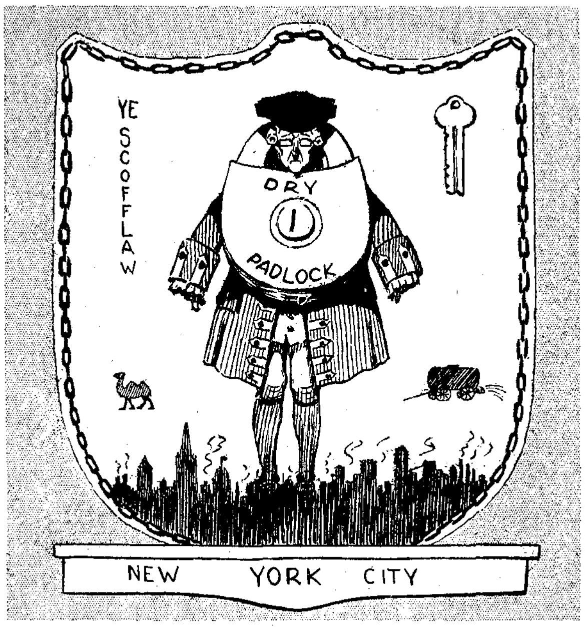
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

conclusions." When they did so, they were generally imprest.

When he had a spectacular bit of evidence he did not conceal it behind some incognito, but brought the person who had imparted it to the witness chair and had the story told all over again. Whenever public interest appeared to be waning, other startling figures were brought to the witness chair, sometimes without a word in advance to let the public know what was in store for its entertainment.

When Mr. Buckner announced his intention of proceeding against liquor-law violators by the injunction and padlock method, and named fourteen well-known places where lawyer friends had obtained evidence, all sorts and conditions of men and women, connected with all sorts of publications, descended upon him. The propositions made to him ranged all the way from writing a few columns for publication, under or over his signature, to submitting to an interview and a cartoonist at the same time.



NEW YORK'S NEW COAT-OF-ARMS
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

As an instance of Mr. Buckner's publicity methods, the *Times* reporter presents this "sample" of the daily interviews which the new District Attorney gives to the reporters:

Seven reporters enter the outer office. Word comes instantly to admit them. They file into the big room, where Mr. Buckner is found sitting at a big square desk littered with papers. Opposite him sits Robert E. Manley, his confidential assistant. About the desk are a number of easy chairs. Mr. Buckner smilingly indicates them and says, "Be seated, gentlemen." Then he asks, "What is on your minds to-day?" "What is on yours?" he is asked. He grins. "Looks like it's going to be pretty dull to-day."

Then it develops that the Collector of the Port has called to learn what is to be done with all the rum-running vessels which have been libeled and what would happen to the large quantities of seized liquor in storage. Mr. Buckner explains that all such cases will be transferred from the Admiralty Court to the padlock court and that it is as simple a matter to padlock a ship as to padlock a saloon. The reporters all ask questions and Mr. Buckner listens, and replies with information on every conceivable detail of the question.

A feature of these talks is that there are no criticisms of any man's work, no odious comparisons.

At one conference a reporter, who had been worrying his brain over what Mr. Buckner was trying to achieve by all his activity against rum violators, came to the conclusion that what he was after was a nomination for Governor or Mayor. So he began to question Mr. Buckner about his political connection, starting with the fact that Elihu Root is his friend, and as the questions ran along Mr. Buckner's face wore a more and more puzzled expression. Finally another reporter elucidated:

"What the gentleman desires to know is whether the things you are doing now in Prohibition matters are being done for the sole purpose of procuring future political preferment."

Mr. Buckner leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Why, no," he replied. "I expect to serve out my term of office and then go back to private law practise. That is my program now and I am not likely to change it."

Mr. Buckner is an easy man to get along with because the way he is heading is plain. Asked what his opinion was about the manner the Prohibition law had been enforced, he replied:

"It has been a farce and full of bunk. I intend to de-bunk it."

When the Prohibition phase of Mr. Buckner's work has become too much of a commonplace to figure prominently in the day's news, interesting stories will arise, stories about mail-fraud cases, counterfeiting, with attacks here and there on spectacular offenders, and Mr. Buckner's skilful hand will cast these forth with such frills as they never had before. Take the case of Jacob Busch, which appeared on the surface as only an ordinary attempt to defraud the Government out of income taxes. A reporter smelled this out, but when he searched for details he had to go to Mr. Buckner for them. When the story appeared it owed to Mr. Buckner's nose for news the interesting detail of a secret bank account accidentally discovered by a revenue agent, with all of the attendant details that marked the story as one altogether out of the ordinary. One reporter remarked:

"If Buckner wasn't earning $10,000 a year in the government service he would be earning more with some good newspaper. What a cracker-jack reporter he would make."

But Mr. Buckner has earned more than he could have hoped to gain in any other profession. He is soon to leave the Bronx, where he is living now, and move to the Park Avenue district, where his rent will be nearly as much as his present salary. This indicates that during his career as a lawyer he has acquired enough to enable him to pay as much for rent as he is earning. To put it more brutally, he has reached the point where he can emerge from obscurity and enter the limelight of publicity without

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SIMONDS HOME AND FARM SAW
Saves -money -muscle -minutes

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Repairs to be made—odd jobs to be done—that is the call of Spring. So Spring calls for Simonds Home and Farm Saw with teeth that bite their way smoothly and easily through the toughest board. In the Home and Farm Saw, Simonds has produced a cutting tool worthy of the name. Confining manufacture to one size—24 inches long—Simonds is able to offer the Home and Farm Saw at $2.00—a price that is actually less than you *thought* you would have to pay for an *ordinary* saw. Ask your hardware dealer about this saw today.

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Studies of Political Progress in Egypt, India, China, Japan and the Philippines
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

regard to financial considerations. There will be a worth-while story wherever Mr. Buckner is.

As for the present condition of the Buckner "dry" campaign in New York, and just what it is "up against," James C. Young, another *Times* reporter, intimates that the District Attorney has a large job ahead of him. Prohibition officials estimate the number of law-breaking resorts in New York City at between 2,000 and 3,000. Mr. Young comments:

Any figures are deceptive. The city has 500 restaurants of the better sort, and some of these are numbered among the principal offenders. Other restaurants, descending in scale to the owl lunch wagon, represent a total of 8,000. As drink and food have gone hand in hand here for a long time, it follows that restaurants are the evident places to seek contraband.

But there is another large class of speak-easies, including certain drug stores and "soft-drink parlors" in considerable number. Almost any kind of establishment may harbor a still or its contents. The versatile delicatessen store is not without suspicion, and the itinerant rum merchant plies a thriving trade. When a man unfamiliar with these things peers behind the scenes he may well believe that bootlegging ranks as one of our primary industries.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

HE BELIEVES IN PADLOCKS

New York's new District Attorney, Emory R. Buckner, is credited with giving New York its strongest hint of "dry" weather.

"It is plain that we can not make progress as matters have been conducted," says Mr. Buckner. "There are 6,000 criminal cases on the docket, aside from Prohibition cases, and about 4,000 civil actions. When we add to these a number of admiralty and other special cases, along with the Prohibition docket, we have a total of 15,000 cases, or enough to keep our courts busy ten years.

"In padlock cases there will be no arrests. We purpose to obtain the evidence of sale by witnesses at the time of purchase where possible. In any event, we can apply for warrants and return with a fair chance of making seizures. There will be no broadside warning by an arrest in the first instance. And we mean to push the action vigorously against proprietor and realty owner.

"The law allows twenty days for the defendants to answer. There will be no jury trial, but a court hearing. If the evidence convinces the Judge, he may warn the proprietor and the owner by issuing a restraining order. Or he may join to that order an injunction closing the place, probably for a year. "That means an absolute shutdown. The premises can be used for nothing else so long as the order remains in effect. I am told that in certain all-night restaurants this would mean the loss of an annual rental running up to $50,000. There are not many landlords with $50,000 establishments who will desire to risk such a stake in a padlock action."

So far the padlock law has not been tested in the higher courts. Several actions here have effectually closed suspected establishments, in one case shutting down a half dozen places of the gilded sort, owned by one concern. But it was reported afterward that this action enabled the owners to enter bankruptcy with a show of respectability, and the injunction was credited to their secret inspiration by Broadway gossip.

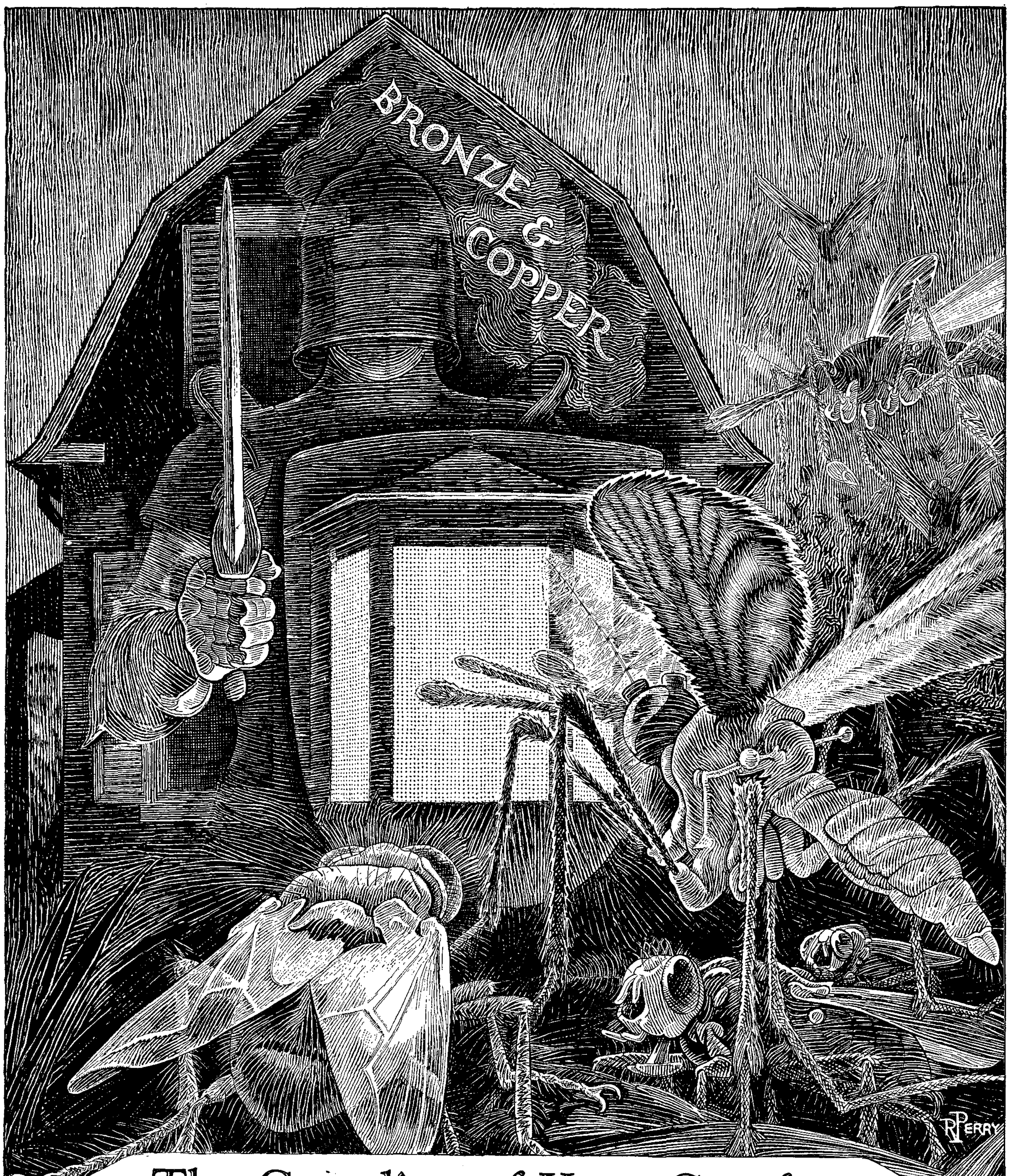
The padlock law has been applied in the West with considerable success, notably in Chicago, altho it must still be passed upon by the Supreme Court, according to Mr. Buckner, who is prepared to defend the law when a challenge comes. The question of injunction procedure is a knotty one, and many lawyers do not believe the padlock orders will be sustained.

Report says that fourteen of the wealthiest restaurants in New York have banded together to fight the District Attorney with such a defense fund as Broadway has never seen before. However, concludes Mr. Young:

Listening to the new District Attorney state the case, a visitor becomes more than half convinced that here is a man likely to dry up Broadway; at least to create a perceptible drought. He is known as a vigorous pleader and has the reputation of getting what he goes after.

He began life as a Methodist parson's son in a little Iowa town, soon afterward removing to Nebraska. The future prosecutor got through high school under parental direction, when he took up life on his own account, teaching school and saving his money for a college course. His school teaching carried him to Oklahoma, where he met Katherine Keach, a school teacher from Newark, New Jersey.

She also wished for a college training. But college training took money. Mr. Buckner cast about for a means to their mutual ambition and turned his hand to court reporting, having mastered stenography in his odd moments. The two entered the University of Nebraska in 1900 and were married the next year. Four years later Mr. Buckner was graduated at the head of his class and took up the study of law at Harvard, still earning his way. Leaving the law school in 1907, he came to New York the next year and in a brief while was named an Assistant United States District Attorney.



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BEASTS - BIRDS - AND - TREES

THE BIG MOOSE LUNGED AHEAD, THE PREACHER CLUNG TO HIS BACK—AND EVERYBODY CHEERED

Experts said it couldn't be done, but Dr. Thomas Travis, New Jersey pastor, proved it could, and has the evidence in this picture.

RIDING A BULL MOOSE

"RIDE A BULL MOOSE? Man, you're crazy! It can't be done!" The big moose that Dr. Thomas Travis was after backed up into the reeds and lily-pads and snorted loudly, and turned his great head with its fiery blood-red eyes upon the men, while for a moment they looked with awe upon this mighty monarch of the forest, before, with a sudden plunge, he was away. Dr. Travis felt that it was not a good beginning, and the moving-picture photographer, who was ready to take the picture of this wild moose ride, when it should be done, grunted with disappointment. However, the dismal forecast of his friends, who said, "Man, it can't be done," only made Dr. Travis more determined to do it. It may seem slightly out of the ordinary run for a pastor of a large church in the fashionable suburb of Montclair, New Jersey, to be spending his vacation in Canada in the effort to ride a bull moose, but this is only one of the many adventures which Dr. Travis has met. In *Outdoor Recreation* (Chicago), Dr. Travis tells the exciting story of the plan which was formed to maneuver a bull moose into a favorable position, and the method of mounting such an unwilling steed:

THE SMILE OF VICTORY

Dr. Travis as he appeared immediately after his astonishing ride, covered with mud, but triumphant.

You see, when we rode the cow moose, we were called nature fakirs, Dr. Cooks, good and regular members of the Ananias club, and all the rest—till we threw the movie on the screen and showed them. Then they just grinned and backed water into this position—"You may ride a cow moose, but a bull moose is different. You can't get close enough to a wild bull in the first place, and if you do, you'll have your job cut out to ride him. We've hunted bull moose, many of them, and we think we know." So we set out to do the thing that couldn't be done, and we very nearly proved that our croakers were right, after all. The first two attempts gave us considerable fun and thrills, but no pictures.

It was this way: We rounded up a whole family of moose in one of the lakes north of Fredericton, New Brunswick. And we got all ready to ride them. Right among the big babies we were. But to ride them was another thing. The bull fought desperately, keeping his great antlers and yellow teeth right at us, and we were in frail canoes. Just think that over and you will see why we failed at first. The bull could turn faster than we could in the deep water, and we couldn't get behind him for a mount. If you had solid ground under you, you might possibly take a running start and leap the gigantic antlers, dodging the bared teeth and the terrific hoofs. It would be very much like jumping over a wire fence to land on a bucking broncho's back while he was charging head on. But to take such a leap from a tipsy canoe would most certainly spill the beans. Even if you made the saddle all right, you would leave your buddy with an upset canoe right under the nose of a fighting bull. So we had to make some other plan.

It was Harry Allen of Penniac, that famous guide of New Brunswick, who thought out the plan and found the stage on which to work it. Some thirty or forty miles northeast of Fredericton lies a big body of water called Grand Lake. Separating this lake from a huge swamp is a lovely sickle-shaped bit of sand called by the queer name of Queen's Count. It was here we staged the play. And in all the world I know of no better place.

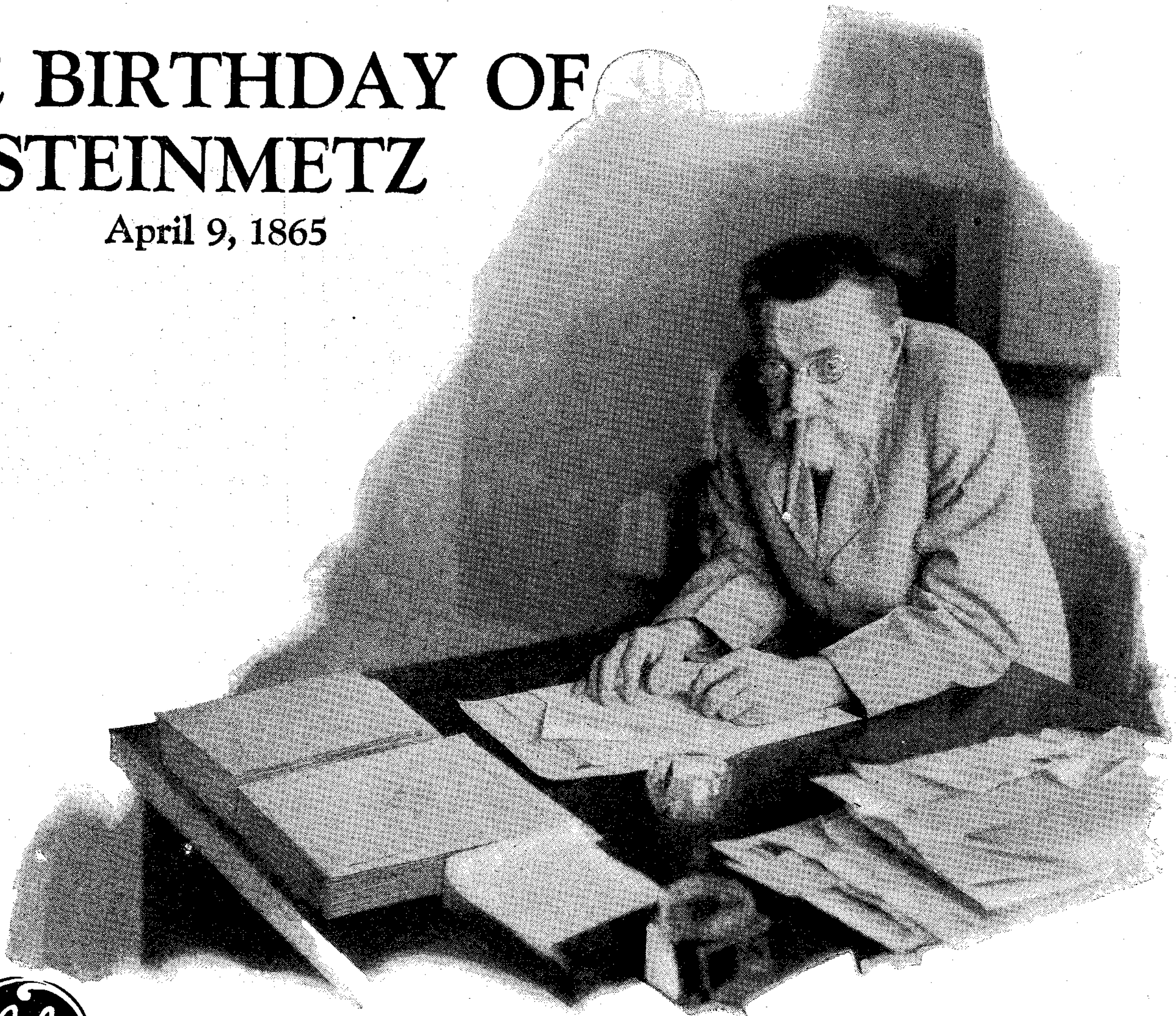
Evidently the old Indians had used it as a sort of moose trap. For right there on the end of the sickle we found an old Indian "midden," from which, at almost every dig of the shovel, we turned up broken spear-heads, stone arrows, fragments of pottery with the marks of the rush, basket-work mold wherein the pots were formed.

Looking out to the south from this sickle the whole trap unfolded itself. For a matter of ten square miles a vast swamp stretches, hemmed in by a thick forest of evergreens, spruce, balsam and cedars, reaching out vast arms of dense foliage to partition the swamp off into convenient stages.

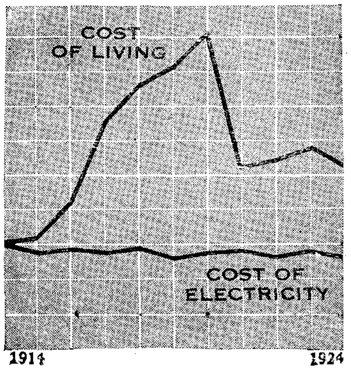
Right in front of the old Indian midden lies what would be called in Ireland a quaking bog. It covers about two square miles, hemmed in by the wilderness of trees. It is a lovely spot, too, with a belt of fairly firm ground skirting the woods, where a moose can walk and feed knee-deep in mud and luscious grasses. But inside this belt

THE BIRTHDAY OF STEINMETZ

April 9, 1865



Dr. Steinmetz did his great work in the General Electric laboratories in the years between 1893 and 1923. He contributed in large measure to the service of your Electric Light and Power Company—a service so efficient that electric current is one of the very few products that actually cost less today than before the war.



ON April 9, 1865, he was born in Breslau. On June 3, 1889, he landed in New York City from the steerage—in debt for his passage and unable to speak our language.

Twelve years later he was elected president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. President Eliot of Harvard proclaimed him the foremost electrical engineer in the world.

On October 26, 1923, he died.

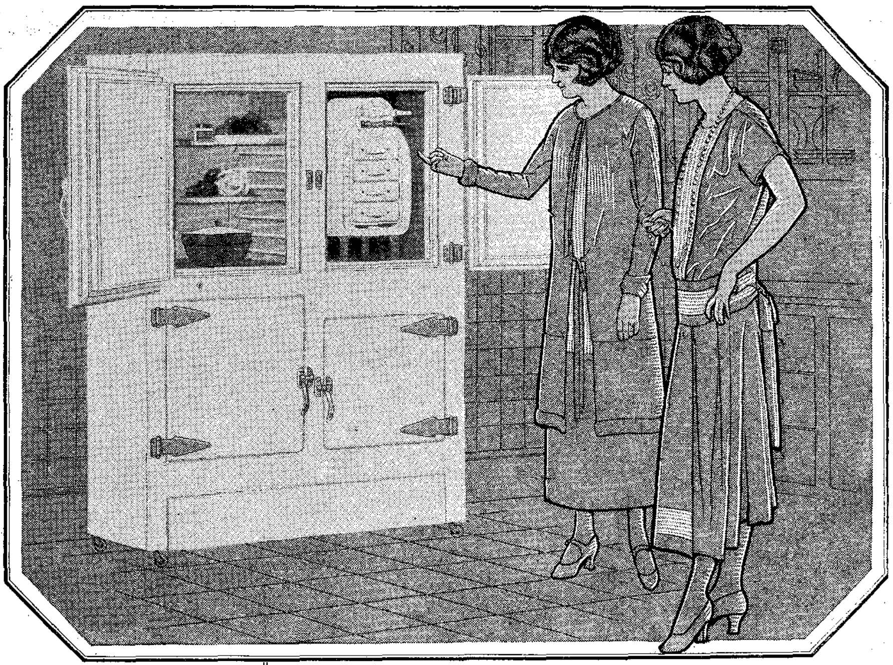
Did ever a few brief years witness more miracles? When his life began, there was not a single electric light and power company. When it ended, there were 6,000 in America, serving more than 11,000,000 homes.

Physically frail himself, he helped to make electricity the great lifter of burdens; by his courage and vision he was an inspiration to the whole electrical industry.

Such a man deserves to be remembered on his birthday, not on the day of his death. For in the larger sense he does not die. Humanity is permanently richer because of what he gave.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

95-27A



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IT'S EASY. The cake of ice now in your refrigerator is replaced by the Frigidaire "frost coil," which is *colder than ice and never melts.* You enjoy, immediately, the full convenience of Frigidaire *electric* refrigeration.

Frigidaire maintains a constant, *dry* cold—keeps food fresh and wholesome in any weather—makes dainty ice cubes and delicious desserts—saves the possible annoyance of outside ice supply—adds greatly to the convenience of housekeeping. And Frigidaire is *not* expensive. In many localities its operation costs less than ice.

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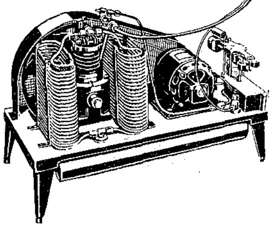


BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

lies the real moose trap, called by the quaint name of the "Keyhole."

Imagine an acre of aquatic garden, tall reeds and "moose ears," yellow water lilies, and pickerel weed, blue-spiked, lying under a warm sun; a veritable fairy island where the bronze and blue dragon-flies soar and drowse. But surrounding this fairy bower lies a big quaking bog. Take the tallest sapling you can handle and poke down into the bog from a canoe. They will reach perhaps twenty feet below you, and never touch bottom yet. Nor is that all—covering this bog lies a sunny network of shoals where the water spreads from six inches to three feet deep, and here the herring, left by the spring floods, ripple in shoals, or leap glittering in the sun. Here big-horned buck deer come down in fly-time to lave their tortured hides in the warm mud. For here is a sunny place and peaceful, to all appearance, with big bouquets of alluring feed for the moose.

In fact, says Dr. Travis, the whole stage is really like a beautiful steel trap, with this central island playing the part of the plate, food-covered, and the outspread arms of the quaking bog, covered with shallow water, acting as the grim jaws. Like all traps, it looks innocent. But looks are often very deceitful. Here is the point:

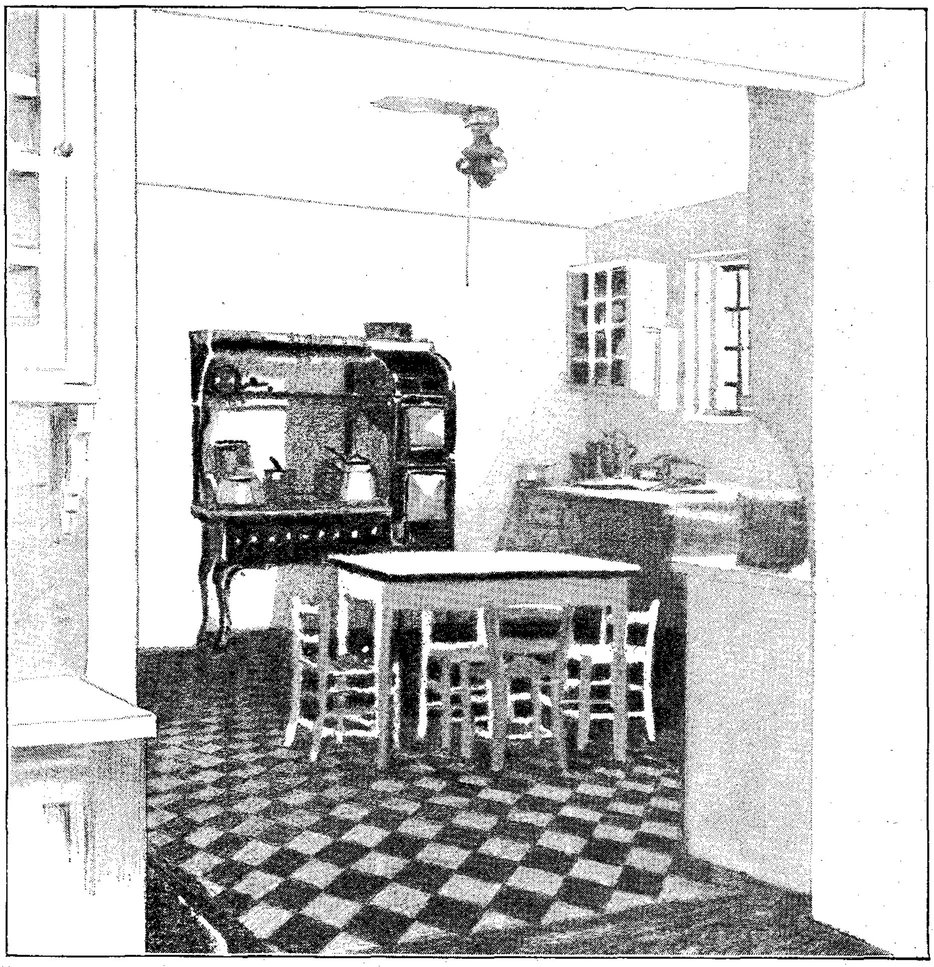
If a moose feeds merely along the edge of the wood or even if he gets into the reeds and lilies that form the jaws of the trap, you stand little chance of ever coming to hand-grips with him. That marvelous nose and keen sense will warn him in time, so that, paddle as you may, he can get to safety before you come near him. But once let him get to that central islet—the plate, so to speak, of the trap—and you can surround him and corral him before he can get away. In actual fact, I believe this moose trap, called the "Keyhole," was for years and years used by the old Indians as a place where they could get a moose any time, get him with just their spears, and without any real danger to themselves.

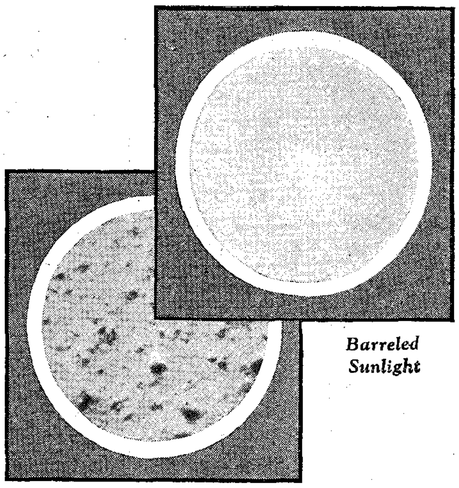
Right near the outlook of the ancient Indians we established ours. Two men with field-glasses were on the watch all the time. We expected to spend at least two weeks before we got the right moose, just in the right place. But in less than twenty-four hours we had him.

We drove from Fredericton in automobiles, reaching the "Keyhole" in the early afternoon. Quietly we established the camp, and then peered from the lookout to see what we could see.

We waited all that afternoon without seeing a bull—the wind wasn't quite right. It quartered from us to the moose. So we went to bed under the stars, eagerly expectant of what the morrow would bring. It seemed as if I had but just dropt asleep, when some one shook me and whispered, "Big bull in the 'Keyhole.'" At once things began to move. It was half-past six in the morning, and none of us had had breakfast, but we just jumped into our clothes, and made for the canoes. In five minutes we were on the way.

Charlie McGivney and Wallace Bridges, both fire rangers and game wardens, were in the big scow as rowers for Frank Alexander, who ran the big movie camera. Floyd Palmer, another guide, who lives near the "Keyhole," was in one of the





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What paint looks like through a microscope

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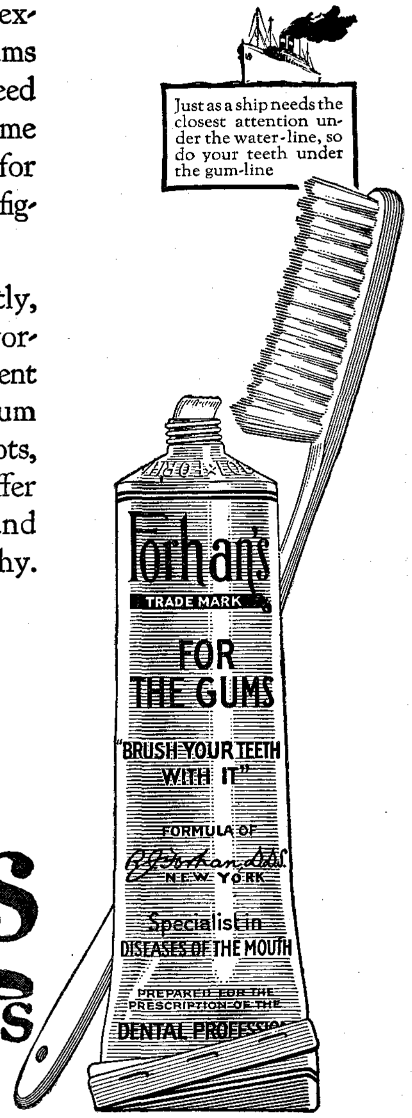
*More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea*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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

canoes, to head off the bull if he tried to cross the swamp. Harry Allen, the famous guide of Penniac, was my buddie, and our plan was all worked out. Each man had his place assigned. Bridges carried the rifle—all the rest of us were absolutely unarmed. It was Bridges's business not only to help row the scow for the camera man, but to be ready with the rifle, so that in case of extreme and desperate need, and in that case only, he could shoot. For we realized that Mr. Moose could travel through that heavy mud and water faster than any man could, and if a man were bogged down to the chin in mud and water, with a mad fury of a charging bull making for him, it would be foolish not to have any arms at all with us. Hence the rifle.

As we rounded the end of the headland, we could see the horns of the moose all ruddy with their velvet covering in the morning light, and just sticking out like an upturned root, among the luscious growth of the islet in the "Keyhole." Slowly we drifted, till the horns went down again, and we knew he was feeding. Then briskly we paddled, watching the horns with breathless interest. Some two hundred yards were made before the horns began to rise again. Immediately we froze, keeping even the paddles on the offside of the canoe, lest any vagrant flash of sunlight from them betray our presence too soon.

The wind was just right, blowing from him to us, and the light was even more right, a fine, steady, golden glow flooding over our backs and turning the quaking bog into a fairyland of morning beauty. Also, the moose was doing his part just as we wanted him to. Down went the big horns again, and we knew that unless we bumped canoe with paddle, we could get him on this stretch.

Slowly we sculled till we were not more than a hundred and fifty feet from the moose, then I quietly pulled in my paddle, and got ready for the jump. But just then some extra sense must have warned the big fellow, for the head came out with a jerk, and for one breathless instant the big moose looked us right in the eye.

The critical moment had arrived, and for Dr. Travis it must have been the moment of a lifetime. Seeing eye to eye with a raging bull moose is not especially conducive to quiet reverie, but they hoped that the moose would feel that discretion was better than battle and would run, and that was what happened. As he tells it:

We had planned it all out before, but whether we could put the plan over was another matter. You see we had figured out that the reason we didn't ride the fighting moose before was this: We let him get the idea of charge and fight into his big head. And that idea once in, he could not get it out till he had fought it out. Our plan this time was to do two things: first, leave him a way out that seemed easily possible for a run. For our experience is that a wild animal will always run if it is not absolutely cornered, that is, except when it is wounded, or in mating season, or a mother with a cub. And none of these three conditions faced us here.

Next, and, perhaps, most important of all, was the psychological factor. We knew that if once you get the fight idea in a man's head, he'll fight, but if you can surprize him, stampede him, so to speak, right from the start, if you can get him on the run at the first blow, he will run till that idea of run works itself out. We wanted our moose to run so that we could get in behind those terrific horns and hoofs and teeth. For, as you know, while a mule or a horse turns his heels to you for a fight, Mr. Moose puts out his "dooks" in the form of two very able front legs, armed with sharp hoofs and driven by terrific punching power, backing these with teeth and horns. So the minute the big head came up and faced us, we let out a wild yell, slapped the water with our paddles till it sounded like a rifle ambush, and made for the rear end of the moose, thus leaving him what seemed a way of escape. We trusted to the deep mud to hold him to slow motion, while we could scoot over the shallow water in our canoes.

And the thing worked. praise be, it worked!!

For an instant he faced us with eyes blazing red, and teeth bared. Then his bristly mane began to rise and fall, and he was on the point of setting in for a desperate fight when Palmer loomed up close in the other canoe, and with a "Hep, hep there!!" and a hoarse yell, startled our bull into consciousness of an enemy just where he was planning to back in and fight the thing through. Then, too, the way out lured him, and with a half-hesitant grunt he took the road, sending up great splashes and waves of mud and water. He was on the run and we swerved in behind him, still yelling and slapping the water with paddles, to keep the idea of run in that magnificent head.

Soon we came alongside, and Harry put me right at Mr. Moose's tail. With another yell I went over the front of the canoe onto the bull's back.

But the instant I straddled him he shook himself and went up in the air like a torpedo, in a shower of mud and water, while I went backward, feet first, sinking like a picket pin right up to the chin in the mud and water. In fact, I was so near him that I could feel his back legs against mine, feel every muscle bulging and quivering in his mighty effort to get through. Also, he had made the leap without turning, and right at the scow containing the camera and the three men.

At once there was confusion. I was slapping the moose and yelling like a wild Indian. I could hear Alexander, the camera man, swearing and exhorting the two rangers; I could see the spurts of foam and mud from their sweeps as they strove to dodge the hurtling torpedo headed straight for them, while above all rose the cameraman's wail, "I didn't get the picture. Turn me toward the moose. How can I take a picture of this if you keep spinning me around like a top? Keep me facing the moose!"

You see, both men were trying to turn in different ways, and as each was a husky specimen, the big scow just spun around. And the whole thing happened so quickly, and so differently from the way we had planned it, that we missed the opening picture of the fight.

My buddy, Harry Allen, was paddling to me, and I was trying to work loose from the clinging mud. When the canoe came up I got a hold on the nose, and, hoisting with all my strength, got in again, and we started to round up Mr. Bull once more. He was making heavy sledding. In fact, I was surprized that he could get along as fast as he did. I was almost helpless in that quaking bog, except where the water

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

was deep enough to float me, but the moose was plowing through it like a tank, sending mud and water in showers over us. Still, we managed to get him among the three boats again, and this time there must be no mistake, for he was getting ready to fight. His mane was rising and falling, his long, pendant lip drawn back from his yellow teeth, his horns lowering and lifting, and his eyes blazing like red coals, while the breath came coughing through his wide, red nostrils just like one hears it from a blooded trotting-horse straining on the mile run.

"Put me right on top of him this time, Harry," I called. You see, I figured I could hold my place on the moose by grabbing a handful of hide. But Mr. Moose was tight-skinned, and his hair was as short as a man's with a short hair-cut. I couldn't get a grip anywhere, except just with my finger and thumb. Also, I was covered with soft, slippery mud, my shirt bulging out like a fat man's with it, my pockets and pants and moccasins full of it, and Mr. Moose was covered with it, too. My short legs couldn't grip his big, round barrel, and my only chance of staying on was to grip the bristling mane. Also, it wouldn't do to get around his neck for one toss backward of those terrific horns, even tho they were in velvet, would be like having a man drop a cook stove on top of you.

And Harry did the job well, says Dr. Travis. "He ran the front of the canoe right up Mr. Moose's spine, and I went over, this time gripping eagerly for the mane." But:

The minute Mr. Moose felt the canoe, the instant my legs touched him, he shot forward with a combination of sideslip and shimmy that almost unseated me again. But clawing for the mane, scrambling along the broad back as hard as I could, I still held on.

With a furious snort the bull made for the rim of the trap. It was only some two hundred feet away, and nobody in front of him. With a quiver of relief he reached the rim. His front feet touched harder ground, and with a comical shimmy, like a dog shaking water from him, the moose shot forward, and sent me reeling backward into the bog.

It was right here that I had expected trouble. For when the moose reached this point, he would have good going, and I would be stuck in the mud. Hence the rifle. I knew Bridges could drop him with one shot, but was I in line with that shot? Also, if the moose turned and made for me now, even if Bridges killed him dead, Mr. Moose would still land on me. Then, too, remember this: A bull moose weighs almost as much as the biggest horse, somewhere around fifteen hundred pounds, and stands some eleven feet from tip of toes to top of antlers. Also, a moose's antlers weigh a little over a pound to every inch of spread. That is, a fifty-inch spread of horns weighs a little over fifty pounds. Let that mass topple over on top of you while you are in mud twenty feet deep, and only the goblins will ever "git you," even if you do "watch out."

But, bless your heart, Mr. Moose is full of surprizes. You never know what each one will do, or how he will do it. The danger didn't materialize at all. The moose

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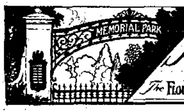

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didn't even turn. He just trotted slowly and deliberately off for about a hundred feet. Then he calmly stopt and turned his head toward me with that inexpressible expression of, "Well, what in thunder are you fellows trying to do?" Then, just as unhurriedly and calmly, he turned toward the forest, trotted unconcernedly along, and faded away into the encircling thicket, leaving me struggling in the muddy water toward the canoes.

It was Harry who retrieved me, and the rest crowded around with congratulations and expressions of relief. We had played in luck. The wind was right, the light was right, we had found the right kind of a moose, and our plan worked right on the whole. We had the movie all clear and full to show them. And the thing some had told us was impossible had been done without a serious hitch. We had ridden a wild bull moose and stayed with him long enough to get a moving-picture of the act.

THE SECRET OF HIBERNATION

THE weather may be the loveliest of the year, warm and sweet with a cloudy haze of gnats still playing in the sun, before their little hour is gone, and the fields may be rich with their harvests of earth fruits, but when the animal bedtime comes for the bats, marmots, hedgehogs, and dormouse, they linger not upon the order of their going, but go. Why sit up, when it is time to go to bed? Some believe that these little creatures are warned by the approaching chill in the air to begin their hibernation, but Dr. Adolf Koelsch, in a late number of *Kosmos* (Stuttgart), thinks differently. He feels that what determines their winter sleep is the condition of the animal's own organism, and not the variations of heat or cold, or lack and scarcity of food. "When the proper hour has been struck in the calendar of any given animal, the latter seeks its winter retreat unconcerned as to what external conditions may be." For example, the sat-squirrels, known in Germany by the picturesque name of seven sleepers, begin their winter sleep in August; in the same way, no matter how prodigal the gifts of the autumn harvest, the marmot ceases its active life and retires to rest, and this even when it is kept in heated rooms and well nourished:

> Conversely, it is quite impossible to induce the winter sleep during the summer by the employment of a degree of cold corresponding to that ordinarily prevailing during hibernation. They are far more apt to die suddenly like all other mammals when the heat of the blood is artificially lowered during the warm season of the year; it is true that they exhibit more resistance to artificial lowering of the blood temperature than do either men or dogs; but even hibernating animals will not support for any length of time such an artificial chilling of the blood at any time except the usual beginning of the hibernating period in the late fall.

In other words, the hibernating instinct, like the migratory instinct in birds, is independent of the changes of the weather, but is regulated entirely by processes occurring within the interior of the body which can

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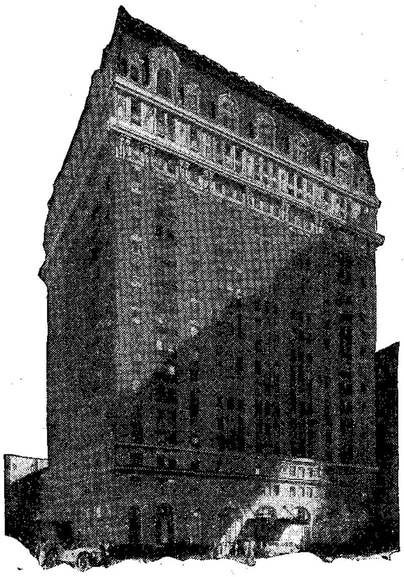

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

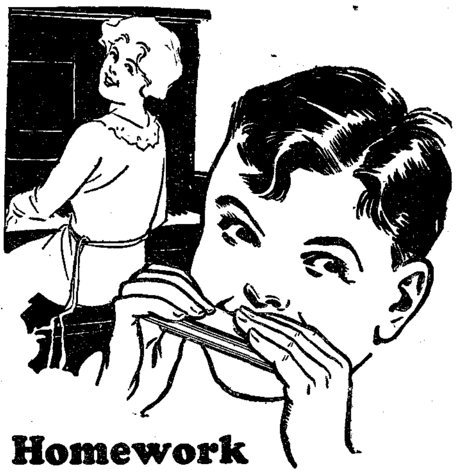
not be directed or diverted by external influences:

> Even if we assume with apparent probability that the original occasion of hibernation in remote ages is to be found in cold, scarcity of food, and the other inhospitable features of the wintry season, things have to-day progressed so far that external conditions can no longer influence the animals concerned.
>
> The regulatory mechanism which strikes the time for the beginning of hibernation is inborn in each animal, just as are other peculiar features, such as the voice, the structure of the body, the conditions of nutrition and reproduction. This is another fact which certainly does not add to the simplicity of the physiological problem involved.

The difficult feature of the problem of hibernation, thus stated, is to determine the nature of the internal stimuli which regulate the animal's conduct and to discover which organs are specifically concerned. Here the theory of the influence of the thyroid gland comes into play. It has long been known that this excretes certain hormones into the circulation which exert enormous influence on various functions of the body. For instance:

> Among other things, the thyroid secretion has the property of being able to influence strongly the heat center lying in the middle brain, heightening the temperature in a manner similar to that of the stimuli which occasion fever. Persons with an abnormally large and abnormally active thyroid gland—such as those suffering from Basedow's disease—suffer constantly from a too high temperature of the blood, while men and animals with a poorly functioning thyroid (the goiterous cretin) suffer from the opposite fault of a blood temperature which is too low.
>
> Adler observed that in the hedgehog this organ is greatly altered during hibernation; the thyroid is retrogressive and incapable of normal functioning. At the same time the heat center of the brain is correspondingly crippled. It has, so to speak, retrogressed to the stage of the cold-blooded animals, and the entire organism of the creature has followed suit. At the same time Adler discovered that if a very small amount of thyroid extract was injected under the skin of the hedgehog the animal began to have active respiration at the end of about two hours; it woke up, its temperature quickly increased to the normal degree, and it ran about and grunted. But after the lapse of a few hours the effect of the injected extract had worn off, so that the animal again fell into its cold and sleepy condition.

It can not be concluded, however, it seems, that the thyroid alone is responsible for the phenomena of hibernation, for Adler found that the secretions of certain other internal glands, the pituitary and the supra-renals, are also capable of waking the sleeping hedgehog. Another investigator, Zondek, further enlarged the list of what may be called activating substances, which he found to include not only secretions from the reproductive glands but



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even the ordinary 3 per cent. solution of common salts. Zondek, indeed, finally came to the conclusion that it was the temperature rather than the nature of the injected liquid which was operative, stating that if this fluid was about eight degrees colder than the internal heat of the intestine, the animal was not aroused from sleep, whereas if it were warmer the little creature woke up and remained in a lively state for ten to fifteen hours. The author of the article does not believe these two theories are mutually exclusive. He draws a parallel between hibernation and the winter sleep of plants, which as we now know can be interrupted not only by a number of chemical substances but by various simple physical influences, such as a warm bath, narcosis, etc.

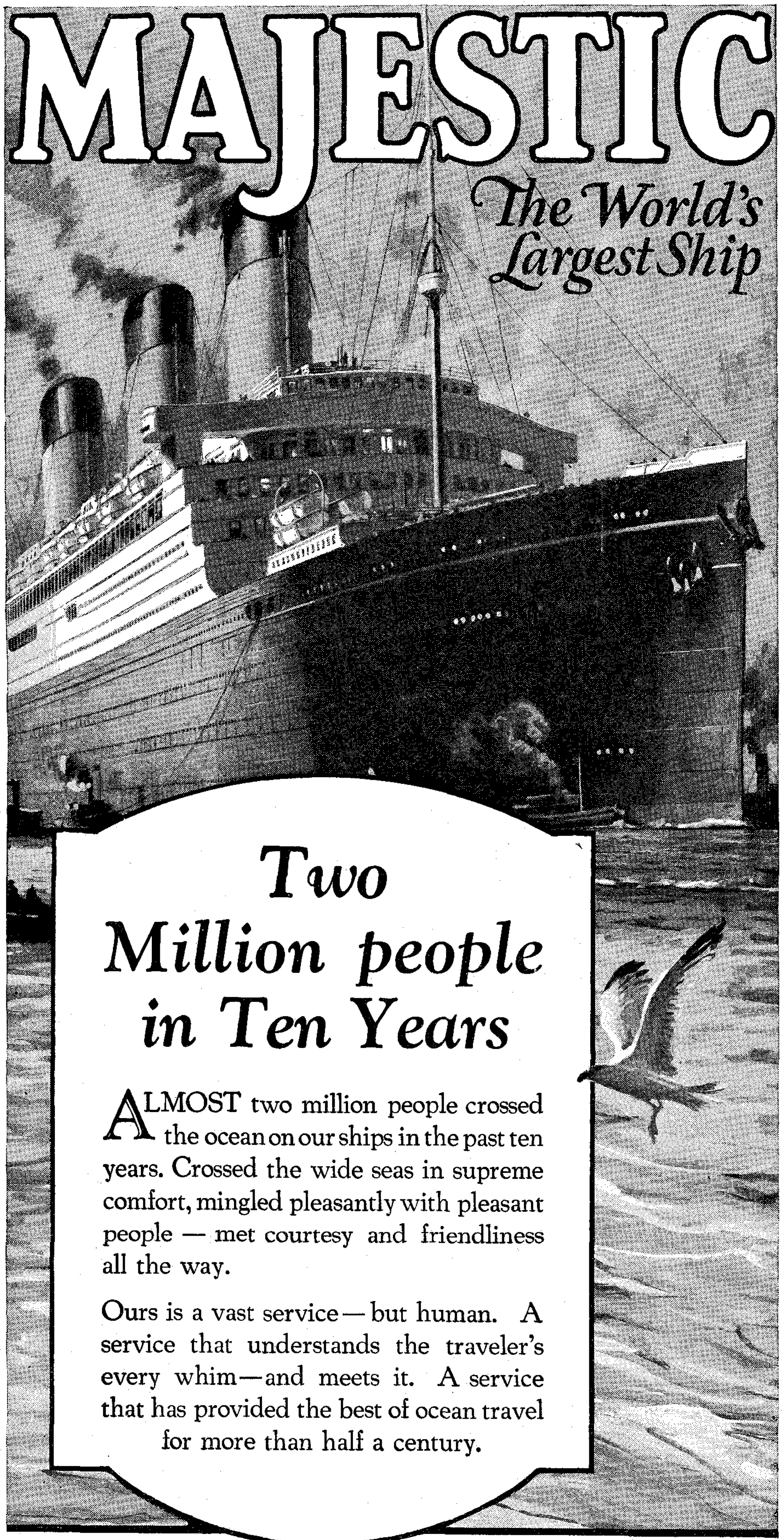
After carefully pointing out that it is by no means certain that artificial stimuli producing the same effect as natural stimuli are identical with the latter, he sums up the matter as follows:

> On the whole, however, it is not improbable that the thyroid gland plays the most decisive rôle in the mechanism of hibernation. Its shrunken appearance in the fall and its corresponding revival in the spring make it quite evident that it is profoundly involved in the phenomena under consideration. We may admit, indeed, that there are various artificial stimuli which produce similar effects, but we must not forget that these artificial stimuli are not present in a state of nature.

THE TRUMPETER SWAN'S COURTSHIP

THE great falls roared and called, and the trumpeter swans floating on the water were suddenly seized by the treacherous current and dragged swiftly to their death. Their soft white wings beat the water in their dying agony, but the cruel god of the falls had them in his power, and soon all was over. Only one swan, more powerful or more fortunate, drifted into the quiet waters of a little eddy, and, smoothing his ruffled feathers, wondered what kept the rest of the flock. Soon he sent out the loud, ringing trumpet call, and listened with his head on one side for an answer, but heard only the falls rumbling and splashing. From all the green waters came no answering call of his mate, and the great swan felt a deep loneliness. What was he to do now? William Macmillan in *Outing Magazine* (Columbus) tells about the course the swan pursued:

> When the sun had dried his feathers, and he had somewhat regained his composure, he soared into the air again. Hovering over the misty wall of rock that marked the roaring tumble of the falls, he swung about in great circles. Then, since the yawning canyon of wall and water gave back no answer to his raucous cries, he turned his head to the north and coasted down the sky, bugling as he flew. For the first time in his life he felt dreadfully alone. And as he zoomed toward the north, almost at right-angles to the splash of gold and crimson that marked the setting sun, his soul was torn in doubt and misery.
>
> It was one of those rare evenings in early



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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

spring. The drake, his sharp eyes searching, ever searching, glimpsed the pink blossoms of the arbutus, and caught perhaps a whiff of their exquisite fragrance. A swollen stream, winding in and out of little patches of green forest like a slender ribbon of silver, drew his eye and he boomed along its course.

About an hour later, when a million stars flamed about him and the moon blazed a path of mellow gold across the marshlands, he shot earthward on a long slant that would bring him to the boundaries of a small farm cut out of the wilderness of tawny marsh and green woods. While the night winds moaned softly through the stiff river grasses, the trumpeter drake dredged among the inviting little pools. At times wedges of Canada geese trooped across the dark heavens, sending their haunting calls throbbing down to the earthbound.

At the first of these signals the trumpeter swan spread his great wings wide and sent clanging back to the winging travelers a clarion note of kinship. Then, as if convinced at length that they were not of his kindred, he went back to puddling about in the prolific pools.

Just before dawn, in that mystic hour that precedes the creeping in of day, he waddled to a hot-bed that lay on a little rise near by with its glass cover propt open. At the first flop his wing hit the prop, there was a crash of breaking glass, and he was a prisoner in Abe Stearn's hot-bed.

It was high noon before the farmer discovered his presence and subjected him to the crowning indignity of his imperious life. As Abe opened the shattered cover and tried to grab his prize, the great bird dashed fiercely toward him with a raucous hiss. Darting out his powerful, steel-springed neck in a peculiar, twisting jab he fought the man so earnestly that the latter was hard put to secure a hold. Fighting every foot of the way, Abe brought the drake to his house and, by means of a pair of sheep shears, clipt those feathers without which no bird, not even a gigantic trumpeter swan, can fly.

It was a cruel thing to do, this binding of the long-winged traveler to the earth, and when the drake found that no amount of vigorous wind-pounding would carry him into the familiar spaces he flew into a rage. Furious perhaps at the thought that all the fowl in the vicinity had witnessed his humiliation and degradation he drove them furiously before him.

Living on the edge of the interminable marshes as he had been for twenty-five years or more, Abe Stearns took no chances of losing his valuable birds. Clean around the spacious farmyard he had constructed a small-meshed wire fence. And the day that the haughty bird struck against that mysterious wire he could not understand it.

First he tried to shatter the elusive strands by pecking at them with lightning-like jabs of his broad bill. By that time he was surrounded by a ring of highly interested Pekin ducks and Cochin hens. Apparently considering it a rare treat to see the regal swan attempt the demolition of a barricade that had been there throughout their lives, they cackled advice of various sorts. Stung to unreasoning anger by the futility of his efforts, and smarting under the humility of the whole thing, the great drake drew back a few feet, took a short run

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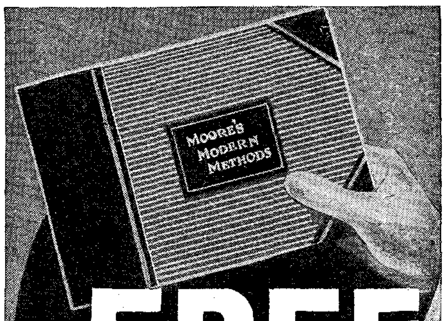

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and with a mighty flapping of wings crashed into the fence.

But instead of smashing through, as he had expected to do, he was bounced violently back by the spring in the wire and thrown upon his chest.

It was bitter humiliation, this sprawling about of the wonderful bird, and the ducks quacked and the hens squawked their deep approval. Enraged at the derision in the harsh sounds the drake picked himself up as best he could and dashed furiously at his tormentors. The Pekin ducks stood their ground for a moment, but as the broad beak jabbed at them with hissing anger, they broke and fled amid a shower of feathers.

That is, all but one, a little gray-white thing, one-third the size of the swan. More delicate of build than any of her kind, the story goes on, she stood her ground unwaveringly. Indeed:

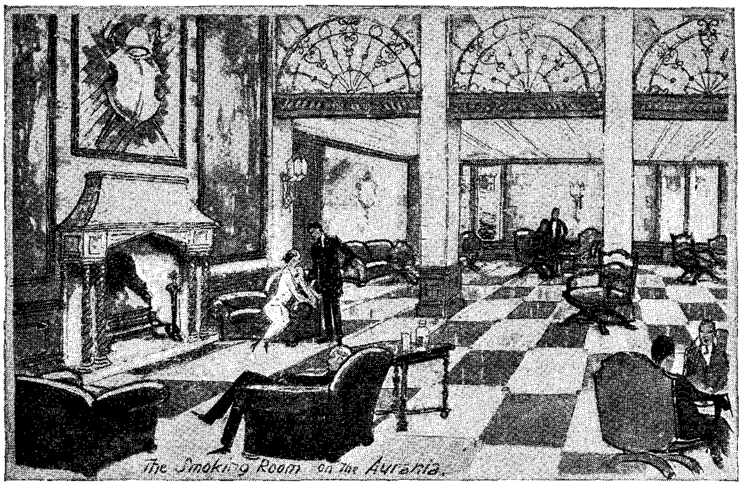
So close did the ripping beak flash by her clouded breast that it seemed as if she must be killed on the spot. But, as if the exhibition of nerve and sang-froid was not enough she deliberately turned her back on the infuriated thunderbolt, waddled into a near-by pool and complacently started to hunt in its muddy depths. The drake at first could not understand these mysterious tactics; had the little duck but attempted even the slightest resistance, he undoubtedly would have torn her limb from limb. Halting in his blind rush, he arched his long neck and stared at her in bristling doubt.

Now there are many who contend that the gigantic trumpeter swan mates but once in the year and thereafter lives a life of rare accord with the chosen one. Tho the swan drake mourned sincerely for the mate that the roaring waters of the falls had sucked down to ignoble death, there was a mysterious charm and lure about this slender creature of an alien people that attracted him mightily.

The trumpeter swan's courting was as stately and majestic as was to be expected from so magnificent a bird. Shooting a glance of lofty disdain at the routed spectators, he waddled slowly over to the pond and began feeding along the muddied shore. There was not much to be found there, because incessantly exploring beaks had combed and scraped every inch of its surface many hours before. But the drake pecked industriously at tasteless bits of shell and bones with elaborate concentration.

Ignoring the stranger completely, the little duck went on feeding. He could have been a thousand miles away for all the attention she paid him. Admiring trumpeter swans seemed to be the very last thing in the world she was interested in. But the drake was not used to being ignored; besides, he was anxious for closer acquaintanceship. Waddling heavily into the waters of the little pond, he drifted quietly up to her. The duck, tail up and head down, was so busy searching about the bottom with her sensitive bill that she didn't know he was so close until his broad, pink-edged beak appeared beside hers under the water.

They came to the surface together, and the slender duck made great pretense of paddling promptly away. But the long, graceful neck of the swan reached out and swept her close to him. Chirring musically, he rubbed his beak gently under her throat. The Pekin duck cackled in polite response, but quickly dodged away. Swimming around in great circles she studied every inch of this magnificent suitor. The drake,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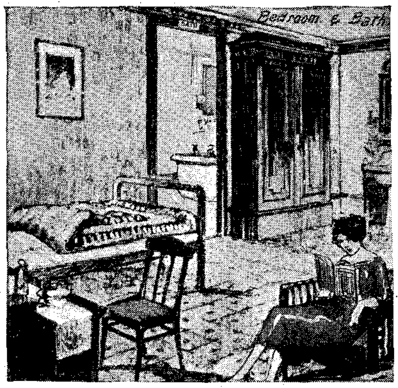

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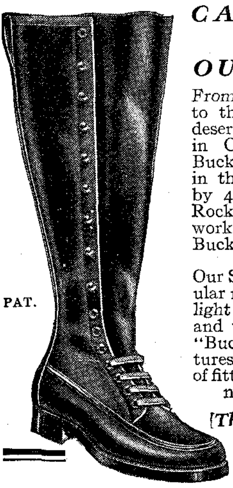

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Continued

sensing this appraisal "for better or for worse," arched his graceful neck, bulged out his chest and fluffed the feathers of his tail.

Now there are many who contend that the trumpeter swan, either ashore or afloat, is a most ungainly bird. On shore he waddles with unparalleled awkwardness, while, when in the water, his bows sink much too deep. But with this opinion the little white duck did not agree. The mighty body and graceful neck filled her heart with an overwhelming admiration. Her frigidity melted away and she drifted coyly back toward him. Head to head the two chirred together in soft undertones; and then, side by side they sailed across the waters to the inviting alders on the opposite shore. Here the trumpeter swan and the Pekin duck took residence.

It was an extraordinary change for the little duck; no longer was she allowed to roam up and down the farmyard at will. The swan was an exacting lover. Marking out an imaginary dead-line on his side of the pond he patrolled its well-defined limits with jealous care, and presented such a terrifying front to the casual invader that his entire territory soon became as a kingdom set apart.

Having nothing else to do the little white duck fashioned a nest of a kind in the clump of alders. It was the most untidy of nests this, a collection of sticks, grass and mud pushed carelessly into a triangle of branches. The trumpeter swan was at once both vastly interested and troubled in its construction, and it wasn't for the lack of sympathy that the finished home looked too crazy and insecure to hold the four odd colored, bunt-ended eggs that his mate presently laid. But hold them it did, and there came a day when the little white duck turned her head away from the masterful swan and no amount of coaxing on his part could turn her from her instinctive duty. Upon which, mounting guard over his precious home, the great white swan ceaselessly dredged the mud of the pond for tasty tit-bits, and combed the trampled shore for whatever he could find.

Laying his spoils on the edge of the ramshackle nest, he would watch her peck listlessly at the food. In a turmoil of anxiety at her lack of appetite he would breast up to her, dissect the piece of food into tiny morsels and with throaty murmurings try to induce her to eat. It surely was a time of deep anxiety for the big swan, but night and day his ceaseless vigil never slackened.

The swan did not feel that his domestic duties were over when he had found food, and coaxed his mate to eat, for the marshes held many enemies for the little duck, but the drake felt no fear and fought many a valiant battle. The story goes on:

A red fox, big and strong and gifted with the incomparable sagacity of his kind, solved the defense of the barricade one night and was within two leaps of the defenseless duck before the drake spied him. It is doubtful if the flame-coated fellow ever knew what hit him. His long body had actually left the ground in what might be described as a space-consuming leap, having as its objective, in the case of a bird, that part of the breast just above the wing-joint where life throbs close to the surface, when he was flattened to the earth under an

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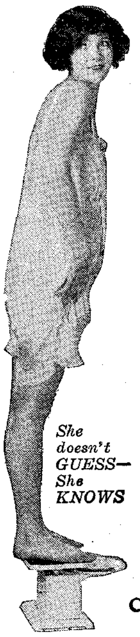

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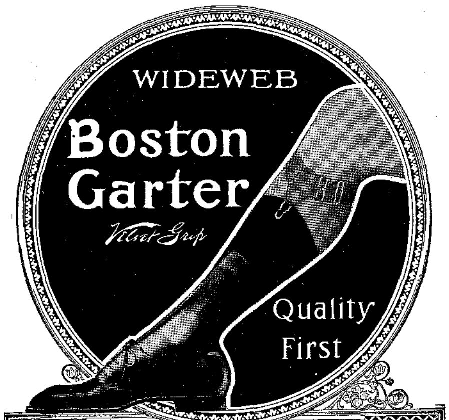

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avalanche of smashing wings and stabbing pokes.

Tho he lay on his back and raked the great bird above him from chest to stern, he could reach no vital spot. Had the mighty swan not been so fearfully excited the chances are that the fox would never have emerged alive from his ill-advised raid. Had that darting beak but once found its mark the muddy shore of the pond would surely have been his grave. As it was he was pounded so unmercifully that he was barely able to stagger away with the furiously hissing bird in close pursuit.

When the drake waddled back to the nest some time later with his long neck arched proudly and deep rumblings in his chest, he found his mate as motionless as ever on the precious eggs.

Just as "everything comes to him who waits," so in the duck world, "everything comes to her who sits." And after many weeks of ceaseless brooding there came a momentous day when the little white duck proudly led down to the water four fuzzy little things, perfect miniatures of the mighty trumpeter. The drake's bulging chest swelled more than ever with fatherly pride as the youngsters paddled delightedly about in the water, and when he considered that the rabble of curious ducks had come too near he frightened them away with harsh hisses and a prodigious flapping of mighty wings.

Now the goslings were going about, the drake's worries were increased considerably, for foxes were not the worst of his deadly enemies. The marshes of the outer world abounded with whipcorded, keen-witted mink, and a raid on the farmyard was occasionally indulged in by some sagacious old-timer. And since week-old goslings appealed particularly to the palates of these brown-furred killers, it wasn't long before every line of the drake's almost impregnable defense was subjected to a thorough test.

A young mink, possibly in the third year of his life, was the first to cross the deadline. Unfortunately for him he came too late in the morning, and for a whole day his battered body lay on the shore of the pond, a tragic object lesson to all who might read as they hid.

But the folk of the marshes seemed blest, or curst, with an amazing degree of forgetfulness and an old warrior of a mink, long and powerful as to body, and keen as to wit, crossed the rubicon the very next night. He was possest of colossal courage, was that mink, for in his eventful life he had had many exciting trysts with saber-billed ganders. His bold, frontal attack was therefore all the more remarkable.

The trumpeter's sharp eyes caught the swish of water the instant the soft-footed mink broke the mirrored surface of the pond. The wary bird had lived too long amid the dangers of his world to ignore the menace of a swimming mink. The little killer might not be at all interested in him or his family, but just as an extraordinary precaution the drake swung about in the water before his chirring mate and kept his eye on the small, sinister head moving so soundlessly across the pond.

Then something drew his attention for a second, nothing more important than a ghostly-winged night heron winging his lonely way across the face of the pale moon; but when he turned again to the mink he was gone and the surface glistened smooth and unbroken in the moonlight.

Instead of feeling vastly relieved at the disappearance of the ferocious little creature the great bird almost flew into a panic. Ruffling up his chest feathers and spreading

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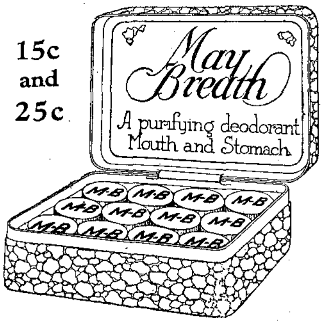
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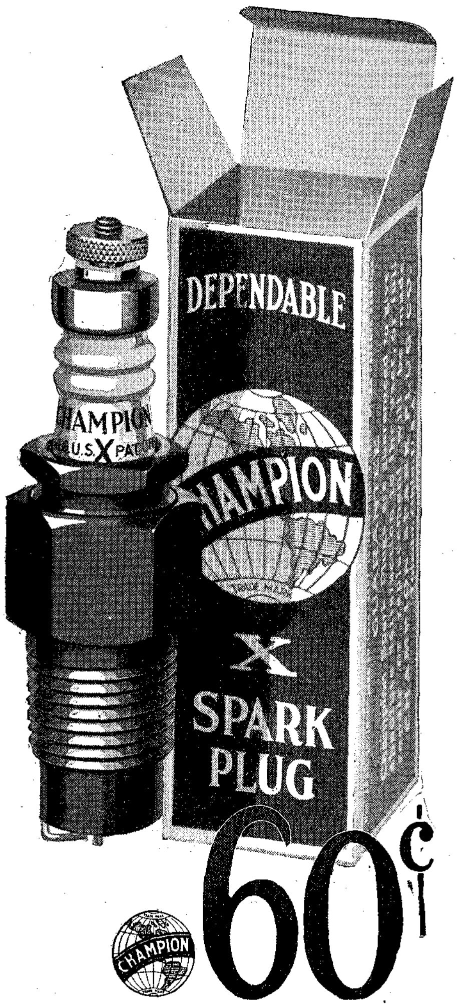

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out his tail he pounded the water prodigiously with his broad wings and waved his knobby head furiously about. Then swimming swiftly up and down in front of the now thoroughly alarmed mate, he lowered his long, snake-like neck and swept the surface of the pond in a fiercely threatening manner. Then suddenly the knife-edged beak plunged under water with a peculiar hissing sound.

Snapping like a high-tensioned steel spring the slender neck darted this way and that. But the bird, even a steel-springed swan, that expects to transfix a swimming mink must needs be exceedingly swift indeed. The brown-furred creature in the murky depths seemed to anticipate every stab of that dissecting beak. Darting here and there with the speed of light, he at last shot under the deeply sunken bows of the great bird and sank his teeth in a yellow leg.

Squawking with furious anger, the trumpeter spread his broad wings and tried to rise and drag his deadly little enemy out of the water. As the mink felt himself hoisted into the air and carried across the pond he became convinced that he had committed an error of judgment and that further acquaintanceship with this ferocious bird was altogether unnecessary. Letting go of his hold on the yellow leg he dropt into the water with a loud splash and darted out of sight vowing, no doubt, that never again would he carry war into such an enemy's territory.

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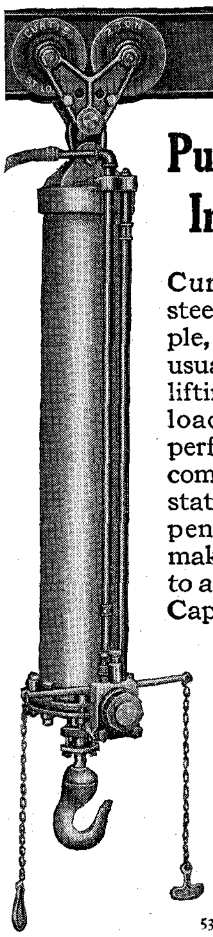
WHEN the first rays of the sun come stealing up on the horizon, we can begin to hear the rustling and twittering of that hero of song and story, "the early bird," out to catch the equally famous "worm." We might even imagine the "early bird" saying to his mate, "Well, here's another day, and I must crawl out of our nest and earn our living," for even the birds must enter the eternal struggle for "a living." It takes work and patience to wait and watch for an accommodating worm to thrust its head out, or to peer down into the depths of the water until an unwary fish goes swimming along. Mr. Oliver G. Pike says in *The Sphere* (London) that one of the birds that works the hardest is the heron:

> Or rather I should say that it exercises the most unbounded patience. The heron never seems to hurry. If any one interested takes the trouble to hide near a lake or river frequented by herons he will have a lesson in stalking and patience that is well worth the learning. First, the bird will stand like a gray statue in a position where he can see the water; by doing this he is able to discover where the best fish are. Then you will see the stalker slowly unbend, and he walks to within a few feet of the water's edge, or to a spot where he can just see into the lake.
>
> Now he changes his tactics, and becomes just a keen hunter intent on nothing but capturing his prey. Ever so slowly he goes forward, and you can hardly see his legs moving, but if with your field-glasses you watch intently, you will notice that



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after perhaps two minutes have gone by he is a foot nearer the water. Each leg is raised and put down again without making a sound or moving a single piece of grass. All the time the bird is moving forward, the long neck is being slowly extended. The whole performance looks like an excellent exhibition of slow-motion photography. When the bird has reached the edge he continues to move, still more slowly bending over. Then suddenly the swordlike bill flashes downwards, the body follows like a great streak, and he is hidden in a mighty splash.

The great wings now beat the water as he struggles toward the shore, and he scrambles out in a very ungainly manner. As he stands upon the bank with the water streaming from his feathers, we see in his beak a splendid fish. This is crusht in his beak, worked round until the head points down his throat, then with a number of gulps the fish disappears. It is such a large one that we see his throat swelling as it goes down, but the bird does not seem to suffer any discomfort. He shakes his feathers, wipes his beak on the grass, and stalks off to another part of the lake side, for he does not fish twice in the same spot.

But the finest fisherman in the whole world, Mr. Pike believes, is the little English kingfisher:

> Many hours have I spent watching him dive for his prey. Sometimes he will go straight into the water from his perch, and at other times he hovers over it for quite half-a-minute before plunging in. I have often wondered how it is that the kingfisher is so successful, for he makes such a great splash each time he enters the water, yet only once have I seen him miss his prey. If we drop a small pebble among a number of fish they all dart away in different directions, but the kingfisher evidently well marks his fish before diving, and follows it under the water.
>
> When he returns, if the fish is a small one, he swallows it before returning to his perch, but if it is three inches in length—for this would be a large fish for the bird to swallow—he brings the struggling creature back with him, then works it about in his beak until he has a firm grip of its tail, and brings its head down about half-a-dozen times on to the branch. By doing this he is able to kill or stun the fish; then, tossing it into the air for about six inches, he opens his large beak, and always succeeds in catching it head first. With many violent gulps the fish goes slowly out of sight, and when the long beak is at last closed, the beautiful bird seems to be suffering from the most intense indigestion!
>
> When you realize that the fish that he has just swallowed was almost as long as his own body, you can understand the reason for this uncomfortable appearance! If you have patience and continue to watch your bird, you will find that about twenty minutes later he suddenly shakes his ruffled feathers, opens his eyes, which all this time have been partly closed, and becomes the keen hunter once more. Again he goes into the water, and another fish is brought up.
>
> A fine angler is the great-crested grebe. This magnificent water-bird dives for its prey, and by using its wings as well as its feet under the water is able to travel faster than the fish which swim so rapidly. I have found that when these birds dive they will often remain under for forty-five seconds, and sometimes longer, and they undoubtedly have some exciting hunts after their prey. When the birds have been

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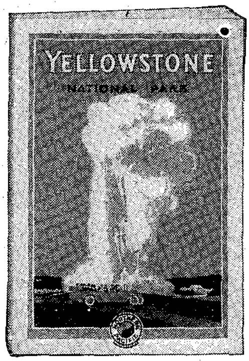

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really intent on fishing, I have seen them dive time after time and draw a blank, showing that they are nothing like so successful as the kingfisher.

The grebe has to work really hard for its living, but sometimes I have been rewarded by seeing a bird bring a good-sized roach to the surface. I once saw what I can only put down to determined obstinacy on the part of the bird. This grebe brought to the surface a fine roach. As far as I could tell with my powerful field-glasses it was not less than ten inches in length. It seemed far too large a fish for the bird to swallow. For several minutes he swam about the lake with the prize in his beak, then he made an attempt to swallow it.

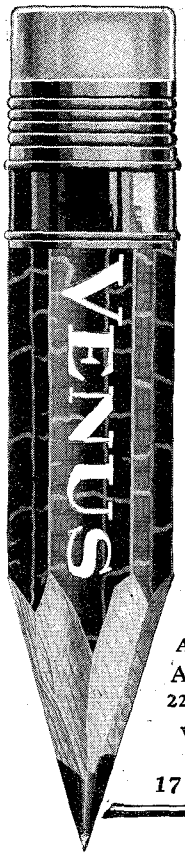
Why do the birds always swallow the fish head-first? Mr. Pike replies:

If they did otherwise the fins and scales would stick in their throats and choke them. So the grebe turned the fish round, got its head and part of the body down its throat, and made many violent jerks and movements of the neck to make it go down farther. It looked to me, as I watched, to be an impossibility for it to do so, but the bird persevered. For ten minutes it swam about with the large fish protruding from its beak, and I thought that the bird must soon give in. But this grebe had worked hard and long for his meal, and he was not going to relinquish it without a struggle. Five minutes later another inch of fish had gone down, and to cut a long story short, all except the tail disappeared! But at last, after a series of the most violent gulps, this too went out of sight, and the bird glutton was able to close his beak. He now washed this in the water, shook his feathers, and immediately *dived for another fish!*

There is an interesting little bird known as the red-necked phalarope, which we find nesting in just two or three very remote spots in the British Islands, and this has an interesting method of finding its food. It feeds on small insects, which it picks up from the water, and if there are not enough to be found on the surface, the bird will turn rapidly round and round, at the same time beating the shallow water with its wings. By doing this it is able to stir up the mud at the bottom, and many creatures are brought to light. The phalarope is one of the very tamest birds I ever photographed. They so seldom see man in their desolate and distant haunts that they do not yet seem to have learned to look upon him as an enemy.

Just as hunger has made men do many strange deeds, it has the same effect on the birds also. What looks impossible the bird attempts when driven to it by extreme hunger. Says Mr. Pike:

All their lives birds are assailed by enemies, but there are some which are more exempt than others. One of the latter is the kestrel. He obtains most of his meals by killing, while there are not many creatures that would attack a bird of prey. But the kestrel will sometimes meet his equal. I knew one which had evidently been hunting for a long time without success. It was a cold winter morning, and the day had partly gone and still no food came his way. There



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another wild creature on the ground
h was also suffering from hunger, and
ortune would have it these two hunters
. Now, when two animals which
ain their meals by killing meet, there is
to be trouble.

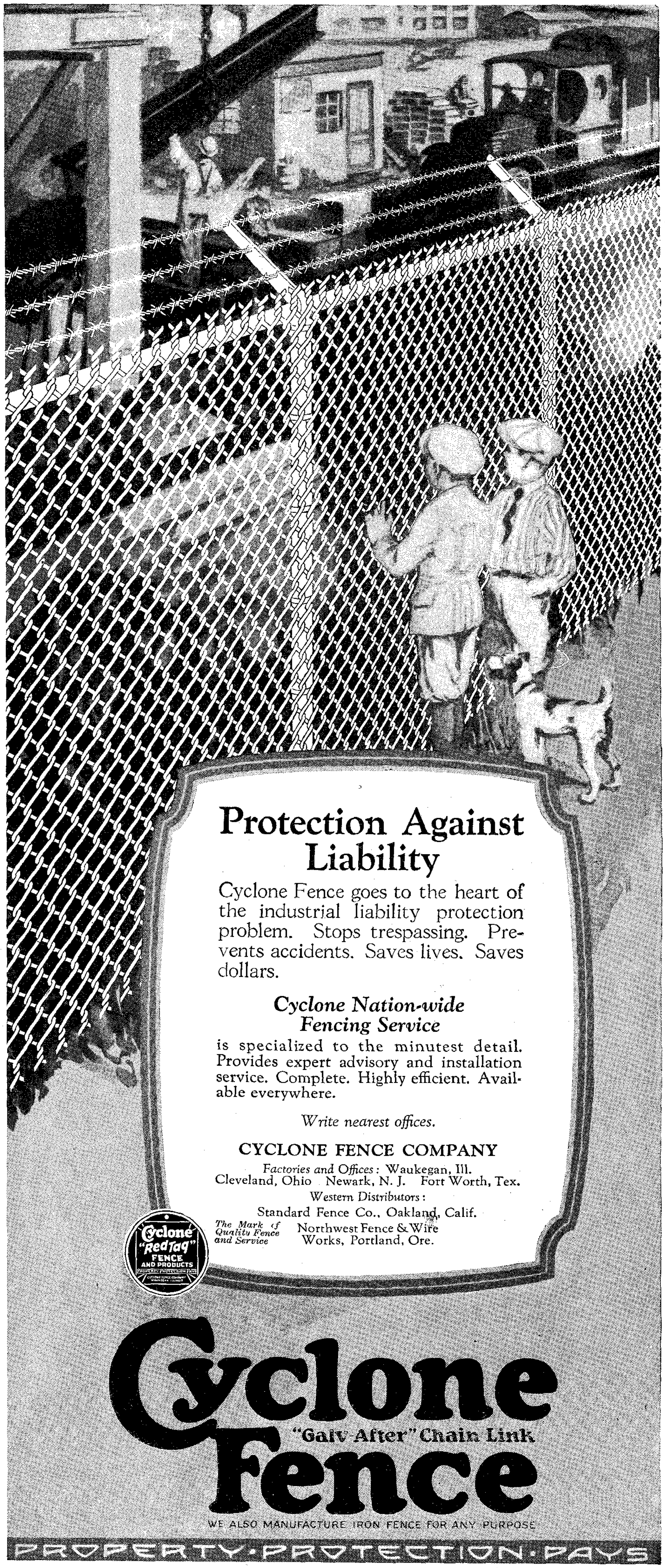
In the ordinary way, the kestrel would
t attack a stoat, but the bird was hungry,
d down there in the grass, he saw a meal.
or a minute or so he hovered over the
ammal on the ground, dropt a few feet,
nd hovered again. The stoat saw the
ird; he had never tackled a bird of prey
efore, but above him there might possibly
e a meal if he kept his wits about him.
he crouched in the grass, his head slightly
ised, watching the dropping bird. For
earer and nearer the kestrel got to the
eature in the grass. The idea of the stoat
s, no doubt, to spring directly the bird
within reach, but when the latter did
e, he came down with such a rush that
mammal was taken unawares. There
a piercing cry from the stoat, and a
d *kek-kek-kek* from the kestrel. A
oment later he was flying away with the
uggling stoat in his talons.

As we watched this tragedy of the wilds
saw a small cloud of feathers come from
e bird; he stopt in his flight, fluttered
adly in the air, then came down like a
one to the ground beneath, with the stoat
ill holding on. When we reached them we
und both dead; the kestrel's neck was
ered with a bite, while the stoat's head
s broken by the fall!

The lapwing or peewit will sometimes
e its life because it is a very inquisitive
d. The weasel knows this, and as it is
t possible for him to stalk the bird in the
en, he performs what I consider to be the
st cunning trick of any wild animal.
e small weasel will go through the grass
near to his bird as he safely can, then
in to tumble about on the ground. The
wings seem to be fascinated by this
formance, and move a few paces nearer
obtain a better view. The weasel
doubles his effort, dancing up and down,
d appears to be quite mad! Nearer
d nearer the birds come to watch this
all actor which is performing such a
r turn for them. Closer he works to the
miring group, all the time marking his
d. When close enough, the weasel
rings; there is a short scuffle on the
ound while the now frightened flock fly
, but the weasel has won a hard-earned
al!

By such means as these, throughout the
ole of the animal creation, do we find
rious creatures finding the wherewithal
which to exist. Wo betide the unwary
stupidly inquisitive!

A few years ago I was sitting near a
ghland loch watching a flock of black-
cked gulls flying over the water. They
ere searching for food, and one of them
ropt to the surface. The next moment he
was flying up with a long wriggling object
n his beak, and my field-glasses showed
his to be an eel. The large bird evidently thought he had captured a tit-bit, for he hurriedly flew from the many companions which flew at him hoping to share in the meal. But as he went I saw the gull pause in his flight, and flutter excitedly. Then he uttered a scream, and in doing so let go the eel, which had entwined itself tightly around the bird's neck. The eel, now free from the firm grip, untwisted itself and dropt to the water. The gull was lucky to get off so easily, for there have been many similar instances, which have come under my own personal notice, of eels killing by strangulation the birds which had captured them.



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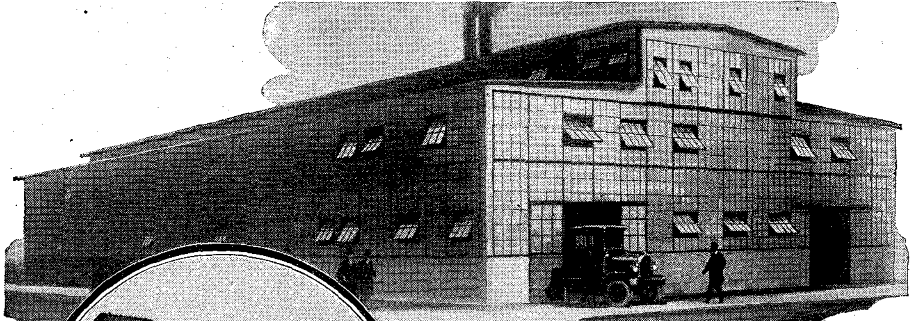

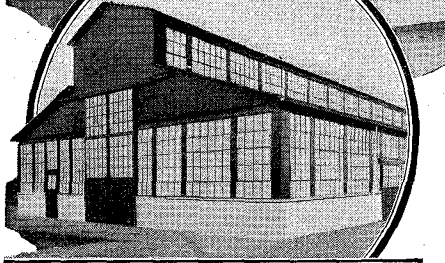

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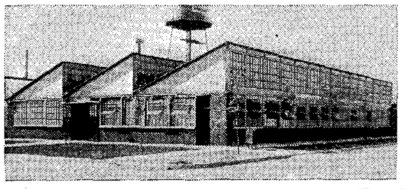

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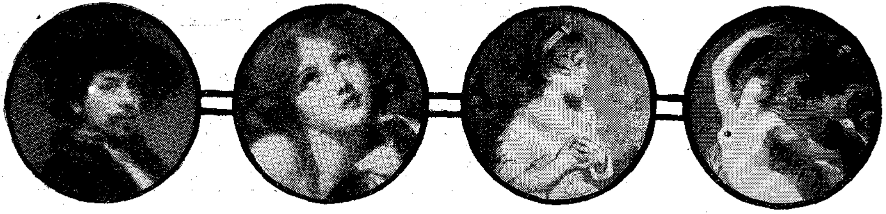

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA

THAT big jacknife would be a fearson weapon for hunting wild buffaloe across the vast plains of America, and tha piece of string would tie them fast wher captured. The tuppence in his littl pocket would pay his way across the ocear and he would be one of the great hunter of the world! So Mr. W. D. M. Bel started out on his first hunt, but the expedition was ended by the utter collaps of funds after the purchase of a pork-pi and the head of the expedition was r turned home by a benevolent policema However, the hunting ambition continue and some years later Mr. Bell started o another, which took him through va stretches of British, Belgian, and Frenc Africa, and Liberia, searching for e phants and ivory. This long adventuro journey forms the basis for his boo "The Wanderings of an Elephant Hunter (George Newnes, Ltd.). Taking with hi a safari of the natives, headed by a mag nificent specimen named Pyjale, Mr. Be journeyed into an almost unbelievab and alien life in the densest jungle, whe few white men had ever ventured. H speaks of one of his first encounters wi an elephant herd:

> While we were getting ready for t march, we heard elephant. To my ine perienced ear the sound seemed to co from some bush four hundred or five hu dred yards away. But Pyjale said, to m astonishment, that they were a long way and that unless we hurried we should not them before sundown. As the sun the indicated about one o'clock, I thought h was wrong. But he was not; for it was hal an hour from sunset when we saw ther still far away. I remember looking i dustriously about all those miles expectin momentarily to see elephant, while Pyja soaked along ahead of me without a glan aside. The only explanation of this extraordinary sound-carrying that has eve occurred to me is humidity of atmosphere During the dry season the earth becom so hot that when the first rains fall mu is evaporated in steam and the humidi is remarkable.
>
> Here we were face to face with such gathering of elephant as I had never dar to dream of even. The whole count was black with them, and what lay beyon them one could not see, as the country wa dead flat. Some of them were up to the knees in water, and when we reached the tracks the going became very bad. Th water was so opaque with mud as to quit hide the huge pot-holes made by the heavy animals. You were in and out the whole time. As we drew nearer I thought that we ought to go decently and quietly, at any rate, make some pretense of stalking them, if only out of respect to them. But no, that awful Pyjale rushed me, splashing and squelching, right up to them. He was awfully good, and I began to learn a lot from him. He treated elephant with complete indifference. If he were moved at all, and that was seldom, he would smile.
>
> I was for treating them as dangerous animals, especially when we trod on the

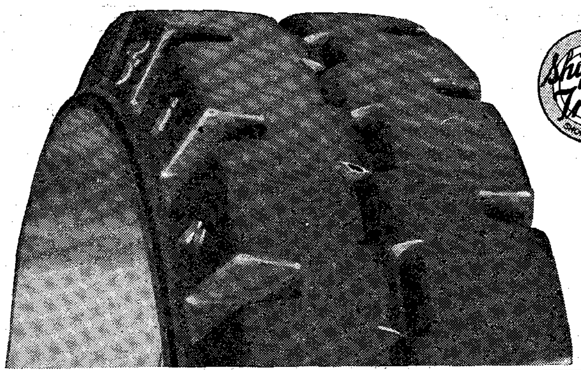
of small bogged-down calves, and mothers came rushing back at us e most alarming fashion, but Pyjale d have none of it. Up to the big would he have me go, even if we had o under infuriated cows. He made me seven before sundown stopt the blood- d.

Suliemani, Mr. Bell's faithful servant l cook, had for years thirsted, or so he d, for a chance to kill an elephant, and last the chance came, much to the usement of the camp, which was rather nical as to Suliemani's intentions:

t a camp close to the edge of the great st I was sitting on a little hill one eve- . Along one of the innumerable hant paths I saw a small bull coming. emani had for years boasted how he ld kill elephant if he were given the nce. Here it was, and I should be able see the fun. I came down to camp, d for Suliemani, gave him a rifle and y rounds, pointed out to him the ction of the elephant and sent him off. n I reclimbed the hill from which I ld see both Suliemani and the elephant. bull, having, perhaps, caught a whiff our camp, had turned, and was now urely making toward the forest. Soon emani got his tracks and went racing g behind him. The elephant now red some long, dry grass which had ped the fires, and this stuff evidently him from Suliemani's view. At the e time it was not sufficiently high to ent my seeing what happened, through glasses. In the high grass the ele- t halted and Suliemani came slap into With two frightful starts, Suliemani ed and fled in one direction, the ele- t in the other. After half a hundred s Suliemani pulled himself together nce more took up the trail, disappear- into the forest. Soon shot after shot heard. There was no lack of friends amp to carefully count the number poor emani fired. When twenty-seven had heard, there was silence for a long e. Darkness fell, every one supped. n came Suliemani stalking empty- led into camp. A successful hunter ays cuts off the tail and brings it home. liemani had failed after all his blowing. e camp was filled with jeers and jibes. a word from Suliemani as he prepared at his supper. Having eaten it in ce, the whole time being ragged to by all his mates, he quietly stept s the camp, disappeared a moment the darkness, and reappeared with the ant's tail. He had killed it after There was a shout of laughter, but Suliemani said was, "Of course."

he great gentle beasts of the zoo, teas- for peanuts, are not at all like the ele- nts which dwell wild in the jungle, ving in large bands through the forest. hen they come on a native plantation, ey enter with great joy, and soon for the bors of a season nothing is seen but de- ruction and ruin. Peanuts uprooted, gar-cane broken and trampled, fences roken to bits; so it is no wonder the na- ives hail the death of their enemies with double delight, revenge for the loss of heir crops and joy in the hope of an abundant supply of fresh meat.

Hunting a bull elephant is most



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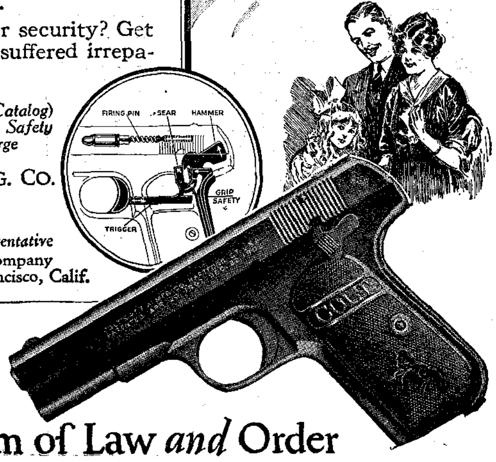

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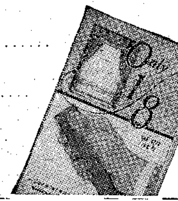

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

dangerous, and the lions add excitement to the preparation of the carcass for food:

> Besides rhino there were many lions, some of immense size, altho with poor manes. Altho I knew the Athi Plains in British East Africa in the old days, and many other parts of Africa, I have never seen such numbers of lions. I believe I am correct in stating that every carcass of elephant that we shot during the entire time was found in the possession of at least one lion when visited for the purpose of drawing the tusks. The greatest number that I personally saw round a carcass was five, but when I camped a few hundred yards to windward of some dead elephants we all had a very lively time indeed. Some boys had meat hung up and drying round huge fires too close, as it turned out, to the dead animals. I am safe in saying that from one hour after sundown until one hour before dawn nothing could approach the carcasses because of lions about them. So impertinent did they become that eventually they occupied with impunity one of the carcasses which lay only fifteen yards from the nearest fire. Here they were clearly visible to the boys in the meat camp, and when they first came the boys had tried to drive them off by throwing burning sticks at them. This offensive was so effectually countered by the lions as to cause it to cease at once. The arrival of the first firebrand was greeted with such an appalling outburst of growls, snarls, and showing of teeth as veritably to scare the throwers almost to the point of flight.

SUN SPOTS AND ANIMAL POPULATION

PERIODIC increases in the numbers of certain animals are attributed to the sun and its spots, by C. S. Elton, of the department of zoology and comparative anatomy of the University of Oxford, England. Extraordinary as this conclusion may seem, Mr. Elton offers scientific data to show that animal populations are influenced by the well-known sun-spot cycle. We quote as follows from Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

> By methods of mathematical analysis, it is possible to recognize definite climatic cycles, even in a country with a variable climate. In seeking the causes of these variations, it is reasonable to look to the sun, the source of practically all our energy. For over 150 years records have been kept of the number of sun-spots. These increase to a maximum about every eleven years. Increase in the number of sun-spots is accompanied by an increased output of energy by the sun, and, strange to say, by a low temperature on the earth. Further, the average annual temperature of the whole earth, the atmospheric pressures and rainfalls of various parts of the earth, the tracks of storms in North America and the rate of growth of the redwood tree, have all been found to show marked eleven-year fluctuations which correspond to those of sun-spot numbers. There are natural records in the case of the redwood, dating back in many cases three or four thousand years.
>
> Turning now to variations in the

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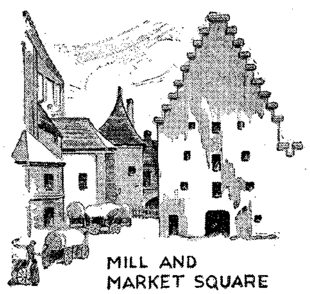

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numbers of animals, if the return of rabbit-skins taken by the Hudson Bay Company be consulted, the interesting fact is established that the numbers increase to a maximum every eleven years, and that each maximum corresponds to a sun-spot minimum. The fur returns of this Company, which have been kept since 1845, give a good index of the total rabbit population; hence the conclusion is reached that variation in the number of sun-spots in some way affects the rate of reproduction of rabbits.

Biologists can not yet explain this extraordinary relationship, but it seems likely that the explanation will be found in the effect of sunlight on animals, both directly and indirectly, through their food. It is common knowledge now that the antirachitic vitamin is intimately related to sunshine.

The lynx and the fox feed on the rabbit, so it is not surprizing that the numbers of these animals, too, vary in well-marked eleven-year periods.

Another interesting little animal in this connection is the lemming, which lives in the Arctic regions. Periodically it attains vast numbers, and it migrates usually from the mountains to the lowlands, often even into the sea. Such migrations occur contemporaneously throughout Norway, Sweden and northern Canada, and probably throughout the whole Arctic regions.

"The spectacle of processions of lemmings ecstatically throwing themselves over the ends of railway bridges, and falling to an apparently useless death beneath; the sea strewn with dead lemmings like leaves on the ground after a storm; lemmings making a bee-line across crowded traffic, oblivious to danger; all these things are bound to make people talk," Mr. Elton says. "The lemming-years are such conspicuous phenomena that it is safe to assume that all which have occurred since about 1860 have been recorded. Lemming-years in Norway have the status of great floods."

By studying their records it is found that their frequency is about three and one-half years, not eleven years as in the case of rabbits. Close examination of meteorological data shows that climate too fluctuates in three-and-one-half year periods, particularly in Arctic regions. The cause of this short-period fluctuation is not known.

In the same way as the fox and lynx benefit by years of large rabbit numbers, so in lemming-years large numbers of short-eared owls collect to feed on them, and peregrine falcons, which in normal years do not visit Norway, collect in large numbers to feed on the owls. In Greenland Arctic foxes tire of ptarmigan in lemming-years and so allow it to breed and attain large numbers in the year following the lemming-year. Then the Arctic fox decides that he likes ptarmigan after all, and down go the ptarmigan numbers.

A Candy Kid.—"My sister is awfully lucky," said one little boy to another.

"Why?"

"She went to a party last night where they played a game in which the men either had to kiss a girl or pay a forfeit of a box of chocolates."

"Well, how was your sister lucky?"

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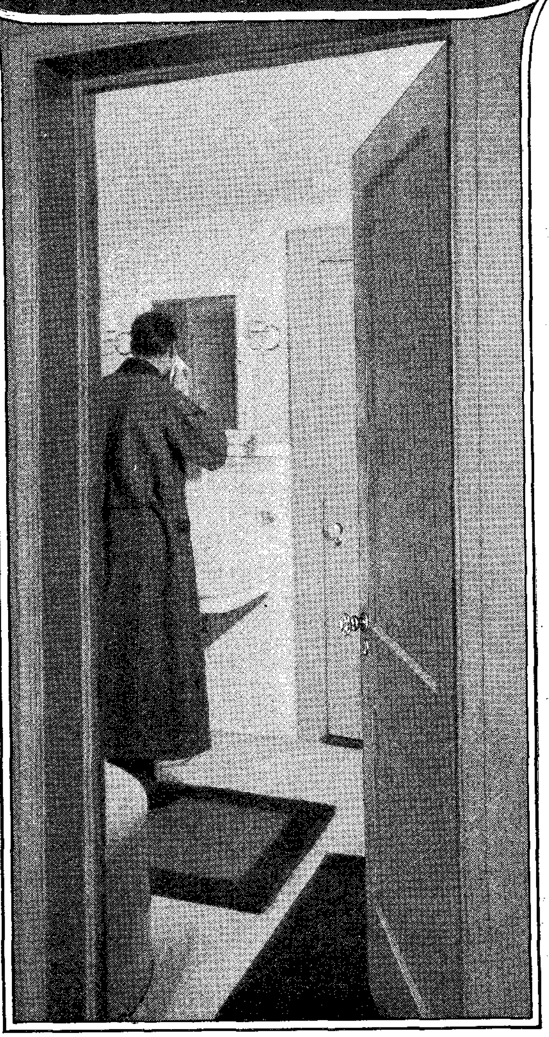

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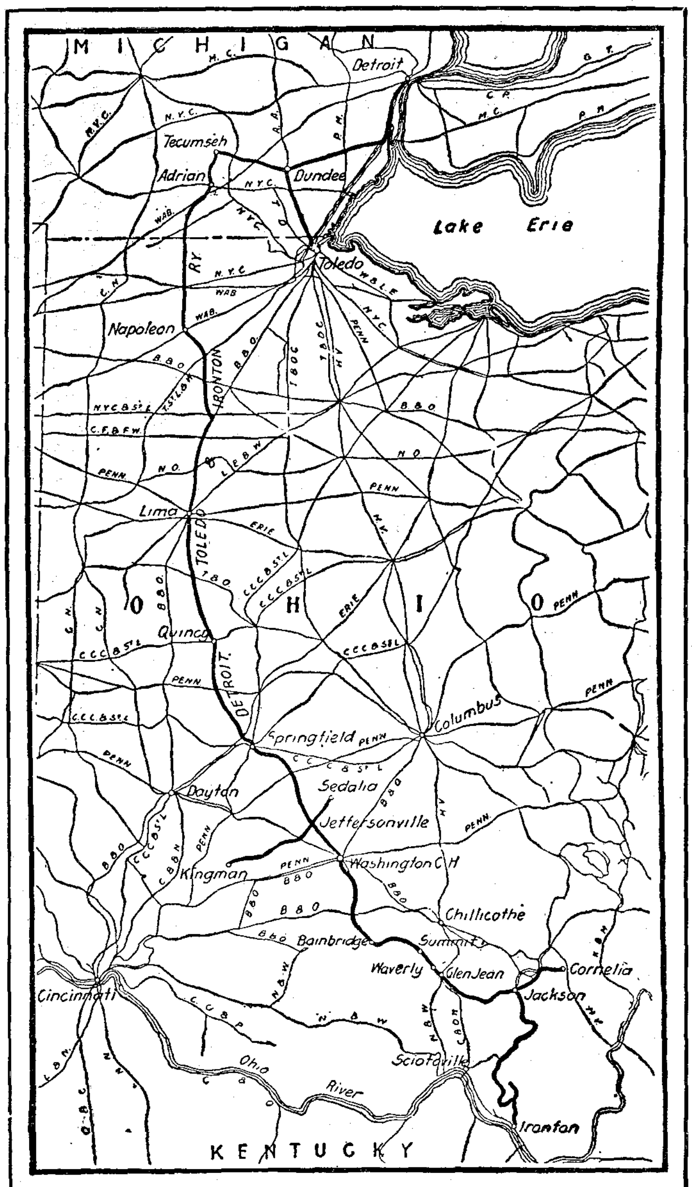
INVESTMENTS • AND • FINANCE

HOW HENRY FORD MAKES HIS RAILROAD PAY

WHILE SOME RECENTLY published figures showing the profits of the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad have been disputed by certain editors, there is, nevertheless, universal agreement that the road is most decidedly making money under the ownership and direction of Henry Ford. The railroad was bankrupt when Ford bought it, and its securities were almost worthless. Ever since he acquired the line, says the New York *Tribune*, "he has pursued a policy of plowing in earnings, and has built up an efficient and profitable business. The merits of his operating theories have been extolled in some quarters and discounted in others, his detractors declaring that the success of his enterprise is the result of the happy circumstance which gives him a huge traffic in the products of his automobile plant." A first-hand observer of Mr. Ford's doings, the Detroit *Michigan Manufacturer and Financial Record*, sees Mr. Ford making striking improvements in his railroad, in the neighborhood of Detroit, at any rate:

> To begin with, he is actually electrifying a new cut-off which he is building, and in such a style as would teach some things to the men who have been responsible for electric construction in these parts in the past. He is putting permanency and solidity into his structures, where other examples of building have conveyed the idea of temporary and makeshift construction. Of course, out of this he is going to realize lowered operating expenses, which spell profit.
>
> With all that was said a few years ago about the vacuity and amateurism of his theories of railroad management, Mr. Ford must be getting a good deal of fun out of the results nowadays. Besides, he is getting a profit, which his predecessors in this particular railroad never got to the point of enjoying.



MR. FORD'S REVOLUTIONARY RAILROAD
The Detroit, Toledo and Ironton had gone into bankruptcy when the motor manufa turer took it over, but his unusual methods have made it a splendid paying property.

In view of all the talk, and to determine what results really have been attained in the realm of railroad management and operation, *The Railway Age* decided to send two members of its editorial staff to study at close range prevailing practises on the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton. This railroad journal thinks that the result of their investigations is worth passing on to every one interested in railroad operation. Many of Mr. Ford's "worthwhile and copyable innovations" are grouped as follows:

> (1) to operate with the simplest possible administration; (2) to pay wages commensurate with the character of service rendered and sufficiently high to attract desirable men; (3) to insure that every employee is surrounded by a wholesome environment; (4) to maintain neatness and orderliness; (5) to keep every man busy; (6) to avoid waste of every form; (7) to instil safety into every operation. By the application of these principles, the physical condition of the D. T. & I. has been and is being improved considerably; its employees are diligent and contented and its patrons are apparently well pleased.

The Detroit, Toledo and Ironton, we may see by glancing at the accompanying map, has a total mileage of 468 miles, its main line extending from Detroit to Ironton, Ohio. The subsidiary Detroit and Ironton railroad has fourteen miles of double track, and is soon to be electrified. The D. T. and I. is unfortunate in having heavy grades, many curves, and few stations originating large traffic, but it is fortunate in that "it crosses nearly all the larger east and west trunk lines between Detroit and the Ohio River." The new management is putting in improved tracks and reducing curves. The accounting and bookkeeping systems have been greatly simplified, legal work has been minimized, and shop practise has been highly standardized. D. T. and I. wages are higher than those paid on other roads, but "Ford wages go only with Ford methods." Beginners get five dollars a day and employees are, in general, paid in proportion to quantity and quality of service. Typical wages now effective are: "engineers and conductors, $300 to $375 a month; firemen, $200 to $275 a month; flagmen, six dollars a day to $250 a month; machinists six to eight dollars a day; maintenance-of-way laborers, six dollars a day." Employees are not on piece work, but are paid by the hour. All are encouraged to strive for maximum wages. Further facts about Mr. Ford's dealings with his railroad employees are given as follows:

> Employees in other than train service are on duty eight hours a day during the week, with a general shut-down on Sunday. The only employees at work at all on Sunday are those engine hostlers who may be required to report for duty late Sunday evening to prepare engines for early departure Monday morning, or to care for locomotives which tie up late Saturday evening. Trains are not sent out of terminals on Saturdays unless there is sufficient time under normal conditions for them to reach their destinations before midnight. The entire property is idle on Sunday, the stations being

closed and even the crossing watchmen off duty.

In accordance with Mr. Ford's doctrine that a man properly directed can produce enough in eight hours to support himself adequately, the eight-hour day on the D. T. & I is an actual one and not merely a basis of pay.

The payment of such wages, the management concludes, completes all obligations of the employers. Officers and employees of the D. T. & I. are therefore not permitted to accept transportation from other carriers, altho transportation over the D. T. & I. is granted to other railroad employees in accordance with the prevailing custom. The few annual passes over the D. T. & I. which are held by its officers are used only on business. No passes are provided for members of employees' families, and if the employees or officers themselves take pleasure trips they must pay their fares.

Mr. Ford's railroad does not treat with the railroad Brotherhoods and asks employees to submit their grievances directly. Special efforts are made to maintain as far as possible a uniform working force through the year and avoid laying men off. During the summer extra gangs are not employed for maintenance work, the plan being to transfer men to sections where especially heavy work is being done. The D. T. & I. expects its men to keep busy while on duty without regard to departmental lines. For nstance:

> Car inspectors at certain points are carried on the section foreman's rolls and are required to work on the track during spare time. At other points car inspectors assist the car-repair men. During the ecent lull in business a number of cabooses were released from service and set out at these points where they were repaired and epainted in spare time by these car inspectors. Car-repair men operate pumps at several stations. Station agents keep their buildings in order and make certain necessary repairs with materials furnished by the stores department. In many instances they paint the station buildings. The traveling auditors are inspectors of all operations on the road, and report on the ability of agents and other conditions. Every employee is an inspector of some sort, the trainmen, for example, making monthly reports on safety conditions along the line and at grade-crossings. All employees are also active traffic solicitors, this being obligatory rather than optional as on many roads.
>
> When trains on the road are delayed or any reason, all members of the crew, excepting those protecting the train, are equired to busy themselves cleaning and polishing the fine work on the locomotive. This is done not only to improve the ppearance of the engine, but to remove dirt, and thus expose defects and increase fficiency. Fewer repairs are necessary when the locomotives are kept free from dirt and rust. No sledges or other heavy ools are allowed in the standard locomoive tool-boxes, as it is deemed that these would do considerable damage in the hands f a careless or unskilled employee. The nusual quality of the D. T. & I. locomotives has given the majority of enginemen high sense of pride in the motive power which, of course, is essential to such a maintenance program.

Henry Ford expects employees to justify heir higher wages by proper living. So

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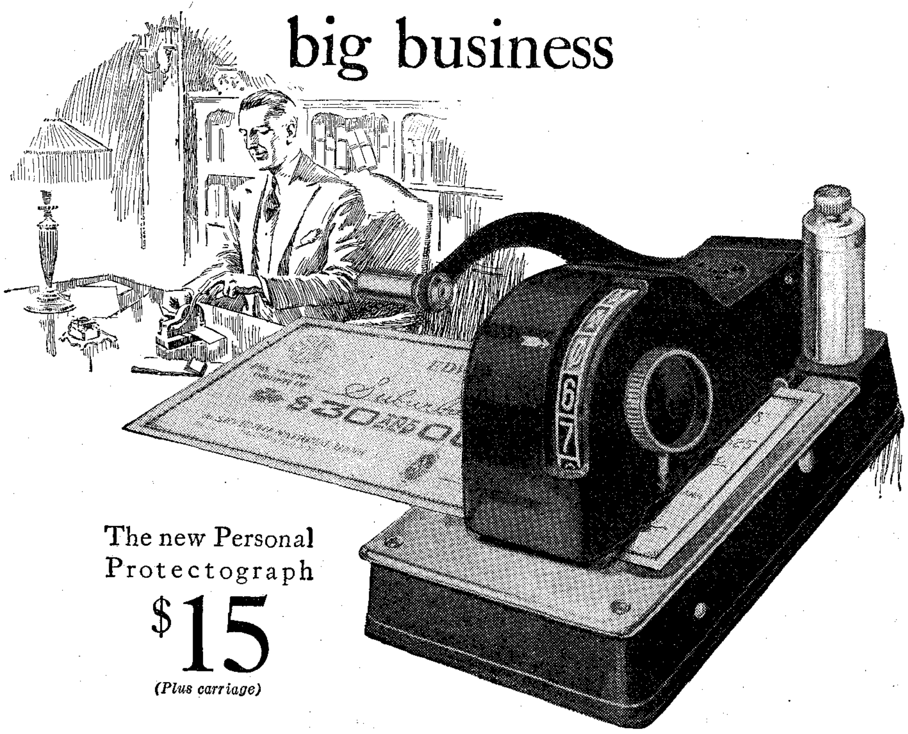

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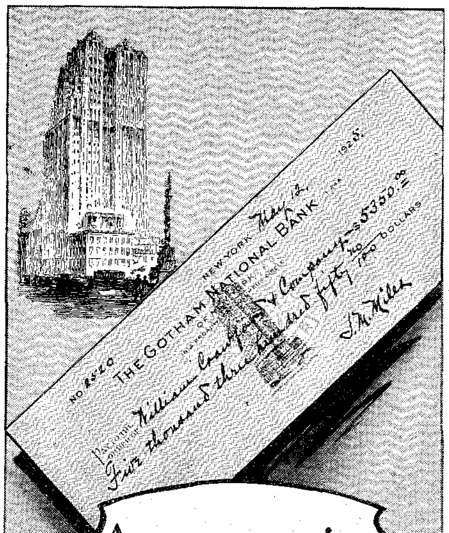

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

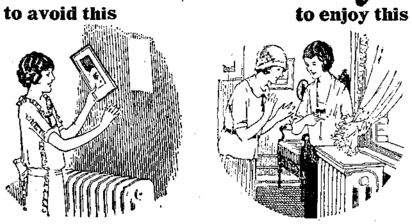
the railroad management investigates personal habits and home conditions of employees, who are questioned about such matters as the amount of their savings and debts, and their personal habits. Hotels and rooming-houses used by employees are regularly inspected. In enforcing the rule that employees are not to live beyond their means, "forty employees at one terminal who had bought expensive cars on the instalment plan were required to sell them because the financial obligations were so large that the inevitable result could only have been worry and hard work." To induce employees to be thrifty, the D. T. & I. urges and expects them to put some of their savings into certificates on which no interest rate is guaranteed, but which paid 14 per cent. last year. More than half of the employees are buying such certificates. The railroad management has acted to prevent employees and their families from being victimized by merchants. It provides medical service and hospital attention at cost for workers and their families.

In conclusion the writer in *The Railway Age* declares that Mr. Ford's experience is "most valuable to the transportation industry in general and to railway officers in particular, in that it shows the effect of handling the railroad problem from a new view-point."

But there is another side to this matter. Mr. Burton Snell writes in to *The Railway Age* to protest "against the naive notion that methods in use on the D. T. & I. could be applied with success to other railroads." If the wage levels on other roads equaled those of Ford's, and Mr. Ford's methods were generally put into use, the men "would be free to express the revulsion which they must feel for being treated like a lot of grammar-school students." Mr. Snell goes on:

> Can you not picture to yourself the secret resentment which the engineman just feels who is required to go to work in the cinder pit? or that of the local agent, who ranks as an official in the eyes of the business men of a town, and in his own eyes as well, who is required to don overalls and paint the station? Can you imagine that the car inspector who is forced to go to work with a pick and shovel on the track is a very happy man, and that he would not gladly quit if he could make as much money where some deference was shown for the respectability of his craft? And do you think that trainmen out on the road regard the rule against smoking as something just and reasonable, against which they have no cause to complain?
>
> Then for Ford's treatment of the unions. Do you suppose he could get away with this if all the other railroads were paying the same wages as the D. T. & I.?
>
> In short, are the railroads not doing just exactly right with regard to Mr. Ford and his toy, when they strive in no respect to emulate him, but simply watch in amused silence his experiment, if it can be dignified by that name?

Learn The Way



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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

March 26.—The German Government announces that it will revalue government war and pre-war bonds at 5 per cent. of their value at the time of issuance. It is estimated that the persons who have held loans continuously since July 1, 1920, have a total of 20,000,000 marks, or two-sevenths of the entire war and pre-war loans.

March 28.—The Swedish Government registers with the League of Nations the arbitration agreement concluded with the United States on June 24, 1924. The agreement excludes from arbitration the differences "that affect vital interests, honor or independence of the two contracting parties."

March 29.—No candidate having obtained a majority, the German general election fails to elect a President, and another election will be held April 26, when only a plurality will be required.

March 31.—It is announced by the British Government that it has ended the financial year with a surplus of revenue over expenditures of only £3,658,854. Tho less than the surpluses of the two previous years, this is said to mean that for the first time since the beginning of the war the British treasury has reached something like stability.

DOMESTIC

March 25.—Senator Borah, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, expresses approval of the movement inaugurated by President Coolidge to hold another international conference on naval disarmament.

March 26.—In a test parachute jump from an airplane flying 3,000 feet above Mitchel Field, Long Island, in which he drops half the distance with the parachute closed, Sergeant Randell L. Bose disproves the old theory that a person falling from a great height loses consciousness from the rush of air.

New York spends $80,000,000 a year on charities and social service work, announces Robert W. De Forest, Chairman of the Coordination Committee. Of the total, more than $31,500,000 is expended through public agencies, and the balance through private organizations.

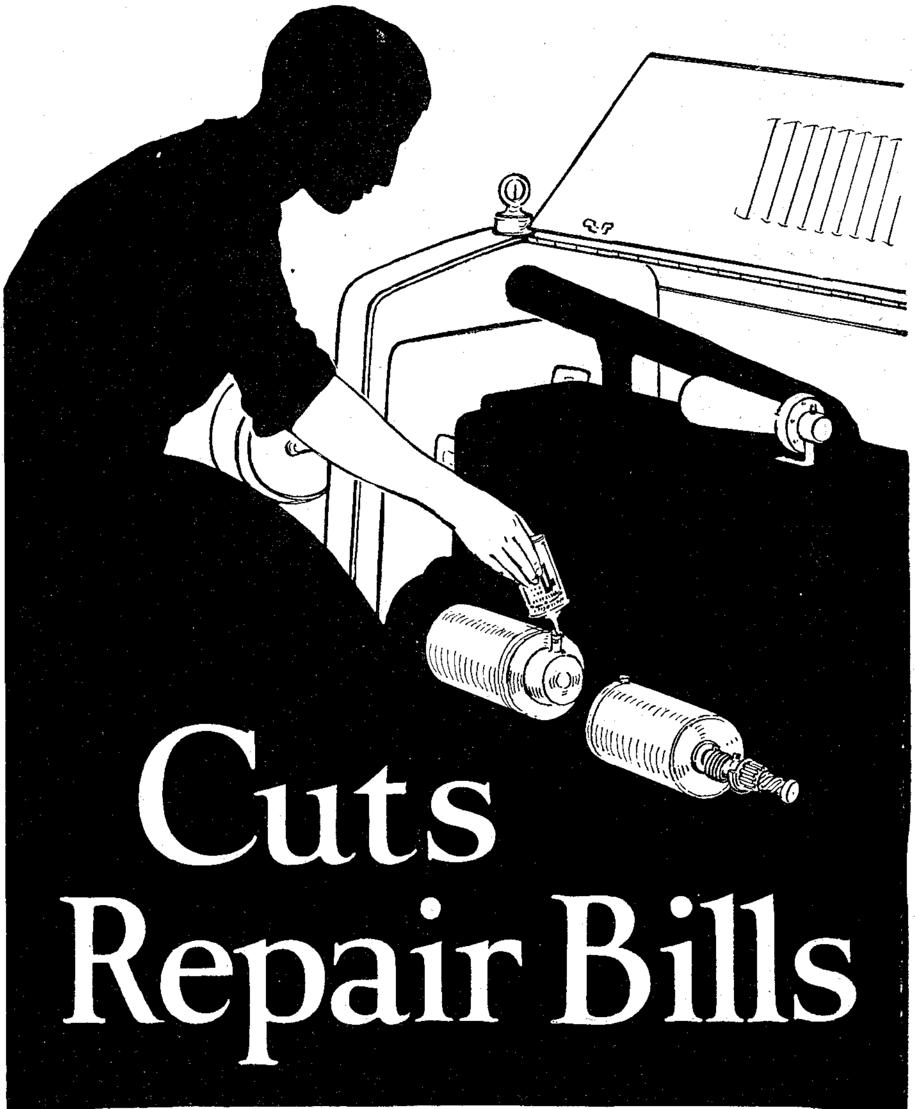
Charles L. Kagey, American Minister to Finland, has resigned, says a Washington dispatch.

March 27.—Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, independent Vice-Presidential candidate in the last election; Edwin S. Booth, former solicitor for the Interior Department, and Gordon Campbell, a Montana oil operator, are indicted by a Washington grand jury on a charge of conspiring to obtain illegal use and possession of government oil land.

Henry Ford's automobile company earned in the year 1924 more than $100,000,000, which is equivalent to almost $600 a share on the stock, all Ford-owned, it is shown in the balance sheet filed with the Massachusetts Commissioner of Corporations.

Unification of the North and South bodies of the Methodist Episcopal Church is approved by the Southern New England Conference at Fall River, Massachusetts, the Philadelphia Conference, the Wilmington Conference, and the Washington (Negro) Conference.

arch 28.—The annual Newark Conference



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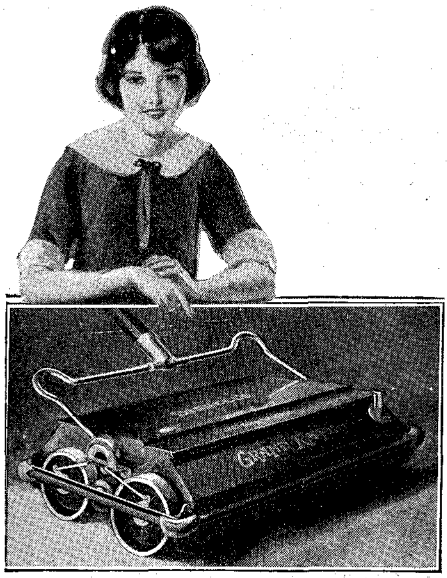

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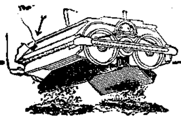

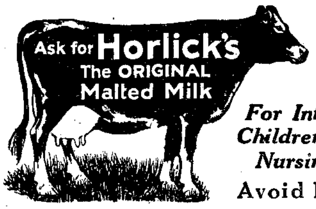

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CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, votes for unification with the Southern Conference.

March 30.—Brig.-Gen. William A. Mitchell, who retires as assistant chief of the Army Air Service on April 26, is assigned air officer of the Eighth Army Corps Area with headquarters at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. He will revert to his permanent rank of Colonel.

Postmaster-General New penalizes and restores to service the six post-office officials of as many cities suspended January 2 for alleged complicity in the passing of money to influence the postal salary and rate bill then pending before Congress.

March 31.—Thirty draft conventions for the codification of American international law, designed to outlaw wars of conquest among American nations, are made public by the Pan-American Union. They will be discust by the International Commission of Jurists at its meeting in Rio Janeiro.

Alexander P. Moore resigns as Ambassador to Spain, where he has been since 1923.

Gov. Miriam A. Ferguson of Texas signs the bill passed by the last Legislature granting amnesty to her husband, former Gov. James E. Ferguson.

President Coolidge, says a Washington dispatch, does not look with favor on private American loans to European Governments or individuals which are to be used for maintenance of large armaments.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT, ETC.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "THE LITERARY DIGEST"
Published weekly at New York, N. Y.
For April 1, 1925.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. Neisel, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of the Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., N. Y. City.
Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Managing Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Business managers, The Board of Directors of Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., New York City.

2. That the owner is' (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)
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Cuddihy, Robert J., 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Cuddihy, Emma F., 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Funk, Eleanor M., 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Funk, Wilfred J., 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Neisel, Clara L., 354 4th Ave., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold the stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner: and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM NEISEL, Secretary of FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publisher and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1925.
[Seal]
ROLLO CAMPBELL.
Notary Public.
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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Pierian.—"W. B.," Pittsburgh, Pa.—The word *Pierian* is pronounced *pai-i'ri-an—ai* as in *aisle*, first *i* as in *police*, second *i* as in *habit*, *a* as in *final*. It is defined as "the fountain of the Muses, at the base of Mount Pierus, in Pieria, fabled to give poetic inspiration to all who drank of it; hence, poetically, any source of inspiration."

pococurantism, pococuranteism.—"H. S.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The word given is correctly spelled *pococurantism* or *pococuranteism* and means "lack of care or interest; apathy; indiffernce."

shined, shone.—"H. B. P.," Orange, N. J.—The regular strong past participle of *shine* is are in English, being unrecorded in Old English and appearing only once in Middle English, *inen*, which was superseded by the weak form *shined*, and was common in use from 1300 to 1800. This was supplanted by the form of the strong participle, which first appears as a past participle in the second half of the sixteenth century, *shone*, but the weak participle was preerved in the United States.

In Symonds' "Diary," 1645, may be found, 'The moon *shined* bright," repeated also in Chandler's "Travels in Greece." Cromwell, in 1648, writing to Hammond, said, "We are sure the good will of Him who dwelt in the Bush has *shined* upon us." But these examples are rare and are far outnumbered by the use of *shone* by such men as Milton, Carlyle, Tennyson, and others.

Shine, in the sense "to cause to shine, or to put a polish on," is inflected among us *shined*, which, altho a colloquialism, and so characterized by Holmes in his "Breakfast Table," is now established as an idiomatic expression in the anguage.

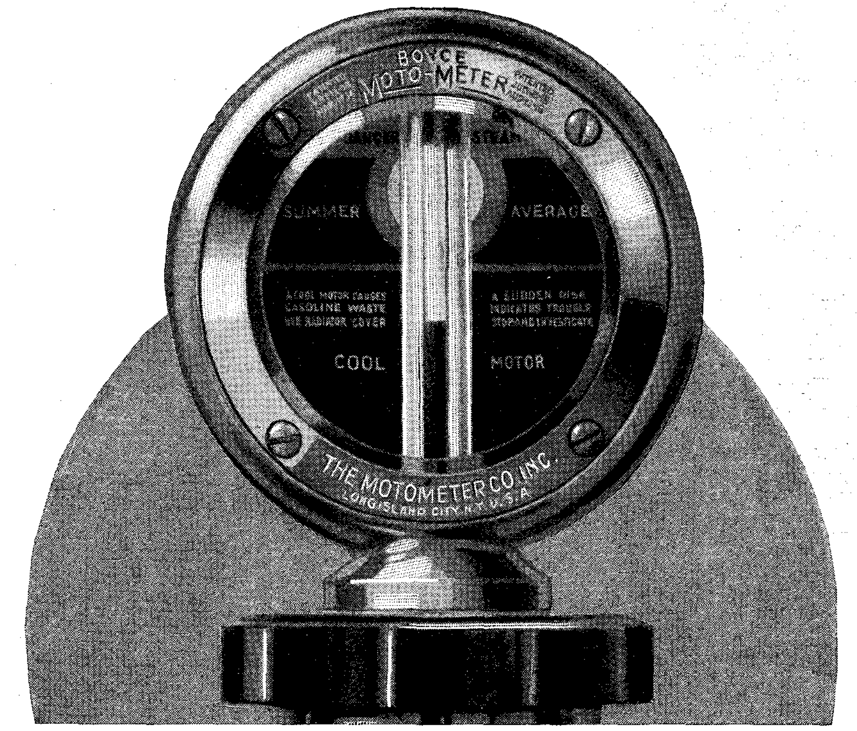
social unrest.—"P. W. L.," Columbia, Mo.—The word *social* as used in the phrase "social unrest" pertains, relates, or is connected with society as a natural or ordinary condition of human life. It is used to qualify the noun that follows, which noun designates "disquietude or estlessness of the individual." There is nothing unusual in the association of these terms that would call for a special record of the first use of such a combination. Unlike the "social evil" t has not acquired a specific sense, such as "social contract" acquired, said contract being a mutual agreement which, according to Rousseau, forms the basis of human society. More than a hundred years ago Cobbett introduced the phrase "social order" in his "Works" when he wrote, 'The old charge that we are seeking to produce riot and confusion and to destroy *Social Order*."

It may be that some sociologist claims to have created the term, but if so we have no record of the fact before us.

swing.—"N. C. M.," Oil City, Pa.—The principal parts of the verb *swing* are: *swing; swung* or (rare) *swang; swinging; swung.*

to.—"T. A. D.," Philadelphia, Pa.—Fernald, in 'Connectives of English Speech," covers the omission of the preposition *to* as follows: "*To* is often omitted after *bring, give, show, tell,* and certain other verbs. That this is a real ellipsis, and not a grammatical fiction, is shown by the fact that if the direct object of the verb intervenes between the verb and the indirect object, *to* is commonly expressed. Thus we say, '*Give* me the book,' or '*Give* the book *to me.*' Cowper makes John Gilpin say, 'Yet *bring* it me,' but this is a usage that would not be possible now; we should say, '*bring* it *to* me,' and one would scarcely be understood otherwise. We say, 'You must *tell* me the truth,' or 'You must *tell* the truth *to* me.' The verb in such use thus has only one real object, called the direct object, as *book, truth,* etc., in the above examples; the so called indirect object, as *me* in the examples given, being really dependent on the preposition *to*, expressed or understood.

"*To* is commonly also omitted after *hand, pass, offer, telegraph, wire, write,* the indirect object directly following the verb; as, *hand me* that umbrella; please *pass me* the butter; you can not *offer him* so little; *telegraph* (or *wire*) *me* full particulars; *write me* promptly on arrival. In these cases, as with *give* and other like verbs, if the direct object is put first, the indirect must be preceded by *to;* as, *hand* that umbrella *to me;* he *telegraphed* full particulars *to* the company. While *to* is constantly omitted after *tell,* it is now never omitted after *speak;* as, *speak to* me. But formerly *speak* could also be used without *to;* as, you had best *speak him* fair."



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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Buddies.—HE—"No, my father wasn't exactly a policeman, but he went with them a great deal."—*Denver Parakeet.*

Hard Position.—All during the testimony he hardly moved in his chair. For the most of the time he rested his head on his chin.—*From a news item in the Ft. Worth Star-Telegram.*

New Air Peril.—"These airplanes are getting more dangerous than ever."

"Some one killed?"

"No, but I see a chap got married in one yesterday."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Willing to Wait.—SALESMAN (at motor show)—"This is the type of car that pays for itself, sir."

PROSPECTIVE BUYER—"Well, as soon as it has done that you can have it delivered at my garage."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Political Reprisal.—"How did you first break into politics?"

"It's a sad story," answered Senator Sorghum. "The people out home got kind o' riled at the Government in Washington and decided to send me to Congress out of spite."—*Washington Star.*

Lucky Aunt May.—"Mummy, has Aunt Betty got a little baby?"

"Yes, dear."

"Has Aunt May?"

"No, she has a little dog instead."

"Oh, I suppose she had first pick!"—*Progressive Grocer.*

Joseph's Show.—TEACHER—"Can any boy tell me the earliest reference in history to a theater?"

TOMMY—"Yes, teacher; we read in the Bible that Joseph was taken from the family circle and put into the pit."—*Good Hardware.*

Almost.—There are bright moments in the life of a schoolmaster. At a recent examination in General Knowledge, a pupil defined a volcano as follows: "A mountain with a hole in the top, and if you look down the hole you can see the creator smoking."—*London Post.*

Styles in the Hereafter.—A revival was raging in a Virginia colored church. The fruits had been considerable. One obdurate soul, however, resisted the efforts of the elder. Called to account for his reluctance, he replied:

"Yo' see how it is, Elder. I'se got a problem. I don't see how I'se gwine git mah shirt on ovah mah wings when I gits to Glory."

"Dat ain't yo' problem," retorted the exhorter promptly. "Yo' problem is how is yo' gwine git yo' hat on ovah yo' horns."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

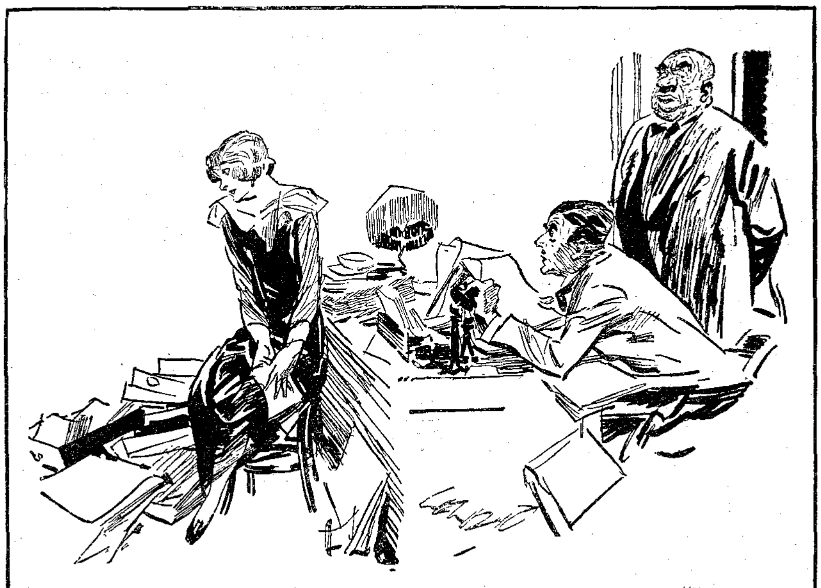
Signs of the Times.—"Good heavens, man, what is the matter with your face? Were you in an automobile accident?"

"No, I was being shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the floor."—*Santa Barbara News.*

The Making of a Hero.—"Miriam," he said, "I have seen the doctor. He tells me I must give up all smoking at once. It's imperative, he says; one lung is already nearly gone."

She flinched, a look of agony came over her pale, young face.

"Oh, Honey, can't you hold out a bit longer until we've coupons for a new rug?"—*Crescent.*



JUNIOR PARTNER (who has noticed the sudden arrival of the boss): "Let me see now, where was I?"

ROMANTIC TYPIST (who has not:) "You were talking of our future, darling; our home, the beauty of a room by firelight, and your longing to smash old monkey-face!"

—*Judge.*

Bad Place to Loaf.—A kind-hearted gentleman, hearing a dog howling mournfully, decided to investigate the animal's ailment. He found the dog sitting calmly upon his haunches but still emitting agonized yelps.

"What ails your dog?" he asked the hound's owner.

"Oh, he's just lazy," returned the owner unconcernedly.

"But laziness won't make a dog howl."

"Yes, but that dog is sitting on a sandburr."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Mixed Months.—There was a grocer by the name of March. One day the butcher came around and said: "March, the first of April the price of meat's going up."

"That's all right," said March.

A day or two later the wholesale jobber's salesman came along. "March, the first of April the price of sugar is going up."

"That's all right," said March.

A few days later the landlord came around and said: "March, the first of April the rent's going up."

"All right," said March.

A few days later March put up a sign: THE FIRST OF APRIL WILL BE THE END OF MARCH.

—*Progressive Grocer.*

Everybody In!—The farmers of Bloomington township, north of Lamoni, have called a meeting for March 16 to organize a protective chicken-stealing association.—*News item in the Des Moines Register.*

The Soft Answer.—PERSISTENT INTERRUPTER—"Liar! Liar!"

SPEAKER—"If our friend will give me his name instead of his profession, I shall be delighted to make his acquaintance."—*London Humorist.*

Outclassed.—"Nobody draws a gun in Crimson Gulch these days."

"We're tamed," answered Cactus Joe. "The flivvers are workin' so fast that we haven't no heart for addin' to the damage."—*Washington Star.*

Transferring the Noise.—An inventor has produced a golf ball which squeaks when it is lost.

At present the golfer does that.—*PassingShow (London).*

Phoney Order.—"That is a careful vegetable dealer. See him culling his stale stuff."

"He isn't going to throw it away. Somebody has just placed an order by telephone."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Treating Them Gentle.—She was in Alaska looking over a fox farm. After admiring a beautiful silver specimen, she asked her guide, "Just how many times can the fox be skinned for his fur?"

"Three times, madam," said the guide gravely. "Any more than that would spoil his temper."—*The Continent.*

Isn't Science Wonderful!—Washington, March 25.—Department of Agriculture scientists after a long study of the question have determined that the way to eliminate the odor of garlic from the breath is to refrain from eating garlic.—*From a news item in the New York Times.*

Music-Loving Public.—"Was there a brass band to meet you when you got back home?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "I told the committee on arrangements to cut out the music. I'm tired of being politely tolerated while the leader of the band gets the real applause."—*Washington Star.*

All Proper.—NIECE (to Uncle who has suggested a theater)—"Thanks awfully, Uncle, but one of my friends is picking me up here to go and dance somewhere."

UNCLE—"Dear me—one of your friends! In my young days a young lady was only taken out by the man to whom she was affianced."

NIECE—"That's all right, Uncle. He *is* one of my fiancés."—*London Punch.*